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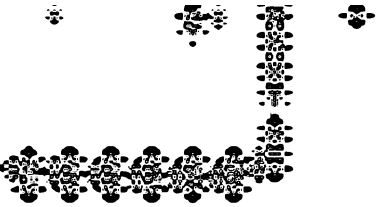

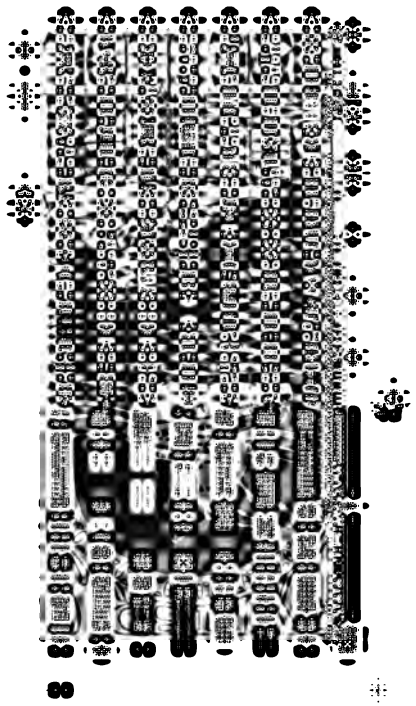

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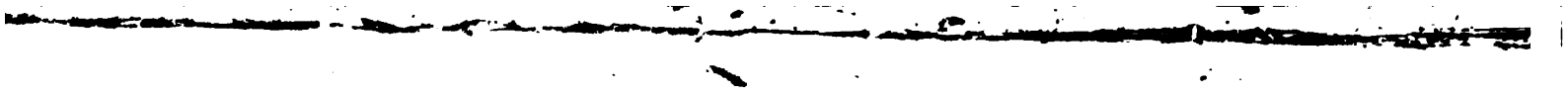

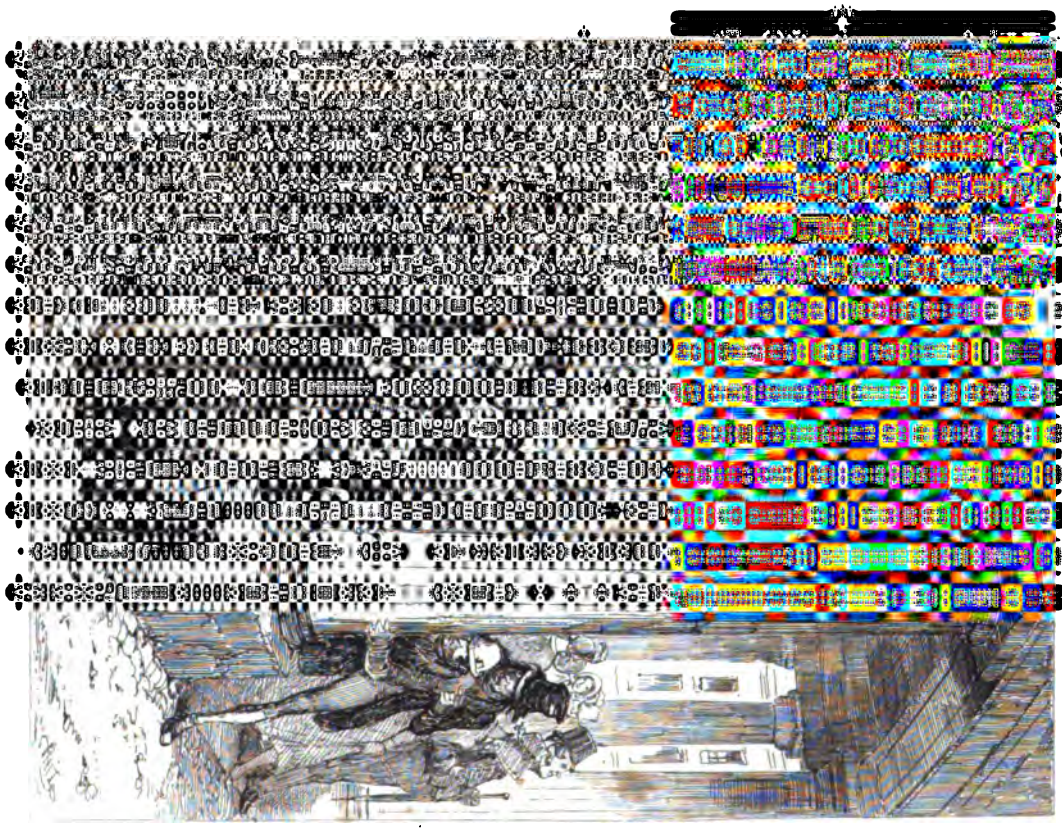

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Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

GIVES A SLIGHT INSIGHT INTO THE PROGRESS OF HARLEY'S INTRIGUES FOR POWER.

Two years and upwards had elapsed, and Abigail's promise remained unfulfilled. The Whigs were still in power, and the Marlborough family paramount in influence. But neither delay nor defeat discouraged Harley. Resolved to hazard nothing by precipitation, he carefully strengthened himself so as to be sure of holding his place when he obtained it. His measures, at first obscure and apparently purposeless, began to grow defined and intelligible. Confident of the support of the Tories, and of those in the Jacobite interest, he at last succeeded in winning over some of the opposite party, and among others, Earl Rivers, who became his confidential agent, and acquainted him with all the designs of his colleagues. By working upon his vanity and jealousy, he managed likewise to estrange the Duke of Somerset, and the queen was prevailed upon to aid in the scheme, by constantly inviting the duke to her private conferences, and flattering his inordinate self-esteem. The Duke of Shrewsbury was also gained over by similar arts, though he hesitated to commit himself by any step which should compromise him with his party,

While thus providing himself with supporters, Harley strove to undermine the stronghold of his opponents. He had long since succeeded in rendering the Duchess of Marlborough obnoxious to the queen, and unpopular with the court; and he now turned his weapons chiefly against the duke.

Three more campaigns, which, if not distinguished by victories as glorious as those of Blenheim and Ramilies, still were sufficiently brilliant, had been added to the roll of Marlborough's achievements. The first of these passed off without any remarkable action; but in the summer of 1708, the important battle of Oudenard was gained; and in the autumn of the suc-

ceeding year—namely, the 11th September, 1709—the fiercely contested and memorable victory of Malplaquet occurred. In the latter terrible conflict, in which the French, by the admission of both Marlborough and Eugene, performed almost prodigies of valour, they lost nearly fourteen thousand men, while the triumph of the confederate armies was dearly purchased. Stigmatizing the battle as a wanton and injudicious carnage, Harley went so far as to insinuate that the duke had exposed his officers to certain destruction in order to profit by sale of their commissions; and monstrous and improbable as the calumny appears, it nevertheless found some credence amongst those who had lost relatives and friends on that fatal field.

It must be admitted, also, that the duke's ruling passion, avarice, coupled with his wife's undisguised rapacity, favoured assertions like the present, and caused it at last to be generally believed, that the war was prolonged rather for his own benefit than the glory of the nation. With others, too, though fully sensible of his high deserts, and of the groundlessness and malice of such accusations, the desire of peace outweighed every other consideration, and they joined the cry, in the accomplishing the object of their wishes.

Marlborough unintentionally aided the designs of his enemy. Convinced that he had irrecoverably lost the queen's favour, and anxious, while he had yet power, to fortify himself against further opposition, which he foresaw he should have to encounter, he applied to the chancellor, to ascertain whether a patent, appointing him captain-general of the forces for life, could not be obtained. To his surprise and disappointment, the answer was that the application would be irregular and unconstitutional, and that the grant could not be made; and though further inquiries were instituted, and through other channels, the replies were equally unfavourable.

Undeterred by these opinions, the duke determined to make a direct application to the queen; and with this view, immediately after the victory of Malplaquet, judging it a fitting season, he was unwise enough to employ the duchess on the mission. Prepared for the request by Harley, and glad of an opportunity of mortifying her former favourite, but present object of her unmitigated dislike, Anne gave a decided refusal.

"I shall not remonstrate with your majesty upon your decision," said the duchess; "but since the duke's services are thus disregarded, I must announce to you his positive intention to retire at the close of the war."

"If your grace had said at the close of the present campaign, I should have understood you better," replied the queen, with bitter significance; "but if the duke only means to relinquish his command at the end of the war, I know not when his design will be put into execution."

"Your majesty does not mean to echo Mr. Harley's false and

dishonourable cry, that the Duke of Marlborough intentionally protracts the war?" cried the duchess, with difficulty controlling her passion.

"I echo no cry but that of my people for peace," replied Anne. "They complain of the perpetual call for fresh supplies, and I own I sympathize with them."

"Well then," cried the duchess, "you shall *have* peace. But I warn you, it will be worse than war."

In spite of her resolution to the contrary, Anne was disturbed by the duchess's implied menace. Left to herself, she could not refrain from tears; and she murmured—"Ah! my dear, lost husband, this is one of the occasions when I should have felt the benefit of your support and counsel."

Anne had now been a widow just a year. Her amiable consort, Prince George of Denmark, expired on the 23rd October, 1708. Constant in attendance upon him during his illness, Anne made no display of her grief when his sufferings were ended, and might have been supposed by an indifferent or a harsh observer to have felt little regret for his loss. But it was not so. She mourned him sincerely, but secretly; and almost the only person acquainted with the extent of her affliction was Mrs. Masham, who was destined to be a witness to her emotion on the present occasion.

"In tears, gracious madam!" cried the confidante, who had approached unobserved. "I trust the duchess has offered you no new indignity."

"She has made a request of me, on behalf of the duke, which I have refused — peremptorily refused," replied Anne. "But my grief is not caused by her, but by thoughts of my dear lost husband."

"In that case, I can only sympathize with you, madam," replied Mrs. Masham. "I will not affect to mourn the prince as deeply as you; but my sorrow is only second to your own."

"The prince had a great regard for you," rejoined the queen —"a great regard. His last recommendation to me was—'Keep Abigail and her husband always near you. They will serve you faithfully.'"

"And we will make good his highness's words," returned Mrs. Masham; "but, oh! let us dwell no more on this subject, gracious madam. It distresses you."

"No; it relieves my heart," replied Anne. "It is one of the penalties of royalty to be obliged to sacrifice private feelings to public duties. I can open my heart to no one but you. Abigail," she continued, in a broken voice, "I am now alone. I have neither husband nor children. My brother is in arms against me—my house is desolate—and though I wear a crown, it is a barren one. I dare not think upon the succession to the throne; for others order it for me."

"Alas! madam," exclaimed Mrs. Masham.

"Oh that my brother could enjoy his inheritance," cried the queen.

"Let Mr. Harley once be at the head of affairs, madam," returned the other, "and I am sure your desires can be accomplished."

"The season is at hand for his advancement," said the queen. "I have just read the duchess a lesson, and shall lose no opportunity now of mortifying and affronting her. When the duke returns, I shall give him clearly to understand that he can expect nothing further at my hands. But where is Mr. Harley? I have not seen him this morning."

"He is without, in the ante-chamber," replied Mrs. Masham, "and only waits your leisure for an audience."

"He stands upon needless ceremony," replied the queen. "Let him come in."

And the next moment Harley was introduced. Anne informed him what had passed between herself and the duchess.

"I am glad your majesty has acted with such becoming spirit," replied Harley. "The duke will feel his refusal keenly, but I can furnish you with another plan of galling him yet more sensibly. By the death of the Earl of Essex, which has just occurred, two important military preferments have become vacant, —namely, the lieutenancy of the Tower, and a regiment. These appointments, I need not tell your majesty, are usually made by the commander-in-chief."

"And you would have me dispose of them?" said the queen.

"Precisely," replied Harley; "and if I might venture to recommend a fitting person for the lieutenancy, it would be Lord Rivers."

"Why, he is a whig!" exclaimed Anne.

"He is a friend of your majesty's friends," returned Harley, smiling.

"He shall have the place then," said Anne.

"I have asked few favours for myself, gracious madam," said Mrs. Masham; "but I now venture to solicit the vacant regiment for my brother, Colonel Hill."

"It is his," replied the queen, graciously, "and I am happy in being able to oblige you."

Mrs. Masham was profuse in her thanks.

"This will be a bitter mortification to Marlborough," replied Harley, "and will accelerate his retirement. His grace is not what he was, even with the multitude, and your majesty will see the sorry welcome he will experience from them on his return. I have at last brought to bear a project which I have long conceived, for rousing the whole of the high-church party in our favour. The unconscious agent in my scheme is Doctor Henry Sacheverel, rector of Saint Saviour's, Southwark, a bigoted, but energetic divine, who, on the next fifth of Novem-

ber, will preach a sermon in Saint Paul's, which, like a trumpet sounded from a high place, will stir up the whole city. His text will be, the 'Perils from false brethren.' I have read the discourse, and can therefore speak confidently to its effect."

"I hope it may not prove prejudicial to your cause," said the queen, uneasily.

"Be not alarmed, madam," replied Harley. "But you shall hear the purport of the sermon, and judge for yourself of its tendency. One of its aims is, to show that the means used to bring about the Revolution were odious and unjustifiable, and to condemn the doctrine of resistance as inconsistent with the principles then laid down, and derogatory to the memory of his late majesty. Another is, that the licence granted by law to protestant dissenters is unreasonable, and that it is the duty of all superior pastors to thunder out their anathemas against those entitled to the benefit of toleration. A third, that the church of England is in a condition of great peril and adversity under the present administration, notwithstanding the vote recently passed to the contrary effect. The fourth and chief article is, that your majesty's administration, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, is tending to the destruction of the constitution; that there are many exalted members, both of church and state, who are false brethren, and are striving to undermine, weaken, and betray the establishment. The treasurer himself is reprobated under the character of Volpane, and comes in for the doctor's severest censures. Such is the sum of the discourse, which concludes with the strongest exhortations to the true supporters of the church to stand forth in its defence. Your majesty will agree with me that it is not likely to fail at this juncture."

"It seems to me a hazardous measure," observed the queen; "but I have no doubt you have well considered it, and I will not therefore oppose you. It may lead to what I chiefly desire, though I dare breathe it only to yourself and Abigail—the restoration of the succession to my father's house."

"No doubt of it, madam," replied Harley, with as much confidence as if he had really believed what he avouched.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HOW DOCTOR SACHEVERREL PREACHED HIS SERMON AT SAINT PAUL'S; AND HOW HE WAS IMPEACHED IN CONSEQUENCE.

On the fifth of November, 1709, Doctor Sacheverel preached his celebrated sermon, as arranged by Harley, at Saint Paul's, before the lord mayor, Sir Samuel Garrard, and the aldermen, and its effect was quite as extraordinary as had been anticipated. Carried away by the vehemence and earnestness of the preacher, and only imperfectly comprehending the drift of the discourse,

the lord mayor highly commended it, and requested it might be printed. This being precisely what Sacheverel desired, he immediately took the astute citizen at his word, and not only printed the sermon, but dedicated it to him. Upwards of forty thousand copies were sold in a few days, and it became the general subject of conversation and discussion throughout the city. A firebrand cast into a field of dry flax could not have caused a more sudden and far-spreading blaze than this inflammatory discourse. The cry was everywhere raised that the church was in danger, and that the ministers were its worst enemies. Meetings were convened in various quarters, at which denunciations were hurled against them, and Sacheverel was proclaimed the champion of the high church.

This popular tumult would have subsided as speedily as it rose, if it had not been kept alive and heightened by the arts of Harley and his adherents. Godolphin would have willingly passed the matter over with silent contempt; but this was not Harley's design; and though openly opposing the matter, he secretly contrived to push forward the impeachment of the doctor—well knowing, that the attempt to punish a clergyman was the surest way to confirm the report that the church was in danger.

So much noise, at length, was made about the libellous discourse, that it could not be passed over, and acting under the direction of the ministry, Mr. John Dolben, son of the late Archbishop of York, complained in the house of the sermon as factious and seditious, and calculated to promote rebellion; and after some further speeches to the same purpose, nothing being advanced in the doctor's defence, a resolution was passed that the sermon was "a malicious, scandalous, and seditious libel, highly reflecting upon her majesty and her government, the late happy Revolution and the Protestant succession, and tending to alienate the affections of her majesty's good subjects, and to create jealousies and divisions among them."

It was then ordered, that Sacheverel, and his publisher, Henry Clements, should attend at the bar of the house next day. The injunction was obeyed, and, accompanied by Doctor Lancaster, Rector of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields, and a hundred of his brother clergy, who had espoused his cause, Sacheverel appeared to answer to the charge, and boldly confessing it, it was agreed that he should be impeached at the bar of the House of Lords by Mr. Dolben.

Occasion was taken at the same time to pass a resolution in favour of a divine of very opposite principles to the offender—namely, the Rev. Benjamin Hoadley, who, having strenuously justified the principles proceeded upon in the Revolution, was conceived to have merited the regard and recommendation of the house; and it was therefore resolved that an address should be presented to the queen entreating her to bestow some dignity of the church upon him. The address was afterwards presented

by Mr. Secretary Boyle; but though her majesty stated, "she would take an opportunity to comply with their desire," it probably escaped her memory, for no further notice was taken of it.

On his impeachment, Sacheverel was taken into custody by the serjeant-at-arms, by whom he was delivered over to the usher of the black rod; but he was subsequently admitted to bail, after which a copy of the articles of accusation being delivered to him, he returned an answer denying most of the charges against him, and palliating and extenuating all the rest. The answer was sent by the lords to the commons, and referred by the latter to a committee.

After much deliberation, in which Harley's influence secretly operated, an address was laid before the queen, stating that "the house could not patiently sit still and see the justice of the late happy Revolution reflected upon; their own decrees treated with contempt; the governors of the church aspersed; toleration exposed as wicked; and sedition insolently invading the pulpit; and therefore they were under the absolute necessity of bringing the offender to trial." To this address, the queen, acting under advice, gave her assent, and the trial was thereupon appointed to take place on the 27th of February, thence ensuing, in Westminster Hall, which was ordered to be fitted up for the reception of the commons.

These proceedings increased the unpopularity of the ministers, while they caused Sacheverel to be universally regarded as a martyr. The anticipated trial, on which the fate of parties was known to hang, formed the entire subject of conversation at all clubs and coffee-houses. The fiercest disputes arose out of these discussions, occasioning frequent duels and nocturnal encounters; while high-church mobs paraded the streets, shouting forth the doctor's name, and singing songs in his praise, or uttering diatribes against his enemies.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

OF THE AFFRONT PUT UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BY THE QUEEN.

In less than a week after Sacheverel had promulgated his seditious discourse, the Duke of Marlborough appeared at Saint James's, having been hastily summoned from Flanders by Godolphin, who informed him of the menacing aspect of affairs, and assured him that the only chance of safety rested in his presence. The Duke's return, which had formerly been hailed by the loudest cheers and congratulations of the populace, was comparatively unnoticed, and instead of his own name and achievements forming the burthen of their shouts, he was greeted with cries of "Sacheverel and High Church." The mob had set up a new idol in his absence.

His reception by the queen was cold and constrained, and though she professed to be glad to see him, she made no allusion whatever to the recent victory of Malplaquet. The meeting was further embarrassed by the presence of Mrs. Masham. After some conversation on indifferent matters, Marlborough adverted to the refusal of the grant, and expressed his resolution of retiring, as soon as he could do so consistently.

"I am sorry your grace should misconstrue my refusal," said Anne; "there is no precedent for the grant you claim, and I should not be justified in acceding to your request. As regards your retirement, the grief I shall feel at being deprived of your services will be tempered by the enjoyment of a long stranger to my reign—peace."

"I understand your majesty," replied Marlborough, drily. "But even the certainty of misrepresentation shall not compel me to conclude a treaty of peace with Louis, unless upon terms honourable to yourself and advantageous to your subjects."

"What appears advantageous to your grace may not appear equally so to others," remarked Mrs. Masham.

"Possibly not to Mr. Harley and the friends of France," rejoined the duke, sarcastically. "But I will protect the rights of my country, and oppose and confound its enemies as long as I have the power of doing so."

"You are warm, my lord," said Anne—"needlessly warm."

"Not needlessly, gracious madam, when I find you influenced by pernicious advisers," replied Marlborough. "Oh, that I could exercise the influence I once had over you! Oh, that you would listen to the counsels of your true friend, the duchess, she who has your real interests at heart!"

"Her majesty has shaken off her bondage," cried Mrs. Masham.

"To put on another and a worse," rejoined the duke. "She knows not the position in which she stands—she knows not how her honour, her glory, her prosperity are sacrificed at the shrine of an unworthy favourite."

"No more of this, my lord," cried Anne, peremptorily. "I will not be troubled with these disputes."

"It is no dispute, gracious madam," replied the duke, proudly. "As a faithful and loyal servant of your majesty, and as one ready at all times to lay down his life in your defence, I am bound to represent to you the danger in which you are placed. But I *can* have no quarrel with Mrs. Masham."

"Mrs. Masham respects my feelings, my lord," replied the queen, angrily, "which is more than some of those do, who profess so much devotion to me. But it is time these misunderstandings should cease. Can you not see that it is her perpetual interference and dictation that has rendered the duchess odious to me, and has led me to adopt a confidante of more gentle manners?

Can you not see that I will not brook either her control or yours—that I will govern my people as I please,—and fix my affections where I desire? No parliament can rob me of a friend, and if your grace should think fit to attempt Mrs. Masham's forcible removal, as you once threatened, you will find your efforts frustrated."

"I have no wish to deprive your majesty of a friend, and certainly none to dictate to you," replied the duke. "But if it is proved to you—publicly proved—that your confidante has betrayed her trust, and been in constant correspondence with the avowed opponent of your majesty's ministers—to say nothing of foreign enemies—if your parliament and people require you to dismiss her, I presume you will not then hesitate."

"It will be time enough to answer that question, my lord, when such a decision has been pronounced," said the queen. "I presume our conference is at an end."

"Not quite, your majesty," said the duke. "I must trespass on your patience a moment longer. You are aware that two military appointments have to be made—the lieutenancy of the Tower, and a regiment."

"I am aware of it," replied the queen.

"Lord Rivers requested me to use my interest with your majesty to confer the lieutenancy upon him," pursued the duke; "but on my representing to him that my interest was infinitely less than his own, he entreated my permission to make the request of your majesty himself."

"Has your grace any objection to him?" asked the queen.

"None whatever," replied the duke; "but the person I would venture to recommend to the place is the Duke of Northumberland. By giving it to him, your majesty will also be enabled to oblige the Earl of Hertford by the presentation of the Oxford regiment, which Northumberland will resign in his favour—an arrangement which is sure to be highly agreeable to the earl's father, the Duke of Somerset."

"I am sorry I cannot attend to your grace's recommendation," replied the queen; "for I have already granted the lieutenancy to Lord Rivers."

"How, madam!" exclaimed Marlborough. "Why Lord Rivers only left me a few moments before I set out, and I made all haste to the palace."

"He has been here, nevertheless, and has received the appointment," rejoined the queen. "He said your grace had no objection to him."

"This is contrary to all etiquette," cried the duke, unable to conceal his mortification. "Why, I have never been consulted on the occasion. Your majesty will do well to recall your promise."

"Impossible, my lord," replied Anne. But since your grace

complains of violation of etiquette, I beg to inform you that I wish the vacant regiment to be conferred on Mrs. Masham's brother, Colonel Hill."

"Your majesty!" exclaimed the duke.

"Nay, I *will* have it so!" cried Anne, peremptorily.

"In a matter like the present, involving the consideration of very nice points, your majesty will forgive me if I do not at once assent," replied the duke. "Let me beseech you to reflect upon the prejudice which the appointment of so young an officer as Colonel Hill will occasion to the army, while others, who have served longer, and have higher claims, must necessarily be passed over. I myself shall be accused of partiality and injustice."

"I will take care you are set right on that score, my lord," returned Anne.

"It will be erecting a standard of disaffection, round which all the malcontents will rally," pursued the duke.

"We will hope better things," said the queen.

"As a last appeal, gracious madam," cried the duke, kneeling, "I would remind you of the hardships I have recently undergone—of my long and active services. Do not—oh, do not force this ungracious and injurious order upon me. Though I myself might brook the indignity, yet to make it apparent to the whole world must be prejudicial to you as well as to me."

"Rise, my lord," said Anne, coldly. "I have made up my mind on the subject. You will do well to advise with your friends, and when you have consulted with them I shall be glad of an answer."

"You shall have it, madam," replied the duke. And bowing stiffly, he quitted the presence.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN WHAT GUISE THE SERJEANT RETURNED FROM THE WARS; AND HOW HE BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM A DUTCH WIFE.

THE constancy of Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping was severely tried. The campaign of 1707 closed without the serjeant's return; so did that of the following year; and it seemed doubtful whether the winter of 1709 would see him back again. This, it must be confessed, was a very long absence indeed, and enough to exhaust the patience of the most enduring. During the greater part of the time, Scales corresponded regularly with his friends, and sent them long and graphic descriptions of the sieges of Lille, Tournay, and Mons, as well as of the battles of Oudenard and Malplaquet, at all of which he had been present.

Bimbelot and Sauvageon had been constant in their attendance upon the ladies, and though the corporal's suit could not be

said to advance, the valet flattered himself that he had made a favourable impression upon the heart of the lady's maid. How far he might have succeeded, and whether he might have possessed himself of the hand of the too susceptible Mrs. Tipping, it is needless to inquire. Suffice it to say, that she was so well watched by Proddy, who guarded her like a dragon, that she had no opportunity of throwing herself away.

It may be remembered, that on the last occasion when Bimbelot was brought on the scene, he was locked up in a cupboard by the coachman, and it may be as well here to give the sequel of that adventure. For some time the valet did not discover that he was a prisoner, not having heard Proddy's manœuvre; but at length, fancying all still, he tried to get out, and to his dismay, found the means of egress barred against him. While in a state of great anxiety at his situation, he was somewhat relieved by the approach of footsteps, and presently distinguished the voice of Mrs. Tipping, who, in a low tone, inquired, "Are you there?"

"Oui, ma chère, I'm here, and here I'm likely to remain, unless you let me out," he replied.

"Why, the key's gone!" cried Mrs. Tipping. "I can't open the door. What's to be done?"

"Diable!" roared Bimbelot. "Je mourirai de faim—je serai suffoqué. Oh, mon Dieu! Vat shall I do?—ha!" And in turning about, he upset a large pile of china plates, which fell to the ground with a tremendous clatter.

Mrs. Tipping instantly took to her heels, and alarmed by the noise, Fishwick, Brumby, Parker, and Timperley, who had retired to a small room adjoining the kitchen to smoke a pipe and regale themselves with a mug of ale previous to retiring to rest, rushed into the passage.

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried Fishwick. "Somebody must be breaking into the house."

"The noise came from the china closet," said Brumby. "A cat must have got into it."

"More likely a rat," said Parker; "but whatever it is, we'll ferret it out. Holloa! the key's gone! I'm sure I saw it in the door to-night."

"This convinces me we've a housebreaker to deal with" said Timperley. "He has taken out the key, and locked himself in the closet."

"Maybe," said Brumby. "But let's break open the door—I'm sure I hear a noise."

"So do I," rejoined Parker.

At this instant there was another crash of china, followed by an imprecation in the French tongue.

"Run to the kitchen, Timperley, and fetch the musket, and the pistols, and the sword," cried Fishwick. "We'll exterminate the villain when we get at him. I've got a key which will unlock the door. Quick—quick!"

"Oh! ce ne'st pas un larron, mes amis—c'est moi—c'est Bimbelot," cried the Frenchman. "Dont you know me?"

"Why it sounds like Bamby's voice," cried Fishwick.

"Yes, yes, it is Bimbelot," replied the prisoner.

"Why, what the devil are you doing there?" demanded the cook.

"I got locked up by accident," replied Bimbelot. "Open de door, I beseesh of you."

At this reply there was a general roar of laughter from the group outside, which was not diminished when the door being opened by Fishwick, the valet sneaked forth.. Without waiting to thank his deliverers, or to afford them any explanation of the cause of his captivity, Bimbelot took to his heels and hurried out of the house. Their surmises, which were not very far wide of the truth, were fully confirmed on the following day by Proddy.

It has been said that the serjeant wrote home frequently, but after the battle of Malplaquet, which he described with great particularity, nothing was heard from him, and as this despatch was evidently traced by the hand of a comrade, it was feared, though he made no mention of it, that he had been wounded.

"Well, I hold to my resolution," said Mrs. Tipping. "If he has lost a limb I wont have him."

"I don't care what he has lost," said Mrs. Plumpton, "he will be all the same to me."

"I hope he'll come back safe and sound," said Proddy, "and soon too. I'm sure he has been away long enough."

The campaign of 1709 was over, and the Duke of Marlborough returned, but with him came no serjeant. Great was the consternation of the two ladies. Mrs. Tipping had a fit of hysterics, and Mrs. Plumpton fainted clean away, but both were restored, not only to themselves, but to the highest possible state of glee, by a piece of intelligence brought them by Fishwick, who had ascertained from the very best authority,—namely, the duke himself,—that the serjeant was on his way home, and might be hourly expected. Shortly after this, Proddy made his appearance, wearing a mysterious expression of countenance, which was very tantalizing. He had received a letter from the serjeant, and the ladies entreated him to let them see it, but he shook his head, and said "You'll know it all in time."

"Know what?" demanded Mrs. Tipping. "What *has* happened?"

"Something very dreadful," replied Proddy, evasively; "so prepare yourselves."

"Oh, good gracious, you alarm one!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping. "He hasn't got a leg shot off?"

"Worse than that," replied Proddy.

"Worse than that!" repeated Mrs. Tipping. "Impossible! It can't be worse? Speak—speak! or I shall go distracted."

"Why he has lost his right leg and his right arm, and I don't know whether his right eye aint a-missin' too," replied the coachman.

"Then he's no longer the man for me," replied Mrs. Tipping.

"I'm glad to have such an opportunity of proving my affection for him," said Mrs. Plumpton, brushing away a tear. "I shall like him just as well as ever—perhaps better."

"Well, upon my word, Plumpton, you're easily satisfied, I must say," observed Mrs. Tipping, scornfully. "I wish you joy of your bargain."

"Ah! but Mrs. Plumpton don't know all," remarked Proddy; "the worst's behind."

"What! is there anything more dreadful in store?" asked the housekeeper. "What is it?—what is it?"

"I was enjoined by the serjeant not to tell—but I can't help it," replied Proddy. "He's MARRIED!"

"Married!" screamed both ladies.

"Yes—married," replied Proddy; "and to a Dutch woman, and he's bringin' her home with him."

"Well, I hope he won't let me see her, or I'll tear her eyes out—that I will!" cried Mrs. Tipping. "Bless us! what's the matter with Plumpton? Why, if the poor fool isn't going to faint." And her womanly feelings getting the better of her rivalry, she flew to the housekeeper, who fell back in the chair, and tried to revive her by sprinkling water over her face.

"This is real love, or I know nothing about it," said Proddy, regarding Mrs. Plumpton with much concern. "I wish I hadn't alarmed her so."

And without awaiting her recovery, he quitted the house.

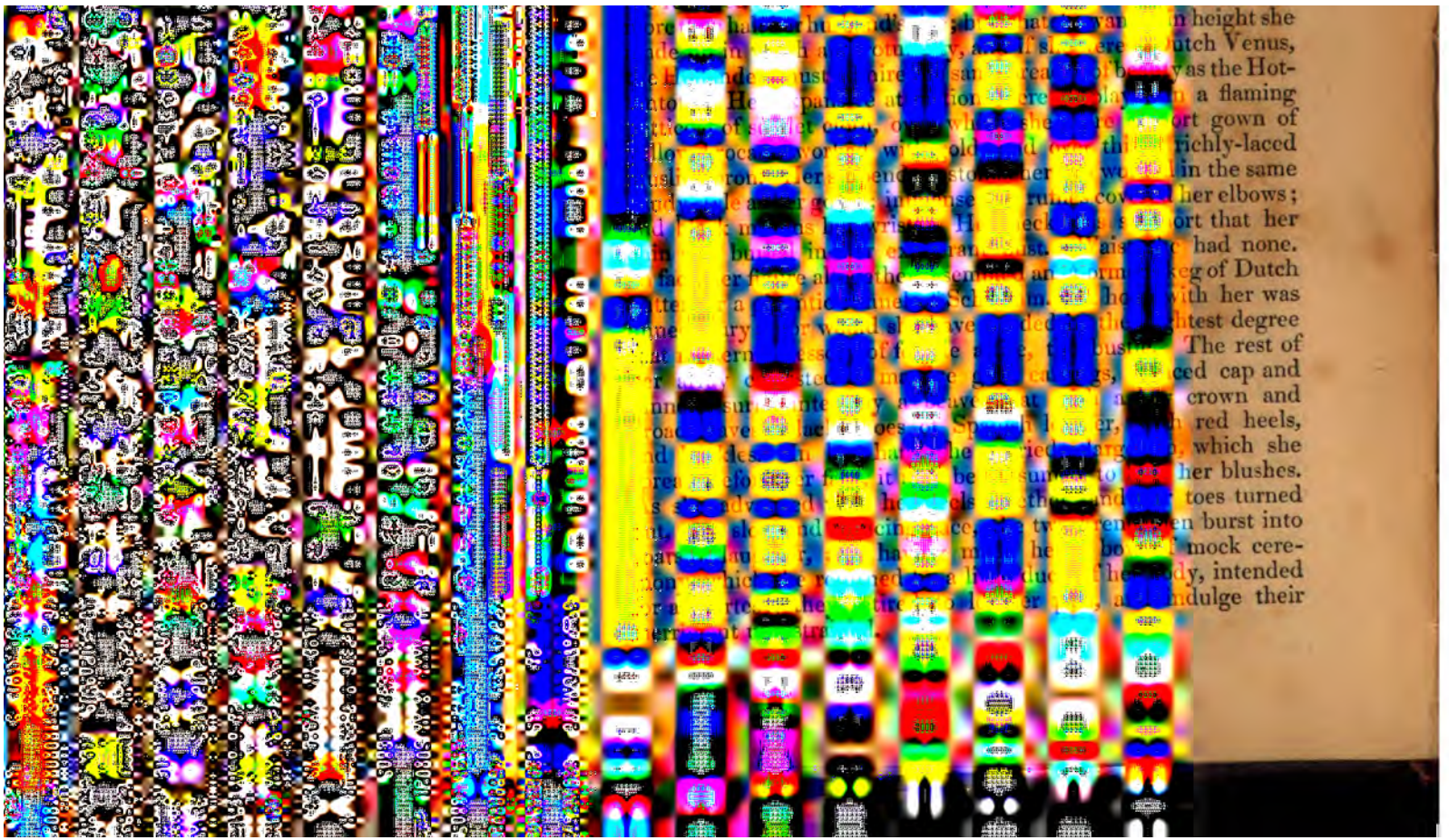
On that same evening, Bimbelot called upon the ladies, and was enchanted by the news which he learnt from Mrs. Tipping.

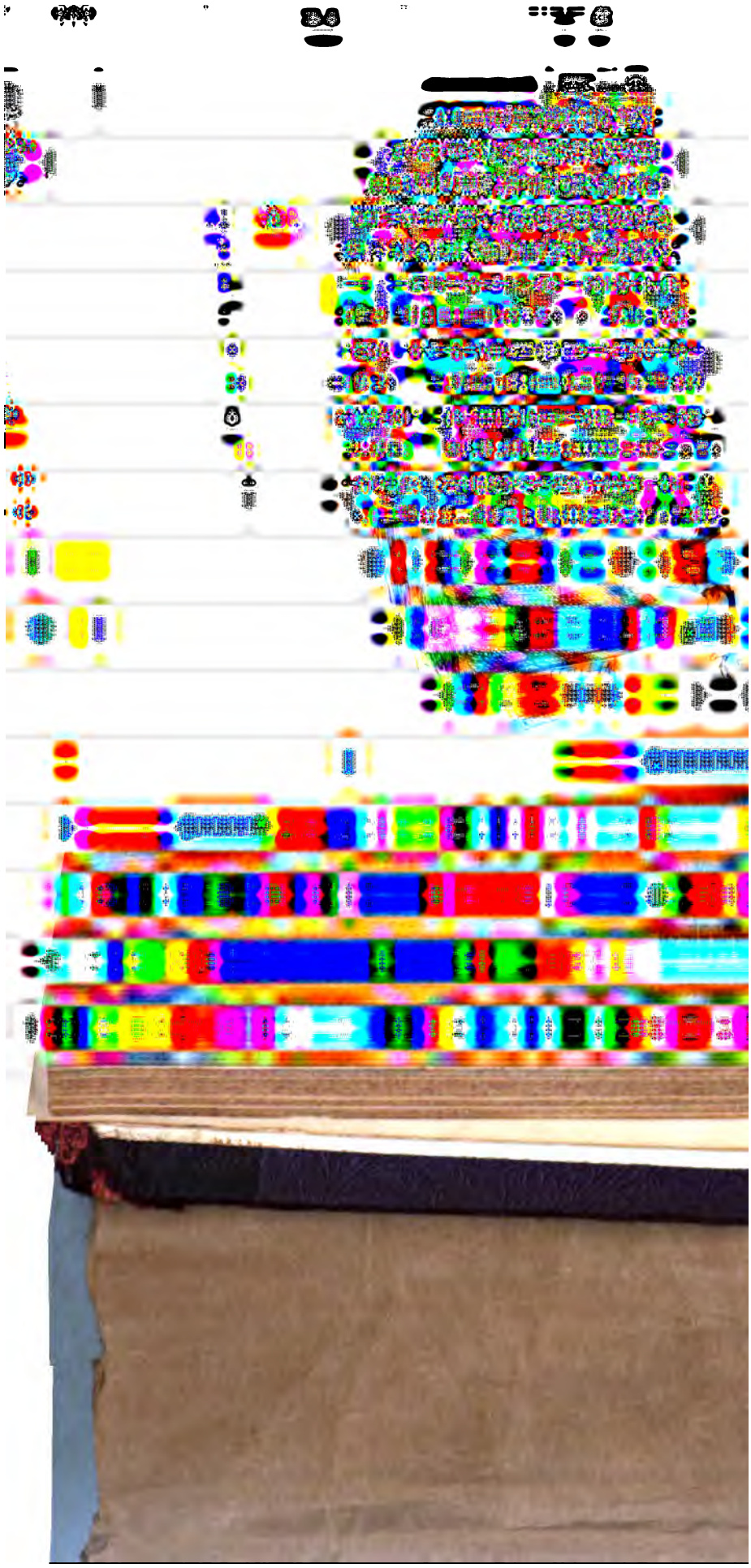
"Ma foi!" he exclaimed, "here's a pretty conclusion to de sergent's gallant career. So he has lost a leg, and an arm, and an eye, and is married to a Dutch crow—ha, ha! You say he is hourly expected. I sall call to-morrow evening, and see if he is returned."

So the next evening he came, accompanied by Sauvageon, and found the two ladies and Fishwick in the kitchen; but as yet nothing had been heard of the serjeant, nor had even Proddy made his appearance. Mrs. Plumpton seemed very disconsolate, sighed dismally, and often applied her apron to her eyes; and though Mrs. Tipping endeavoured to look indifferent and scornful, it was evident she was not the reverse of comfortable.

"I hope you'll revenge yourself on de perfidious sergent, ma chère," said Bimbelot to the latter; "let him see that if he has got a Dutch wife you can match him wid a French husband—ha, ha!"

"It would serve him right, indeed," replied the lady. "I'll see."





"What a creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, tossing her head scornfully, and arranging her pinners; "what an ojus creature! I sha'nt speak to her."

"I suppose I must though," sighed good-natured Mrs. Plumpton. "Oh that it should come to this, after all his promises and fair speeches!"

"She's no great beauty, it must be owned," said Fishwick, crossing his hands over his paunch, and examining the Dutch lady at his leisure.

By this time, the serjeant had drawn near the group. His countenance grew more rueful each moment, and he had to clear his throat to bring out the words, "Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Scales. Katryn, myn lief—Mrs. Plumpton."

As the introduction took place, the fat little lady made another ducking courtesy, and lowering her fan at the same time, discovered a broad puffy face covered with patches, a large double chin, a snub nose, and round protruding eyes. She was so very, very plain, that Mrs. Plumpton stood aghast, and stopped midway in her courtesy as if petrified.

"Ah! diable, comme elle est jolie?" cried Bimbelot. "J'ai un grand envi du bonheur de notre vailliant sergent—ha, ha!"

"Et moi aussi," laughed Sauvageon. "Sa est femme seduisante comme un tonneau de graisse."

"My wife speaks English very well, Mrs. Plumpton," said Scales. "She will be happy to converse with you."

"Yas, I sbege Engelsch bery bell, Mrs. Blumbdon," said the Dutch lady.

"What do you think of her?" demanded Scales. "She's accounted a great beauty in her own country. She was called 'De Vat Haring van den Haag,' or the Bloater of the Hague, which was esteemed a great compliment in that place."

"Yas, I'm taut a grade beaudy in my own coundry," simpered Mrs. Scales.

"There's no accounting for tastes," muttered Mrs. Plumpton. "But do you know, serjeant," she added, aloud, "I think your wife very like Mr. Proddy—so like, that I should almost have fancied she might be his sister."

"Vat does she say?" demanded Mrs. Scales, agitating her fan.

"She says you're very like a respectable friend of mine—one Mr. Proddy, the queen's coachman," replied Scales.

"Oh, Mynheer Protty, I've heard you spege of him before," replied his wife. "He musd be a bery gootlooging man, dat Protty, if he's lige me."

"He *is* very goodlooking," affirmed Scales. "You'll see him by and by, I dare say."

"Oh yes, he's sure to be here presently," said Fishwick. "I wonder he hasn't come before this. Odsbobs! she is uncommonly like Proddy, to be sure!"

"Wont you allow me to present my wife to you, Mrs. Tipping?" said Scales.

"No, I thank'ee, serjeant," replied the lady, glancing scornfully over her shoulder. "Horrid wretch!" she added, as if to herself.

"Well, at all events, you may shake hands with me," said Scales.

"You've only one hand left, serjeant, and it would be a pity to use it unnecessarily," rejoined Mrs. Tipping, pertly.

"Well, I didn't expect such a reception as this," said Scales, dolefully. "I thought you would be glad to see me."

"So we should, if you had come back as you went" replied Mrs. Tipping; "but you're an altered man now. I always told you, if you lost a limb, I'd have nothing to say to you."

"Your wounds would have made no difference to me, serjeant, if you hadn't put a bar between us," said Mrs. Plumpton. "Oh, dear! you've used me very cruelly!"

"Hush! not so loud," cried the serjeant, winking and pointing at his spouse.

"Vat's dat you zay, madam?" demanded Mrs. Scales. "I hope de serjeant hasn't been maagin luv to you."

"Yes, but he has," cried Mrs. Tipping; "he made love to both of us, and he promised to marry both of us, and he *would* have married both of us, but for you, you old Dutch monster!"

"Is dis drue, madam?" cried Mrs. Scales, her face turning crimson. "I'll believe you, but I wond dat saacy slud."

"Barbarous as he is, I wont betray him," murmured Mrs. Plumpton, turning away.

"If you wont believe me, you old mermaid, ask those gentlemen," said Mrs. Tipping. "They'll confirm what I've stated."

"Oui, madame," replied Bimbelot, stepping forward, "je suis bien faché—sorry to tell you dat de sergent did make love to both dese ladies."

"Silence, Bamby!" cried Scales.

"No, I shan't be silent at your bidding," rejoined the valet. "We laugh at your threats now—ha! ha!" And he snapped his fingers in the serjeant's face.

"Yes, yes, we laugh at you now," said Sauvageon, imitating the gesture of his companion.

"Cowards!" exclaimed Scales.

"Whom do you call cowards, sare?" demanded Bimbelot, striding up to him, and grinning fiercely.

"Yes, whom do you call cowards, sare?" added Sauvageon, stepping forward, and grinning on the other side.

"Both; I call you both cowards—arrant cowards," replied Scales. "You would'nt have dared to do this for your lives, if I hadn't been disabled."

The Frenchmen meditated some angry retort, but Mrs. Scales

pushed them aside, crying, "Leave him to me. I've an accound to seddle wid him. Give me back my gilders, zir. I'll be divorzed. I'll go bag to Holland. I'll leave you wid your fine mizzizes here."

"We'll have nothing to do with him," said Mrs. Tipping.

"Answer for yourself, Tipping," rejoined Mrs. Plumpton. "I can forgive him anything."

"Bless you! bless you!" cried the serjeant, in a voice of deep emotion, and wiping away a tear.

"Give me my gilders, I zay," cried Mrs. Scales, rapping him with her fan. "I've done wid you. I'll go bag."

"Yas, give de lady her money," cried Bimbelot, coming behind him, and trying to trip up his wooden leg. "Ah, ah! mon brave, you are prettily hen-peck—ha! ha!"

"Oui, oui, de gray mare is clearly de better horse," cried Sauvageon, trying to knock the crutch from beneath his arm.

"Ah! rascals—ah, cowards! I'll teach you to play these tricks!" roared the serjeant in a voice of thunder, and shaking them off with a force that astonished them.

But what was their terror and amazement to see him slip his right arm out of the sling, pull off the bandage and produce a hand beneath it, sound and uninjured, and hard and horny as the other. What was their surprise—and the surprise of every one else, except Mrs. Scales—to see him unbuckle a strap behind, cast off his wooden leg, and plant his right foot firmly on the ground, giving a great stamp was he did so.

"Can I believe my eyes!" cried Mrs. Plumpton; "why the serjeant is himself again."

"Milles tonneres!" exclaimed Bimbelot, in affright—"que signifie cela?"

"It signifies that a day of retribution is arrived for you, rascal," replied Scales, attacking him about the back and legs with the crutch. "This will teach you to waylay people in the park. And you too," he added, belabouring Sauvageon in the same manner—"how do you like that, eh, rascals—eh, traitors!"

And he pursued them round the room, while Mrs. Scales assisted him, kicking them as they fled before her, and displaying, in her exertions, a tremendous pair of calves. She had just caught hold of the tails of Bimbelot's coat, and was cuffing him soundly, when he jerked himself away from her, and pulled her to the ground. In falling, her hat and cap, together with a false head of hair, came off.

"Another miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton, running up to her assistance. "Why, I declare, if it isn't Mr. Proddy after all."

"Yes, yes, it's me, sure enough," replied the coachmam, getting up—"ha, ha! Oh dear, these stays are sadly too tight for me. I shall be squeezed to death—ho! ho!"

At this moment, the serjeant, having driven out both the

Frenchmen, came back, and, clasping the unresisting Mrs. Plumpton in his arms, bestowed a hearty smack upon her lips.

"You'll forgive me for putting your affection to this trial, I hope, my dear," he said.

"That I will," replied Mrs. Plumpton—"that I will."

"I'll forgive you, too, serjeant," said Mrs. Tipping, nudging his elbow, "though you don't deserve it."

Without saying a word, Scales turned and clasped her to his breast. But the embrace was certainly not so hearty as that which he had just bestowed on the housekeeper.

"Well, I hope you've taken care of my room in my absence?" said Scales.

"Come and look at it," cried Mrs. Plumpton; "you'll find it just as you left it."

"Yes, come and look at it," added Mrs. Tipping; "we've cleaned it regularly."

"Thank'ee, thank'ee!" rejoined the serjeant.

"Your drum's as tightly braced as my bodice," said Proddy. "Oh dear! I wish somebody would unlace me."

The coachman being relieved, they all adjourned to the den, and as they went thither, Scales observed to Mrs. Plumpton, that he should never forget the way in which she had received him, saying, "It had made an ineffaceable impression on his heart."

"Ineffaceable fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, who overheard the remark. "As if she didn't know you were shamming all the while. Why, bless your simplicity, serjeant, did you think you could impose on us by so shallow a device? No such thing. We saw through it the moment you came in."

The serjeant looked incredulous, but at this moment he reached the den, and his thoughts turned in another channel.

He hesitated for a second, and then, with a somewhat trembling hand, opened the door, and passed in. Everything was in its place—the plans, the portrait, the gloves, the sword, the shot, the meerschaum, with the drum standing on the three-legged stool. The serjeant surveyed them all, and a tear glistened in his eye. He said nothing, but squeezed Mrs. Plumpton's hand affectionately.

THE WRONG OMNIBUS.

BY A PHYSICIAN, CONFINED IN BEDLAM.

I WAS sent for, one cold December evening, to visit a patient residing at Shoreditch. My own dwelling was near St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. The weather was very intense. The snow lay upon the ground to the depth, in many places, of two feet. Accidents were happening every moment. People with pinched noses hurried along the streets; and beggars, beneath archways, besought you to have pity upon them for the love of God.

It happened that every cab was off the nearest stand, and time was urgently pressing. I hastened, therefore, into Holborn, and hailed the first omnibus, which was bound, as I imagined, for the part of the town whither my professional avocations called me. It was not till we had reached Whitechapel Church that I discovered my mistake, and "*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*"

"Ho, there!—ho, ho!" I cried out.

"Now, sir—Whitechapel Church. You are the gentleman that asked for Whitechapel Church, an't you?" said the conductor.

"Whitechapel! No, confound you, I said Shoreditch!"

"Bless you, we don't go Shoreditch."

"You told me you did. Surely I am not at Whitechapel! I'll pull you up for this."

"You are a merry gentleman. Who'll you pull up? 'Whitechapel!' cries I. 'Ho! I'm for that part,' says you. In you gets, and now you grumbles."

"Don't pay him, sir," said a small, chuckling voice, inside; "I am always getting into wrong 'busses myself, and I never pay; rides come cheap that way—he, he, he!"

I had determined, in my own mind, to withhold the fare, but there was something so jeering in this remark, and the laugh with which it was followed up, that I paid the sixpence, and alighted. Cursing my mishap, I cast my eyes about to discover some mode of conveyance to my original destination. There were no vehicles within call, so I put my feet into motion, and hurried off to reach one. Turning an angle in the street, my steps were arrested by the groans of a woman, who was stretched upon the causeway. I stooped, and found her bleeding at the neck.

"Good God!" I exclaimed; "who has done this?"

She made an effort to answer me, but the sound died in her throat.

I raised a cry for the police, but, as usual, when their services are required, none of them were to be found.

"My poor woman," I said, "who has assaulted you?" At the same time I lifted her from the pavement.

The blood flowed copiously from the wound, which had evidently been inflicted with some sharp instrument, and my sleeves and dress were saturated. Casting a glance upon the pavement, I beheld a large knife glittering in the rays of a lamp which shone from a neighbouring doorway.

By this time, the attention of those who dwelt near the spot was

elicited by my repeated shouts, and more than one door and window opened, and two or three persons made their appearance.

"What's the row?" cried one.

"What's up?" exclaimed another.

"Who has hung himself?" chorused a third.

"My friends, come hither, and help me. Here is a woman dying through foul play," I cried.

Soon a little crowd had gathered around, and lights were brought; but the woman had died in my arms.

"How pale he looks!" noted one, observing my features.

"How he shakes!" said another. "Maybe he did it himself."

"I'll swear I saw him with her ten minutes ago!" exclaimed a third.

"He looks guilty. He has got a gallows' swing in his countenance," averred a fourth.

Why, I know not, unless it was the peculiar position that I occupied, but my trepidation increased momently, and the blood, habituated as my profession had rendered me to the sight, became nauseous, and I appeared to reel beneath the reflection of the gory hues that danced everywhere before me. The crowd, too, closed in around me, and the frosty air of December became, for an instant, sultry as the parching breath of the siroc.

"Let me have fresh air," I cried, "or I shall faint."

"He wants to escape—that's his move," was the response.

At this moment three policemen arrived together.

"He is the murderer," said two or three, pointing simultaneously towards me.

"Here's the knife he did it with," said one individual, picking up from the pavement the weapon with which the deed had certainly been committed.

"Her name is Nanny Simmons," deposed another. "I know her well. She lives in Swallow-street; and this gentleman is a doctor that used to visit her."

"Are you a doctor, sir?" questioned a policeman.

"I am a doctor," I answered; "but there is some mistake here."

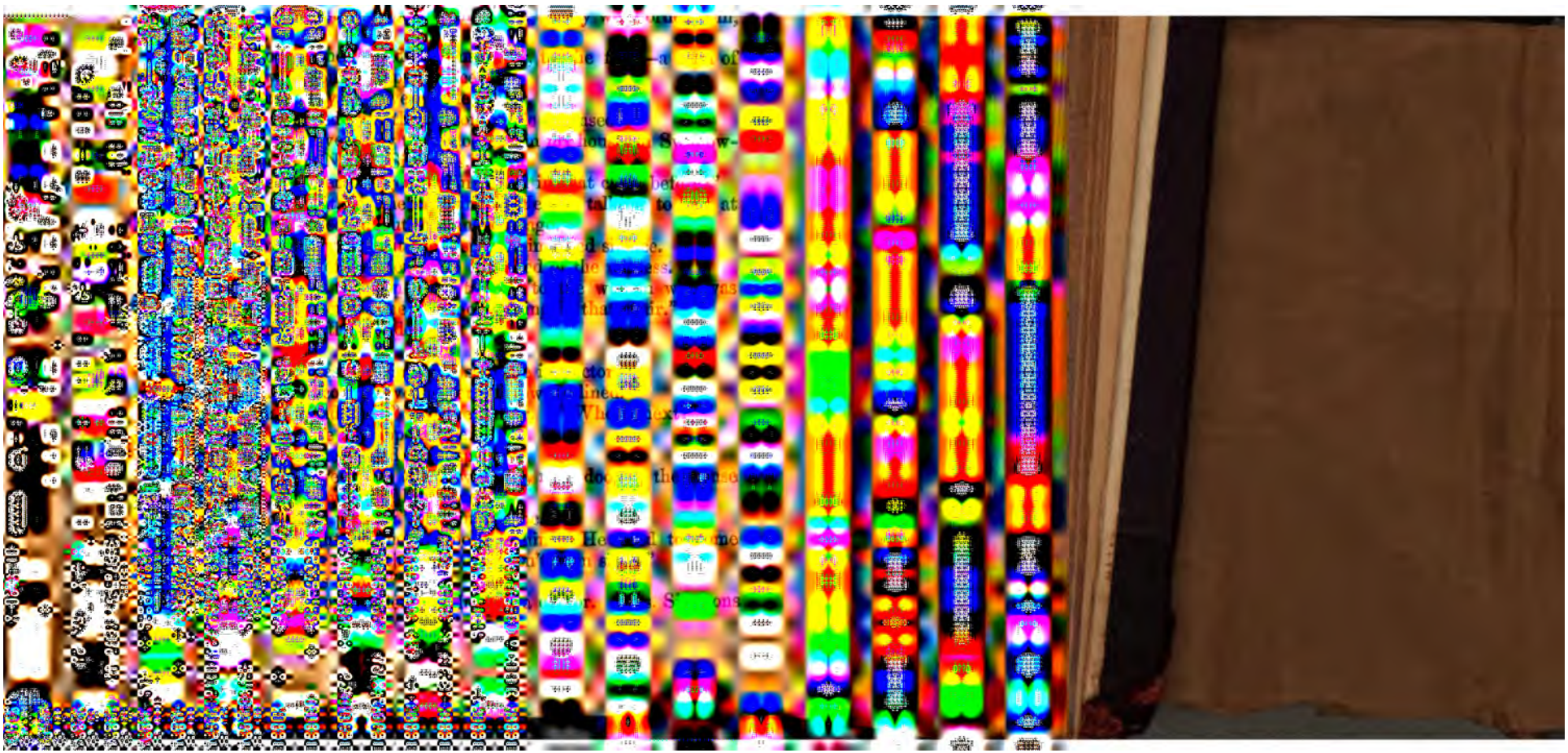
"Hark to him, the dirthy vagabone," shouted an Irishwoman. "Oh, there's no mistake, my jewel. Think of his cutting the cratur's throat in a mistake."

"*I* cut her throat!" I exclaimed; "I found her lying here with her throat cut, and I cried for help."

"Ah, but you did it yourself for all that," said a stout fellow, in a coalheaver's dress. "I know the woman; I saw her, not twenty minutes ago, standing by the church. 'Good night, Missis Simmons,' says I. 'I'm waiting for the next 'bus,' says she—'Saucy Bill's 'bus. There's some one I knows coming in it. Maybe I shall have some words with him to-night, so it wont be *good* night, d'ye see.' Them 's just her words."

"Well, I didn't see the woman, but I saw this one (pointing to me) get out of Saucy Bill's 'bus, not ten minutes ago, and it was by the church, too," said another.

"We must move off to the station," said a policeman. "Tom, go for a stretcher, and take up the body. You must come with us, sir," tapping me on the shoulder.



told me he was the father of her child. She was a widow. Her husband has been dead many years. She has a child about one year and a half old. She said a doctor was its father, and that he used to come and give her money. I saw him one day coming along the street, and I pointed him out to her, and asked her if he was the father of her child, as I knew he used to call and see her? She answered that he was."

"And can you swear that the person now before you is the gentleman whom you saw on the day you allude to, and whom the deceased said was the father of her child?"

"I can swear it: he is the same."

Another witness deposed to observing the woman standing by the church, and afterwards seeing me alight from an omnibus, upon which she walked away, and I followed her.

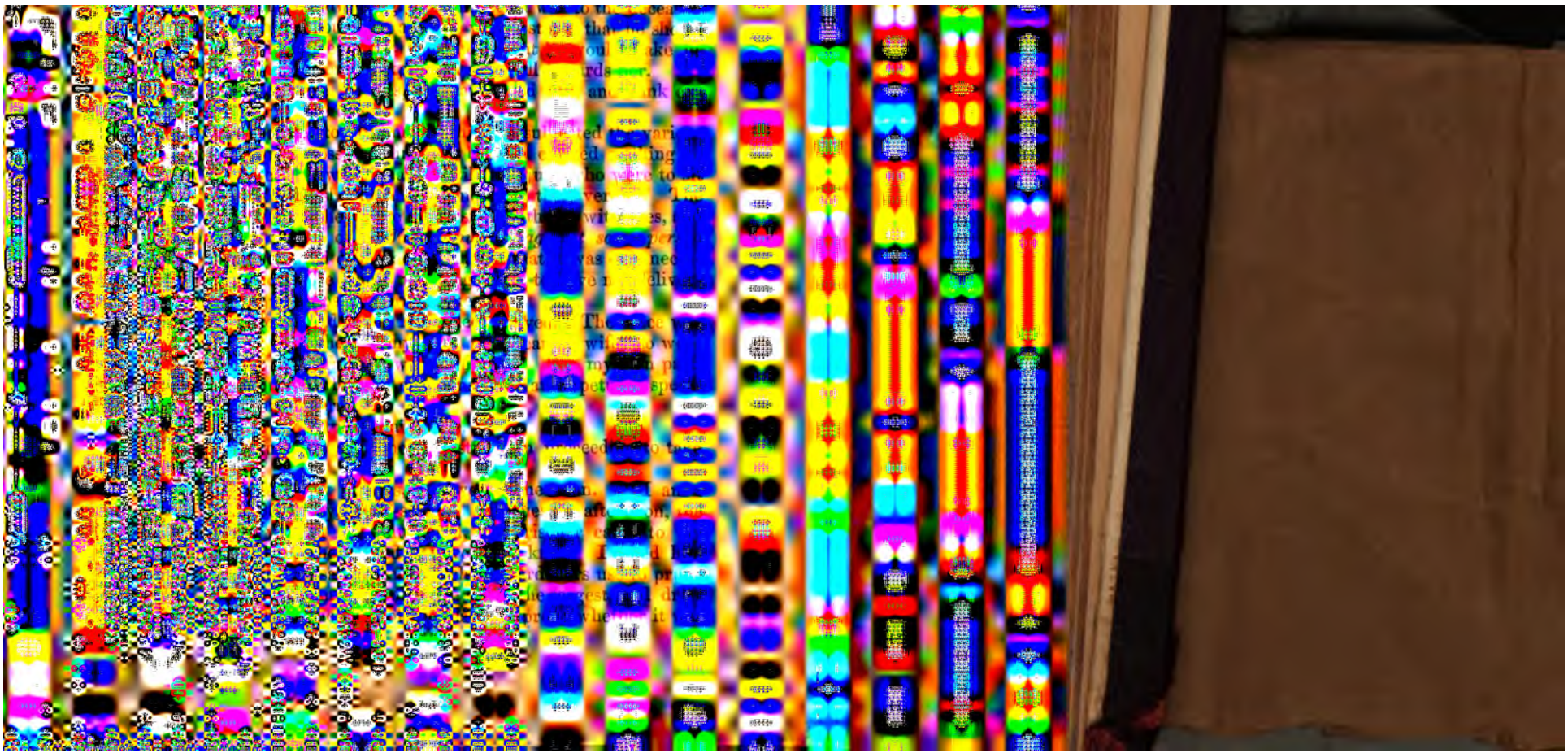
A fourth witness stated that the deceased had informed him that she had quarrelled with a doctor, who was the father of her child, and that she had not seen him for a month, but that she expected him that night, when she hoped to make it up with him.

I here claimed right to make an observation.

Scarcely had I commenced to speak, when some one remarked, in an undertone, that my teeth chattered. They did, certainly. The inspector commanded silence, and awaited my speech, but the ardour had passed off, and I was unable to utter a word. On such a charge bail could not be accepted, and I was locked up on suspicion of murder.

Never shall I forget the horror of that night. The certainty that immediate intelligence would be dispatched to the press, and that on the following morning my name would go forth to the world as the suspected perpetrator of so horrible a deed—the damning evidence, every whit false, with which destiny seemed resolved to work my ruin—my own palsied powers—the abstraction of my faculties—the tremour I had exhibited during the inquisition at the station-house—all would be published, and would co-operate against me in the public mind. I was frantic at the thought. I sat in my narrow cell, and gnawed my fingers; then, roused into momentary madness, I impotently struggled at escape.

The next day I was taken before a magistrate, when the same witnesses attended, and the same and even additional evidence was gone into. Saucy Bill, as he was called, the conductor of the omnbius in which (curses on it!) I had arrived at Whitechapel, stated that he had brought me as far as the church; that I had got up at Holborn, at the end of King-street; that I had distinctly said "Whitechapel;" and that on arriving at the spot I had designated, I endeavoured to shuffle him out of his fare, and created a disturbance by pretending that I wanted to have been taken to Shoreditch, and charged him with having falsely called his a Shoreditch omnibus. He added, that a gentleman, who was the only other passenger in the vehicle at the time, and who overheard the altercation, was in court, and had evidence of his own to give. This person was immediately called for by the magistrate, and proved to be the individual before spoken of, with the small chuckling voice. He corroborated the fellow's statement of my attempt to swindle him out of his fare, and avowed his belief that I was the murderer.



sharp. He seemed anxious to have it very sharp. He made no observation whatever. I sold him the knife, and he went away."

"Are you sure that the prisoner now in the dock is the person you allude to?" asked the magistrate.

"I am positive that he is the man," was the reply.

"On your solemn oath, have you any hesitation whatever in pronouncing the prisoner to be the individual who purchased the knife of you on the day in question?"

"I have no hesitation: I am certain that he is the man."

"Could you identify the knife?"

"I could."

"Have you seen it since the day on which you sold it?"

"I have. It was shewn me by a policeman. It is the same knife which was picked up on the spot where the prisoner and the deceased were found. It is stained with blood."

The cross-examination on the part of my legal assistant in no whit shook the fellow's testimony. It was clear and straightforward. The depositions of the other witnesses were read over to them. They acknowledged them to be correct. I was committed to Newgate. When I was being removed from the dock, a piercing shriek rang through the court. It was from my wife, who had fainted.

Night and day to be immured within four stone walls, or allowed only to pace the flag-stones of a paved court-yard, guarded by huge iron spikes, with two gaolers ever at your elbow;—to inhabit a cell, tenanted only by such as had been imprisoned for murder, and had subsequently expiated their crimes on the scaffold,—to eat your meals from the same table from which they had eaten,—to rest your hand on the very spot where their blood-stained hands had rested,—to be yourself considered, to know that you are branded by society, as a murderer, and withal, to be conscious of your innocence,—this would be horrible indeed, you say. Well, the case was mine!

The old Greek drama recognised the notion of destiny as existing apart from all moral agencies. The web of Fate is inextricable. The spider spreads her net, and the fly is entangled therein. Struggle as I might, I felt that I could not escape. How could I baffle the witnesses, who were determined to confound me with the real author of the deed! Did not a handwriting, which was not mine, testify against me, even from the lips of friends? I bore those who had deposed against me no malice. I owed them no ill-will. I felt that they were but instruments in the hand of destiny to accomplish my predetermined end. At times I imagined that I really did commit the terrible act for which I was incarcerated. For how could Providence be unjust? I exclaimed with the author of the Grecian Iphigenia—

"*Οὐδενα γὰρ οἶμαι δαιμονων ειναι κακόν.*"

It was true I had no recollection of the deed. I had never even seen the victim till I found her weltering in her blood. Yet, through brooding incessantly upon the subject, I came at length to consider myself guilty, and I resolved so to plead upon my trial.

I was not allowed to see either a daily or weekly paper; but I imagined well what they contained. At first there had been two, or perhaps three columns, devoted to the examination and the inquest.

Then the public appetite, previous to the trial, was whetted with short paragraphs containing fresh suspicions against the prisoner—accounts of his deportment in Newgate—a history of his life and connexions—severe strictures on his station in society, concluding with a hope that justice might not thereby be defeated.

My wife had not been to visit me since my committal. She had fallen dangerously ill. My children were withheld from the purlieus of a prison.

Never—never shall I forget the conduct of my fellow-prisoners whenever they were suffered to behold me, which was only when we attended service in the Prison Chapel. The busy whisper, or the vacant inattentive stare, was suddenly changed to silence and solemn attention when I appeared. Even these, hardened as they were—and they comprised characters the most reckless and desperate—seemed to regard me with awe. I was a monster for even them to stare at. *He* will be hung, they thought. They looked upon transportation, or protracted imprisonment, as *their* lot.

The sessions at length commenced. The day for my trial arrived. I was led along the malefactor's passage, and placed in the dock. The court was crowded to excess. My friends were there. Two counsellors had been retained for me. The indictment was read over, and I was questioned whether I was guilty or not guilty. "*Guilty*," I replied. Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet, my friends could not have been more staggered.

"How!" said the judge, "do you confess yourself guilty of the murder of Hannah Simmons?"

"I am guilty," I answered. "I cut her throat with a knife."

There was a murmur in the court, and a thrill of horror seemed to agitate each breast. God knows why I said it. It was untrue.

One of my friends observed aloud, that I must be insane.

"My lord," I said, addressing the judge, "I am not insane. I am guilty—really guilty of the deliberate murder with which I am charged. I cut the woman's throat with a knife."

"Then," said the judge, "there only remains for me to discharge the painful duty of passing upon you the sentence of the law. In what way the dreadful deed, of which you have acknowledged yourself guilty, was provoked, is known only to yourself. The circumstances attending its commission are hidden in mystery; but let me seriously warn you that in the position in which you stand, and considering the awful fate which shortly awaits you, the urgent duty which you owe to society, as the only reparation, besides your actual punishment, which you can make it, is the full disclosure of all facts connected with your intercourse with the deceased——"

"My lord," I cried, interrupting him; "I know nothing about her. I never saw her till I did the deed."

The judge remained silent for an instant, and regarding me attentively, said, presently—

"The case must be gone into."

"My lord," said my leading counsel, addressing the bench, "it is the opinion of the prisoner's friends that he is not in his right mind. It is true, they are not at present fully prepared to substantiate it. Will your lordship take the probability of such a state into consideration, and postpone the trial?"

I again spoke: "I assure you, my lord," I said, "that I am calm and rational. I am guilty of murder, and fit only for execution. I am not fit to be confined with madmen. I have studied insanity in its various phases; in the practice of my profession I have frequently had to deal with lunatic patients. I know madness when I see it. I am not mad."

"The case must be gone into," said the judge. "I cannot pass sentence of death upon you without a satisfactory inquiry. You state that you never saw the woman you confess to have murdered, till you did the deed. How then could you have previously written to her, alluding in your letter to a former intercourse, and intimating a reconciliation of former differences?"

"My lord," I said, "I never saw the woman in my life till I cut her throat with a knife, which was like a pruning-knife. I did not even know her name."

"Can this man be guilty?" exclaimed the judge.

"Indeed, and indeed, my lord, I am guilty," I said.

It was proposed by my counsel to examine some of my friends as to their opinion of my state of mind. My brother-in-law was first called. He stated that for three months past he had observed a decided change in my demeanour. I had become abstracted and gloomy; was fond of solitude; and seemed on every occasion to shun company. He said that my wife had grown alarmed thereby, and had several times conferred with him on the point. He did not believe that I had committed the murder; but thought that I had dwelt on the subject of the accusation so long, that I had come to consider myself as really guilty.

Other witnesses followed, whose testimony was to a similar effect. The whole purport of their statements went to establish the insanity of a sane person, for God—He knows that I am no lunatic.

At this point, my footman, who was present in the court, pressed forward, and requested to be heard. With tears in his eyes, he declared that I could be no murderer; for I had the tenderest heart that ever beat, and would not harm a worm. My friends corroborated the poor fellow's statement, and said that I possessed the finest feelings and the most merciful disposition of any of their acquaintance.

"Yes, my lord," said I, interposing; "but you will remember that the schoolmaster, Eugene Aram, was so mercifully disposed that he would turn aside rather than crush a snail, or a beetle, and yet he was tried for murder, condemned, and executed."

"I am convinced in my own mind," said the judge, "that the prisoner is not in a fit state to be entrusted with his own plea. The case must be tried. Where are the witnesses for the prosecution? The counsel for the defence will watch the case. If the evidence of the prisoner's guilt is clear and incontrovertible, it will be for the learned counsel and his friends to establish, if they can, a plea of insanity. If there is a doubt as to his guilt, the prisoner shall have the benefit of it, and be given up to his friends."

The evidence, as it was stated at the magistrate's office, was gone through afresh before the jury. An eloquent defence was set up by my counsel. The judge evidently leaned in my favour when he summed up; but the jury found me—*guilty*. How could they do otherwise? It was my destiny!

The judge put on his black cap.

At sight of this awful formula, my blood ran cold, and for the first time for many days, I was seized with an instinctive desire to preserve my life.

" Oh, my Lord!" I cried, folding my hands in an attitude of entreaty; " I am not guilty! Indeed, indeed, I am not guilty! I found the woman weltering in her blood; her throat was dreadfully mangled. The knife with which the deed was perpetrated, was lying beside her on the ground."

A tear stood in the judge's eye as he proceeded to pass the sentence. Awful was the silence that reigned throughout the court. A ray of sunshine streamed in at the window that was over the jury-box, and fell upon the countenance of the judge, encircling his head with such a halo, or glory, as we see in the pictures of superior Beings. He seemed a retributive angel. I thought of the Bar before which the Dead shall stand when they are brought up to judgment at the Day of Days.

" You will be taken to the place from whence you came," said the judge, " and from thence to the place of execution, where you will be hung by the neck till you are dead."

" Oh God!" I cried; " will no one save me?"

I was removed to the cell which I had quitted. They brought me refreshment. The physicians of the prison felt my pulse, and ordered me wine. I requested to be allowed to see my wife, or at least, my eldest child. Drowsiness overcame me, and I slept.

When I awoke, the apartment was filled with faces, many of which I had formerly known in the exercise of my profession. Two or three individuals pressed forward and shook me by the hand. They regarded me attentively. They seemed to await the arrival of some one of more experience than themselves. They spoke in whispers, and when I uttered a word, they nodded significantly to each other.

He whom they expected came at last. I knew him. He was the physician of Bethlehem Hospital. " Perhaps," I thought, " they will save my life by his means. It is a good idea; I will be a madman if they choose!"

I knew they would not hang a lunatic.

He spoke to the sheriff who was present, but I could not catch the purport of his remark. He examined me as I would have examined myself a person suspected to be insane. He questioned me on various subjects, and seemed particularly to note my answers. His medical brethren,—*mine* also,—listened to him, and were complacent when he consulted them.

I gathered from their conversation that my wife was dead. Again I did not wish to live. I told them that I was not mad. I described the various forms of insanity, and I defied them to prove that I was insane. I prayed that my sentence might be carried into effect. Yes; I looked without horror to the scaffold. I entreated to be allowed to die.

They left me not to myself, for the gaolers were ever with me. There was no poker in the cell, nor was I, on any occasion, allowed a knife.

I sat down and considered the sensations which former prisoners, who had occupied that cell, must have experienced, when they had yet two days to live,—when six hours,—when two,—when one.

I endeavoured to recollect a French work which I had recently read, and which described, in his own words, the last six weeks of the life of a criminal condemned to die. It was by Victor Hugo. It ran thus:—

"Condamné a mort! Cinq semaines que j'habite avec cette idée ——." I could not continue it, but I remembered that the malefactor's little girl, an infant, was allowed to see him, that he might take his leave of her. I wished to see my children.

The day before that appointed for *the event*, they told me it was not to take place. I had been pronounced *insane*. I laughed when I heard it. Insane!

I was removed hither, and it is now six years since I have dwelt among madmen. At my earnest request I am allowed at times to discourse with them. It is a province of my profession to observe those who are insane. When they let me free, I shall profit by what I have learned here. From many I have gathered their histories. Rational histories, recorded by insane men. A paradox!

I will publish them hereafter, when they give me my liberty; or, now that I am allowed writing materials, I will commit them to paper while they are fresh in my memory.

A LAPSE OF FORTY YEARS.

BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

"GREAT wits jump," it is said—or, to use a more elegant, because exotic phrase, *ed anch' io son pittore*. The clever, though now half-forgotten author of the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," tells us that he kept a diary of all his actions, from his youth upwards; in proof whereof, he shews us the frivolous day wasted by the young man, and the soberer, but scarcely less frivolous one got through by the old man, and bids us look "on this picture and on that," and draw our own conclusions. Mine is simply this—that the youth was father to the man. But to return to myself, having also kept a journal as diligently as the hermit, and being now sixty-five, and somewhat upwards, what hinders my following his example, and giving my experience to the world? I shall only trouble my readers with a day of each period.

"MAY, 1800.—Went to Tattersall's to conclude the purchase of the black pony for Caroline. Fine creature—I mean Caroline, not the pony—and she will look like a queen upon it. Called at Hoby's on the way. The last pair of shoes were too tight, but I shall keep them for chamber use—I mean to lie about in my chambers—they look well. My aunt has promised to come with my cousin Maria to lunch with me, next time she drives into town. Maria is a pretty girl, and seems to like me, but I think I may do better if I resolve to marry.

"Drove into Bond Street, met Lady R—— in an open barouche, with her two daughters. The eldest is a very fine girl, but I am afraid

has little or no fortune. She smiled as she bowed to me. Dropped in at Colonel N——'s. Had a lobster and a bottle of claret for lunch. He told me Lieutenant Blake is in love with Lady R——'s youngest daughter.

"Called on Mrs Summerton. Her five daughters each played on the piano or sung, and each shewed me their drawings. Large families are my averson; they always insist on one's staying, and are so troublesomely polite.

"Dined at home with three friends I had invited to go with me to the opera. Captain D——, when in his cups, told us he had heard, from a side wind, that Emily Fairly had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune, and that he meant to propose before the family could guess that he knew anything about it. I sent the captain home in a coach, with my footboy to take care of him, as he was not fit to appear in public. My friends and I proceeded to the opera: the piece was begun, so that our arrival created a little noise and bustle. I hate to arrive in time. I went round to visit several ladies in their boxes. Mrs. Hartly has left off her weeds, and looks very pretty. She told me that Henrietta B—— was a very designing girl. Went to speak to Henrietta, who told me that the widow H—— was a coquette, and would not be a widow long.

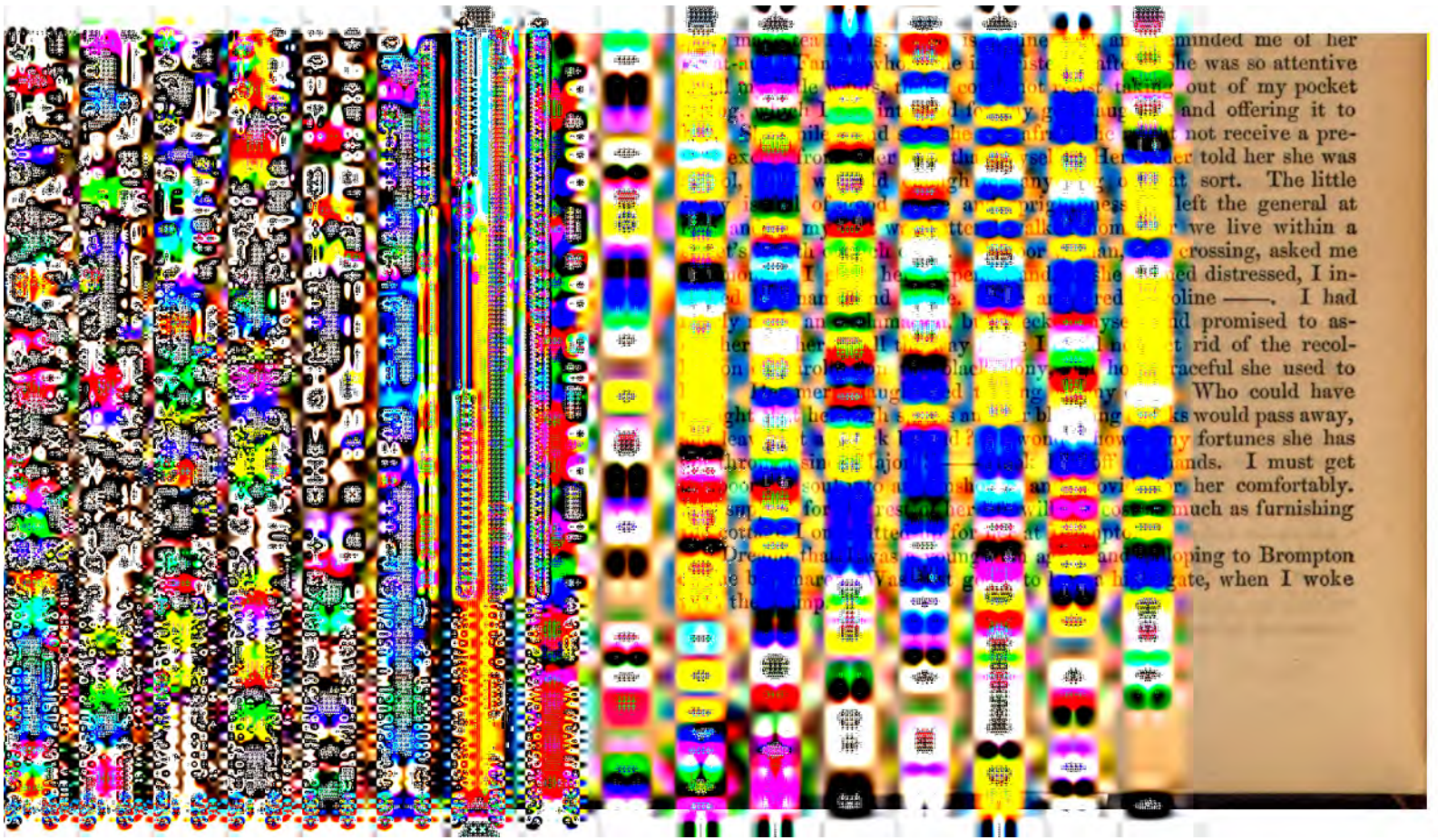
"Left the opera-house, after the first act, to be in time to see a new actress come out in a farce at one of the large theatres. Her voice and person are faultless. I went behind the scenes to congratulate, and told her she will become the first actress of the day. She is certainly a much finer woman than Caroline. The manager invited me to come and sup with him and the débutante. He had forgotten his purse, so I paid.

"Fell asleep; resolved to make Emily an offer to-morrow morning."

"May, 1840.—Took an airing in my nephew's phaeton. Jack drives too fast: he says it is owing to the march of intellect. I should have preferred walking if it had not been for the gout. Those last boots were confoundedly tight. Jack drove me home through Regent Street, where he said he saw a great many pretty girls, but I think they used somehow to be prettier. Bond Street is narrower, and was more convenient for seeing one's acquaintance on the other side of the way. Jack said he could not decide whether to marry for love or for money. I told him love was bad, and money worse. The rogue then owned he was in love with a portionless girl, and begged me to persuade his father to approve of the match. I promised my assistance. Jack helped me out of his phaeton very carefully.

"My cousin Maria called to see me, with her two pretty granddaughters. It is very considerate of her to come and see an old man as often as she does. Maria is always cheerful, and has worn vastly well. She does not look her age. I might have been very happy if I had married her; she makes her home so comfortable. I often wish Emily had refused me. I wonder why she eloped so very soon, since she liked me well enough to marry me?

"My physician looked in to know how I was. He says I must go on with the abstemious system. Read the newspapers. Saw a benefit announced for an old actress, Miss B——, who left the stage twenty



THE BATTLE PLAIN OF IMMA, NOW EL'UMK.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The Plain.—Delay in the Transport.—The Crusaders at the Iron Bridge.—Defeat of the Palmyrenes.—The Acropolis of Cyrrhestica.—Battles of Ventidius and the Parthians.—Arsace.—Geography of the Crusades.—Navigation of the Lake of Antioch.—Pelicans and Storks.—Battle of Ænoporas.—Encampments of the Turkomans.—Manners and Customs.

THE plain, to the description of which the progress of the expedition next leads us, occupies an important tract of country in North Syria, and it possesses many features of high interest, in an historical and political, as well as in a merely economical and descriptive point of view.*

Averaging a mean elevation of three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and watered by several rivers; its lower or central part is occupied by the lake called Denghiz Aghá, better known as the Lake of Antioch, and which has a various extent of from seven to ten miles, and an area of from sixty to seventy. This lake is enclosed on every side by extensive marshes, and beyond these are grassy plains, interspersed here and there, by great tracts covered with flowering plants, chiefly of the natural families *compositæ* and *umbelliferæ*, or of the thistle and hemlock, or parsley tribes, and which attain so luxuriant a growth, as to form at times impenetrable thickets, and even when penetrated, to overtop a man on horseback. Snakes also attain a gigantic size in this jungle, and during our residence at Murád Páshá, we killed one which measured fifteen feet in length.

This great plain is tenanted by Turkomans of the tribe of Reï 'Anlú, and there are also some stationary villages of Arabs and Syrians on the borders, which are marked on the one side by the well-defined foot of the lofty Armanus and Rhosus, on the other by the lower, woodless, and rocky range, called Em-göli Tágh, or the Mountain of the Lake of Em, probably another corruption or abbreviation for the Lake of Imma or Emma. To the north it is bounded by the less distinct range of Jindarís, which separates the valley of the Kárá Sú, or Black Water, from that of the 'Afrín; and to the south, by the hills of Antioch or Anti Casius, which leave an opening in the south-east, to the valley of the Orontes, constituting the renowned Cœlo-Syria.

Ibráhím Páshá made an attempt to bring part of this luxuriant plain into culture, and for this purpose, Syrian peasants were brought down

* This plain is denominated that of Cyrrhus, by Kinneir, in which he is followed by Bell, in his "System of Geography," where it is described as a vast and fertile plain, sufficient to support all Syria with corn. But this name is very objectionable, as not being used by ancients or moderns. Cyrrhus, according to the "Antonine Itinerary," was forty-two Roman miles from Beroea, or Aleppo, and twelve from Ciliza, now Kilís; from which, according to Colonel Chesney, the ruins of Corus are sixteen miles distant. It was, also, according to the Theodosian or Peutingerian Tables, thirty-six Roman miles beyond Gindarus, which is itself several miles north of the plain. Strabo, perhaps more accurately, calls it the Plain of Antioch. It appears, however, more generally to have been designated after the town of Imma, written Emma in the before-mentioned tables, which was more particularly on the plain; and of which its modern appellation, El 'Umk, appears to be a corruption.

from the well-tilled plain of Dana, in the Em-göli Tágh, but owing to the opposition of the Turkomans, the experiment did not succeed.

During the excursions previously detailed, things remained in pretty nearly the same condition at Amelia Depot. The commander of the expedition was provided with a powerful Fermán, from the Sultan, to secure the transport of the material across the country that intervened between the sea and the river Euphrates, a distance of 111 miles, and the Consul-General in Egypt was engaged to secure the submission of Mehemet Ali to its provisions, and his co-operation in the undertaking. But whether it was that the territory in which the transport was to take place, belonging at that time, as far as to the river Sájúr, to the Egyptian Satrap, rendered him jealous of acknowledging Turkish authority therein, or whether he viewed the communication to India by the Euphrates, as interfering with his own favourite project of facilitating the way by the Red Sea, and in which his interests would be always more directly involved, it is difficult to say; probably both combined against the expedition; and too wily to openly oppose what had met with the support of the British government and of the King of England in person, the Egyptian ruler determined to put every difficulty in the way of the enterprise, by passively thwarting its progress, by all possible means that were not overt, and the most formidable of which, was to forbid the natives to assist us with the means of transport.

It was in vain that the country was ransacked for camels, bullocks, and horses. The consul and merchants at Aleppo met with the same inexplicable refusal from the Arabs to be employed on the transport. The agent at Antioch was unable to afford any assistance, and the expedition and its stores lay crowded in a little point on the sea-shore, like a stranded ship, unable to move in any direction.

The landing of the stores, now terminated, had not been unattended by danger. The surf on the bar impeded its progress sometimes for days together. On one occasion, Captain Henderson, of the "Columbine," was going over in his gig with four men, when the boat was capsized. Fitzjames was passing at the moment, with a load, but he could not let go from the halser, by aid of which the landing was effected; and he was only able to throw an oar to the captain and his crew, struggling in the waves. Happily, however, they all reached the shore in safety, but much exhausted.

Annoyed at the obstacles thus put in the way of the transport, and in the absence of Ibráhím Páshá, who had withdrawn himself, in order to avoid importunities; the commander despatched Colonel Estcourt and Dr. Staunton on a mission to the civil governor of Syria, whose residence was at Damascus, and where they met with a satisfactory reception, and the customary vague promises, which were never meant to be fulfilled.

In the meantime, to avoid the mischievous effects of idleness, the men were employed in putting the "Tigris" steamer together on the Orontes, and trying her capabilities; and on the return of the first mission, Colonel Chesney thinking that assistance might be obtained from over the Turkish frontier, as well, also, to secure the privilege of establishing a depot on the Euphrates, despatched a second mission to Reshíd Páshá, the Osmanli Ser 'Asker, who was at that moment

engaged in hostilities with the Kharzen Kurds, the representatives of the ancient Arsanii.

Great endeavours were also being made, during the same interval, to ameliorate the condition of the roads more especially between the sea and Antioch; on which line there were several steep eminences to be surmounted, and two beds of rivers liable to sudden overflows. Captain Lynch and his brother were at the same time engaged in determining the most feasible line for the transport to be carried across the higher portions of the country towards Euphrates, and it was at this juncture in the expedition, and on the 1st of June, seven days after our arrival at Antioch, that the surveying party, having somewhat recovered from their first attack of sickness, received orders to examine that part of the route which lay between Antioch and the more elevated districts.

The road thus explored, was carried at first nearly due east from Antioch, with Anti Casius on one side, and the Orontes, and marshes, and lake beyond, on the other; till at a distance of about fifteen geographical miles, a bridge was attained, which was situated at the point where the broad and fertile valley of Cœlo-Syria, opening to the south, allowed the Orontes to flow from that direction, while the road turned to the north-eastward.

This, then, must also have been from the necessity of circumstances, the site of a bridge from the most remote times. It is designated in the tables as Gephyra, or "the bridge," *par eminence*, and it appears to be, also, that bridge which, constructed by the Persian Satrap, Orontes,* gave his name to the river, which, according to Strabo, was before called after the giant, Typhon. It is now called Jisr Hadíd, or the Iron Bridge, and I have found this name, or a corruption of its Latinization, used in the time of the Crusades, for when Baldwin, then King of Jerusalem, repaired to Antioch, to be present at the celebration of the nuptials of Manuel Comnenus with Mary, the daughter of the deceased Raymond, Prince of Antioch, he is related to have fortified the Castle of *Pontisfer*, upon the river Orontes, against the incursions of the enemy. The bridge is still defended by an arched gateway, above which is a castellated building.

In the first advance of the Crusaders from Maresia, (Mar'ash,) and on the occasion of the first crusade, Robert, Earl of Flanders, was despatched with a thousand men-at-arms, to give summons to Artasia, ('Azáz,) and that stronghold having been obtained possession of, through a revolt of its Christian inhabitants, the army marched forwards towards Antioch, but they were encountered by the Turks at "the bridge" on the river Orontes, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, had to sustain a severe conflict, until the coming up of the main body forced the enemy to give way, and the Latins, passing the river, encamped with their army before "the famous citie of Antioch," the 21st of October, 1097.

In the month of February of the next year, the Saracens advanced in great force to the relief of the besieged city, and the Crusaders, leaving the footmen before the walls, went forth in six parties of well-armed horse, under their separate leaders, and defeated the Paynims.

* The names of Orontes and Orodes are both, according to Colonel Rawlinson, Hellenicized from Erwend, a pure old Persian root.

It was on this occasion that Robert Curthose smote a Saracen through the skull, teeth, and neck, down to the shoulder; in which feat he was only outdone by Duke Godfrey, who clave one of the enemy down so that one half fell off, while the other half remained in the saddle. These are exploits of which modern times do not furnish us with any parallels, so much has man degenerated, or the mists of fiction have been dispelled. The Saracens did not fail, however, to return, soon, to another charge, on which occasion they were even still more signally defeated than before, and being driven back to "the bridge," many were drowned in the Orontes. The old chronicler, Robert of Gloucester, has reference to this circumstance, when he says—

> "And, thorough the grace of Jesus Christ, the Paynims they overcome,
> And slew to ground, here and there, and the other flew anon,
> So that at a narrow brig there adrent mony one."

Here we bivouacked for the night, and the next day travelled across the marshy plain, till we arrived at the rivulet of Em-göli, where the road divided into two branches, one of which led over the hills to Aleppo, and is the same as that anciently followed to Chalcis, while the other was continued northwards, by the borders of the plain, to Jindarís. Not far from us at this point, was an extensive artificial mound, raised upon a platform at the foot of the hills; and there were ruins of dwelling-houses, and other buildings around. This was the site of Imma, a city in the district of Antioch, and written Emma, in the "Theodosian Tables," by which it is placed at a distance of thirty-three Roman miles from the capital. Ptolemy notices it in conjunction with Gephyra and Gindarus; but by Pliny it was erroneously considered as being on the borders of Commagena. The site is now called Herem. A small tributary to the Em-göli Sú flows past the ruins, and upon the banks of the latter were the remains of a bridge and of dwelling-houses, and a few miles further on, the traces of a large Christian village, with the fragments of two churches. We stopped a little beyond this spot, at a mill-stream derived from the same river.

As we sat in the rich sunset, with the expansive plain before us, sweeping away into marsh and morass, and relieved beyond by the blue expanse of the lake, a feeling of melancholy interest came over us, to think that it was on this very plain, probably at this identical spot, that the civilization and rising perfection of the Palmyrenes was crushed by the Roman legions. An Arabian dynasty was destined never to be but the wonder of a day, and Zenobia herself, a name now traditionally handed over to poetry and painting, and who, though an Asiatic princess, possessed at once Grecian refinement and Roman hardihood, was destined to succumb before the warlike skill and fortune of the Pannonian soldier, and to become henceforth a Roman citizen. True, that the indomitable Zabdas bore down the legions by the pressure of his cavalry, and for a time threw disorder into Aurelian's ranks; but it was only to hurry on the fatal result. The heavy armed Palmyrean horse were led on into the marshy ground, thousands were suddenly fixed immoveable in a deep morass; the light armed Romans formed around them, and returning upon the then scattered and broken forces, made horrid slaughter, and decided the fate of the day; which a well-conducted retreat along the vale of

Cœlo-Syria to Emesa, and another hard-fought battle delivered before the departing glories of the Temple of the Sun, was unable to repair.

Zozimus and other historians suppose this battle to have occurred nearer to Antioch, and Vopiscus identifies the field of battle with Daphne—an almost impossible locality—but we have the distinct authority of Sextus Rufus, in which he is supported by Syncellus, Jornandes, Cellarius, and a host of others, that the unfortunate engagement took place before Imma. The great feature of the battle, the slaughter of the heavy Palmyrean cavalry in a deep morass, is what might have been expected to have occurred at this spot, while the neighbourhoods of Antioch or Daphne present no such circumstances, the precipitous and broken ground of the latter being especially unfavourable to the movements of cavalry.

Had the polished author of the "Letters from Palmyra," who so effectively sustains the deep interest felt by all in the fate of the city of the desert, and of its gifted queen, been well versed in the localities of the events which he describes, how much it would have added to the perfection of his otherwise highly-coloured descriptions. Nature in this case, as in many others, surpasses imagination; the vast extent of plain and marsh of Imma, with the deep lake shadowing forth the outline of the lofty wood-clad Amanus, and the clear, sharp air, broken by the rocks and turreted ramparts of renowned Antioch, present a picture far more complete in its details, and more gorgeous in its aggregate, than the pen of poetry and feeling combined has been able to suggest.

The vast expanse before us, indeed, derived an interest from its very nakedness and immensity, and possessed in some degree the solemn grandeur of the ocean. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the landscape, the only visions of life were distant flights of birds—scarlet flamingoes and lily-white crested herons—occasional flocks of sheep and goats, like little dots, on the far-off hill-sides, and here and there a straggling herd of camels or cattle, stretching, like an army, over the tawny waste, and attended by a herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long tasselled lance tapering up into the air; while, beyond all, the broken line of a Turkoman encampment, with its dark chequered tents, was faintly seen on the verge of the horizon.

The next day, (June 4th,) we continued our route across the plain, till we gained a gentle ascent, which brought us to the village of Jindarís, containing about fifty cottages, and characterized by its artificial mound, or tel, upon which but few traces are now to be met with of the castle or citadel of ancient Gindarus, variously designated as the Acropolis, and the Arx of Cyrrhestica, and described by Strabo, as καὶ λησήριον ἐυφυὲς, "a fit receptacle for thieves."

It may be remarked here, that the existence of one of these tels or mounds is generally characteristic of an ancient site throughout northern Syria and Mesopotamia, and in some districts, almost every village is grouped around one, of greater or less magnitude, for they vary in size, and attain a various elevation, of from thirty to upwards of a hundred feet. These factitious hills were designated by the ancients as κομαται, and Strabo describes Tyana and Zela as built on such mounds, raised originally by Semiramis. Herodotus (ii. p. 137) and Diodorus Siculus (i. 36, and ii. 14) use the same word. "For thou hast made of a city a heap," (Isaiah, xxv. 2,) is in the Greek version rendered by εἰς κομα.

Xenophon designates them, however, by the more elegant expression of γηλοφος, "a mound or hill of earth." They are called tels by the Arabs, teppehs by the Turks, and u'yuks by the Turkomans.

The generality of these mounds are artificially raised upon the plains, out of which they rise like so many gigantic mole-hills; but in many cases, the existence of jutting rocks or crags, has been taken advantage of, to facilitate the piling up of materials for the purpose of raising a mound on which to build an Acropolis; at other times they are simple mounds of denudation — rocks worn into more or less rounded hills by currents of water—as in Tel Ba'lkis, in the valley of Euphrates, but even these have been afterwards fashioned by art. Then, again, they appear sometimes to have in part originated on the plain from the passage of ancient currents of water, like the mounds of so-called diluvial gravel, in our own country; and it not unfrequently happens that they contain boulders or large transported masses of basalt, and other rocks; which, as Strabo described long ago, (p. 812), constitute the kernel around which the other matters have accumulated, but which are also sometimes left exposed by the gradual removal of the softer materials. In some cases, as at 'Ak Deyavín, the mound is surrounded by Cyclopean walls formed of huge irregular masses of basalt, piled one upon another. Examples of materials artificially accumulated on rocks occur at Arsace and elsewhere; of the same piled on alluvia or river detritus, at Arbela, and at the Babylonian Ecbatana; but it must not be omitted to mention in this little history of the origin and nature of these characteristic Oriental mounds, that in most cases, when they are of Babylonian and Chaldean, or Assyrian origin, that the added materials are the usual sun-burnt bricks, and in some few cases, such mounds were subsequently cased with regular stone-work, as at the Ur of the Persians, and in the case of the celebrated pyramid of Resen or Larissa.

It was but a few days from the anniversary (June 9th, B.C. 38) of the great defeat of the Parthians, which revenged, but could not repair the disasters which had occurred, by a curious coincidence, on the very same day, fifteen years before, on the plains of Mesopotamia; that we were also traversing the field of battle delivered by Pacorus, the son of Orodes, (Arsaces, xiv.,) to the Romans under Ventidius.

Continuing our journey northward, we forded the river 'Afrín, where it was about 150 paces in width, and at a point a little below which were the ruins of a castle now called Basul Kal'ehsi, with a neighbouring village of same name. This castle, which formerly commanded the passage of the river, appears to correspond to the Heraclea in Cyrrhestica of antiquity, and which is described by Strabo (p. 751) as being close to Gindarus. The same author, also, elsewhere (p. 517) describes the Temple of the Minerva of the Cyrrhestides as being at a distance of twenty stadia, or ten geographical miles from the same spot, and at or about the same distance, we found the remains of ruined monasteries or ecclesiastical edifices, shewing what is not uncommonly the case, both with Christians and Mohammedans, that the traditional sanctity of a spot had been perpetuated by new religions.

One mountain, distinguished by its elevation, for it rises to nearly double the height of any other hill on the same range, and by its peculiar conical and almost triangular shape, rises in these districts out of the Eu-göli Túgh, and is called by the Arabs Skeïkh Barakat; but

by the Aleppines, Mount St. Simon. This is undoubtedly the Mons Trapezus of Strabo, at the fort of which, or in the Plain of Dana, while Marc Antony was indulging in that inglorious passion which earned for him the severe Philippic—

"Interque signa (turpe!) militaria
Sol aspicit conopium"—

Ventidius repaired the losses sustained by the quaestor Saxa, by defeating the Parthian general, Pharnapates, or Phranicate, as he is called by some, and it was the year following this, that the same able legate delivered, on the spot where we now stood, that engagement with the Parthians in which Pacorus was slain—a disaster from which his royal father never recovered. For many days he refused to take food, and did not utter a word; and when at length he spoke, he did nothing but call upon the name of his dear son, Pacorus. What a sequel to the triumphs of fifteen years before, and to the similar melancholy fate of Crassus and his son!—

* * * * "Miserando funere Crassus
Assyrias Latio maculavit sanguine Carras."
LUCANUS, i. 104.

It is curious that in the text of Dryden's tragedy, "All for Love," in which the characters of Antony, and of his old general, Ventidius, are ably brought out, the readers, fancying that such a thing as marshes in dry, sandy Parthia, was quite out of the question, have rendered what the author had evidently obtained from the classics as "marshes," "marches," and that in a manner which leaves to it no distinct meaning:—

"By painful journeys,
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian *marches* to the Nile."

The road is carried from the valley of the 'Afrín, through rocky vales and a broken country, till the more level districts of North Syria are attained, and which, from this point to the Euphrates, have a mean elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. At the head of this plain is the large village of 'Azáz divided into three different portions, each containing about twenty-five houses, and lying chiefly eastward of a nearly circular tel or mound of more than ordinary magnitude and height, being 250 yards in circumference at the base, and 90 at the top, and having an altitude of 120 feet.

Under the name of Arsace this stronghold played a part in the rebellion of Avidius Cassius against Marc Antony, and it was by Pliny placed in the Tetrarchy called Mammisea. Ptolemy calls it Ariseria; but it was under the various names of Artasia and Arthusia that it came most into notice in the time of the Crusades. The Christian inhabitants rose against the Turks, as we have seen at the approach of Robert, Earl of Flanders, and slaying the greater portion of them, received the Latins into the place. After this, it became a site of much importance to the Crusaders; for, by means of a station at the Iron Bridge, another here, and others at Tel Bashír and Birtha westwards, the communication was kept open between the princes of Antioch and the counts of Edessa. Defended by the Latins, the same castle repelled several attacks made upon it at various times by the Sultan of Aleppo; and it was one of the strongholds which held out

last against the victorious troops of the Kurd Saláhu-d-dín, our Saladin. In after times, it, in a similar manner, opposed, but unsuccessfully, the devastating progress of Taïmur the Tátár, who, after its capture, bestowed much care in restoring its fortifications.

It is impossible not to remark here how much, notwithstanding the daily advance which is made in our acquaintance with the comparative geography of the East, is wanting to give accuracy and correctness to the details of the progress of the Crusades, and the history of the Latin possessions in Syria and Palestine. As they at present exist, these histories are often little better than romance; and, indeed, the Crusades appear to have been long since given up as a theme only for poetry or fiction. It is not that a noble exception to this presents itself in the labours of such men as Robertson, Mackintosh, Chateaubriand, and Guizot, who have justly vindicated the philosophy of these otherwise unfortunate enterprises, and which were truly not mere questions of rescuing a tomb, but wars, upon the event of which hung the decision as to whether the Christian or the Mohammedan religion should predominate in the world. It is that no such a thing as a correct history, in regard to sites, exists of the Crusades. The best, the German work of Frederick Wilken, is wonderfully incomplete and unsatisfactory in these points; and those of Mills and of Michaud are, in the same point of view, utterly useless. It is an error to suppose that the exploits of the Crusaders would lose in interest or beauty by being subjected to such a searching inquiry. They would, on the contrary, in a country like Syria, where the natural beauties are so great, and the archæological and scenic details are always of the most picturesque character, gain by it to an unanticipated and unimagined extent.

From 'Azáz, our object being attained, we returned by the same road to Antioch. During the early part of this month the wagons brought from England, and a number of vehicles of different kinds, amounting in all to thirty-three, had been either constructed or put together at Amelia depot; and a few camels and mules having been at length procured, chiefly through the exertions of the British consul and merchants at Aleppo, the transport now for the first time commenced: and shortly after our return the novel spectacle was afforded to the inhabitants of the ancient city of Antioch of loaded wagons, with teams of six horses, crossing the narrow bridge of Orontes, and plying their way from beneath its arched gateway through its encumbered markets and rudely paved streets.

This mode of transport proved, however, from the badness of the roads, to be very laborious and dilatory; and on the 22nd of the month I received orders to explore the Lake of Antioch and its affluents, with a view to ascertain if the transport could be assisted by water-navigation. I accordingly started the next day, in company with Mr. Bell, and we proceeded up the Orontes in a native boat propelled by poles. We were not long in arriving at the point where this river is joined by the Kárá sú, or Black water, which flows out of the lake; and we continued our way up the latter, passing on our right hand a mound isolated among the marshes, and on the summit of which is the tomb of a holy man, to whom once a year a crowded pilgrimage is made.

The two natives we had with us as boatmen, however, made but

slow progress, added to which, although the current was not strong, the river was very tortuous; and night was coming on apace when we reached the border of the lake, so that it was not deemed advisable to venture upon the open water that night. The boat was accordingly, for security sake, run out of the channel into the marsh, composed at this point of reeds, amid which occasional willow trees rose, their aged-looking trunks half buried in water. After sunset the musquittoes came down upon us like a cloud, and added, by their incessant hum and piercing attacks, to the dismal character of the swamp.

We were glad to start the next day with the earliest dawn, not waiting for daybreak, which came too tediously, in so grievous a position; and the native mode of propulsion not allowing the boat to take the open waters, the navigation of the lake was performed by the slow and safe means of keeping to the limits of the marsh; and the same day we gained the Black Water, where it entered the lake at its north-western extremity, and were forced to pass the night in a somewhat similar position as on the other side of the lake, only that the channel of the river was less discernible from the number of aquatic plants which nearly choked it, and which harboured numerous water-fowl.

The ensuing day (June 25) we continued our way up the Black Water, our progress being somewhat impeded by the close vegetation, amid which beauteous nymphæas and nuphars,—naïads of the stream,—made themselves peculiarly noticed by their gorgeous beauty; the common white water-lily especially attained great perfection, its large flower, filled with petals so as to appear almost double, expanding to a gigantic size. Nor was our progress void of life or animation. Here and there a solitary heron watched, in motionless silence, for a passing fish; red legged storks waded in the marsh, where crested herons herded in troops; spur-winged plovers screeched above; bald coots stole away behind tufts of reeds or rushes; various kinds of duck and snipe occasionally winged their long flight away; while giant pelicans sailed bravely before us, the boat being unable to match them in speed.

Pelicans and storks were always objects of interest to me. Afterwards, when encamped at Murád Páshá, it was part of the evening's recreation to watch these great fisher-birds collecting from the lake, and its various affluents; then eddying for awhile in aerial evolutions, performed at a vast height, to ultimately descend on some open part of the plain, where they disposed themselves in a circle, so that danger could be perceived approaching on whatever side, and where they resigned themselves to a repose only interrupted by the prowling hyæna, or the savage gambols of troops of jackalls.

As to storks, there was something that was always refreshing in their entire confidence in humanity, and their noisy and vehement conjugal affection. They constituted excellent alarum clocks, for the male and female, throwing their long mandibles upon their backs, saluted each other by reiterated clappings at the earliest dawn. It was once my lot to be quartered in a town, close by a mosque, at the time when the storks came from their southerly migrations to build. One perched upon my roof, which the functionaries of the Mohammedan house of prayer observing, they sent a boy to carry a basket to the summit of

the dome, in order to entice the sacred bird from the infidel's roof. I at once, however, sought also a basket for my visitor—a lady stork, by the bye, for the gentleman was soaring over her somewhere between us and the sun—and to outdo the Mussulmans I added a bit of carpet. This, however, only increased the activity of my rivals to win the affections of the bird, and they sent devout urchins in pursuit of frogs and other reptiles, and deposited them on the top of the dome. It so happened, however, that my house furnished an abundant opposition supply of lizards, centipedes, scorpions, and other pleasant creatures which were to be met with in every crevice of the mud-walls, even in my dormitory, and under every brick that lay about, and which I seized with a pair of small forceps, and laid out for the bird's refreshment; so that, although the stork did for a time delight the eyes of the multitude which had assembled in the court-yard of the mosque, by settling on the dome, it soon returned to take up its dwelling with the Christian, a thing the chagrined Mohammedans asserted had never before happened in that city to a follower of the Messiah.

We continued the navigation of the Black Water to where it was joined by another stream from the north-east, called the Egrí, or Crooked; and we turned up this latter till we came to a bridge, which put an end to any further necessities for exploration. The road from the sea to Aleppo is carried round the northern part of the lake at this point, and it is here carried across marsh and river, and a territory liable to extensive inundations at certain seasons of the year, by this bridge and a stone causeway nearly three miles in length, and called after its originator, Murád Páshá. Not far from the bridge, was a tel, having upon its summit a village of Arabs called Göl Báshí, or the "Head of the Lake," from an abundant spring of clear water, which issued from a mass of basaltic rocks cropping out at the foot of the tel.

Having now, by the route, followed from Beïlan to Antioch, and from Antioch by the Iron Bridge to Jindarís, combined with the present navigation of the lake and its northerly affluents, explored the plain of Imma in nearly all its details, the opportunity may be taken to remark that the identification of the rivers at present existing on this plain, with such as are described as watering the same expanse of territory in ancient times, presents greater difficulties than usual. We have, indeed, but one leading statement to assist us in this inquiry. It is that of Strabo, who says, "not far from Gindarus is Pagræ in Antiochidæ, a place strongly situated on the road which, crossing the Amanus, leads from the Amanian gates into Syria." Pagræ denominates the plain of Antioch, where flow the Arceuthus, the Orontes, the Labotas, and where are also met the rivulet or ditch of Meleager and the river Ænoparas.

From the description here given of Pagræ there would be much to justify the identification of that site with Beilan; but it appears, according to Colonel Chesney, that the castle previously described as that of 'Ibn 'Abi Dáúd is also known by the name of Pagras Kal'ehsí. Concerning the identity of the Orontes and the present El 'Así, we are safe by tradition and position, originating, according to Pliny in Cœlo-Syria, from the neighbourhood of Heliopolis (Ba'lbek); and, according to Mr. Barker, five hours north-east of the village of Ar rás, or the "Honoured Head," (Abú-l-fedá Syria, p. 150). It washed,

according to Strabo, amongst others, the cities of Apamea and Antioch; and its embouchure was, according to the same authority, at a distance of forty stadia from Seleucia Pieria, shewing that, even at that point, it differs little from what existed in antiquity.

With regard to the Arcenthus, as it comes first on the list, we ought to seek for its representative in the largest river of the plain; and this is presented to us in the 'Afrín, a tributary to the Lake of Antioch, which has its origin in the Arsís Tágh, or ancient Arsace Mons, with which its name appears to have some relation. Words like Arsaces, Ariarathes, Arii, &c., all contain the same root Ar, signifying, as in the Sanscrit, Arya, "honoured or respected."

The next on the list is the Labotas, which follows the Orontes, and therefore, probably, adjacent to it; and from its name, if taken as expressive of a leaping or vaulting stream, the same as the river of Emgöli. There only remains, then, to identify the river Æenoparas and the ditch of Meleager, which appear together in Strabo's enumeration, and we must thus seek for them in the only remaining rivers of the plain—the Kárású, formed by the junction of numerous tributaries from the higher country, and the shorter affluent, which flows beneath the bridge of Murád Páshá.

The fact of Cyrus having, in his celebrated expedition against his brother Artaxerxes, passed the plain of Imma, on his way from Myriandrus to the river Chalus (Koweïk), without the historian of the expedition, Xenophon, having noticed either the plain itself, the lake, or any of its various affluents, has led to many surmises, some of which have affected the accuracy of the historian; others have suggested doubts as to the existence of a lake on this plain at those remote periods; but there is nothing in the character of the soil to uphold the last of these suppositions, for the greater part of the plain is occupied by lacustrine deposits, formed by the gradual desiccation of the lake, proving at once its very remote antiquity, and at the same time that it was in former times even more extensive than at present.

It was on this plain, washed by the Æenoparas, that Darius encamped, previous to passing the Amanus and delivering the battle of Issus: and it was on the same plain, that one of the most complicated political dramas, which resulted from the establishment of different governments in the East, upon the death of Alexander the Great, met with a fatal solution.

The drama here alluded to, is presented to us in the usurpation of the throne of Demetrius Soter, by Alexander Balas, "Lord or King," a person of low origin, but who was supported in his pretensions by the Roman senate, and by the kings of Egypt, Cappadocia, and Pergamus. Ptolemy Philometor even conferred upon him the hand of his daughter Cleopatra. The usurper, however, proved himself unworthy of his elevation. Giving himself up to the pursuit of pleasure, he permitted his minister, Ammonius, to put to death all the members of the late royal family, with the exception of two sons of Demetrius, who had taken refuge in Crete. Indignant at the proceedings of the usurper, Ptolemy took from him his daughter Cleopatra, and conferred her on the eldest of the sons of Demetrius, marching with him, at the same time, against the infatuated King of Antioch. The armies met on the plain now before us, and in the battle that ensued, the usurper was defeated, and the throne regained by its rightful claimant; but

Ptolemy died of the wounds he received on this occasion; and Balas was assassinated by an Arab chief, with whom he sought refuge.

Considering that Antioch occupies one corner of the plain of Imma, and that we have in no instance referred to historical facts except when some new and interesting geographical light could be thrown upon the events of olden time, it will be seen how much we have left unnoticed, and that few limited tracts of territory have been more stained by the blood of battles and sullied with human gore than the one now in question. We find, under the Antiochidæ, under the Romans, under the Persians, during the Low Empire, under the Saracens, the Crusaders, the Mamluks, Tatars, and Turks, down to the time of Ibráhím Páshá, a repetition of the same sanguinary scenes, which sometimes, indeed, by the vast destruction they entailed, rivalled anything that has been presented by any other portion of the globe; and yet this is by nature a beautiful territory, a rich and fertile soil, a most luxuriant climate, with a clear sky, and equally pellucid waters, most favourable to the pursuit of literature and the arts, renowned for learning, philosophy, and religion, the seat of the seductive mysteries of Daphne, the cradle of Christianity, and the so called "eye of the Eastern church."

What induced Strabo to connect the name of Meleager, the unfortunate slayer of the wild boar of Calydon, with a remote and insignificant stream on the plain of Imma, I am at a loss to discover, unless for Calydon we were to read Chalybon, and this was the site of the fabulous boar-hunt; but the fact is, that we often find the fables of Greece repeated throughout the East, as we find the name of the fountain of Phocis given to that of Daphne, and of Marsyas to the spring near Apamea. Such a repetition of names is far from uncommon.

Having obtained horses and a guide from the Arabs of Göl Báshí, we started on a visit to Ahmet Bey, the chief of the Reï 'anlú Turkomans, and who was encamped in the valley of the 'Afrín, not far from the lake. At the foot of the hills, to the eastward, and on the road from Murád Páshá to Jindaris, were several thermal springs, which presented the peculiarity of having made their appearance at different periods—epochs generally marked by earthquakes—and the temperature of these springs I found to vary with the period to which the tradition of the natives assigned their appearance, the most recent possessing the highest degree of temperature, or 99° 5'. Another, which appeared at a more remote epoch, 96° 7'; a third, 98°; and a fourth, only 77°. Notwithstanding the warmth of the water, in a country where the mean annual temperature was about 66°, these springs contained tortoises, frogs, and plants. They were much resorted to by the natives; and Ibráhím Páshá had erected a house for their accommodation, which was afterwards much used as a place of shelter during the transport.

On our way across the plain, we passed by several encampments of Turkomans, at each of which we were assailed so fiercely by the dogs, that it was with difficulty they were prevented biting our own or our horses' heels. The people themselves never offered to interfere or call them off; and a stranger, on such occasions, defending himself with a whip or stick, or dealing playful blows with the flat of his sabre, his horse kicking about in every direction, makes a very ridiculous figure,

which often rejoices the Turkomans exceedingly. We also passed through a good deal of the tall jungle previously described, and saw some very large snakes.

At length we arrived at an encampment, where some signs of preparation, on the part of our guide, who was not a hired guide, but a peasant proprietor, who had volunteered his services from friendly motives, and a larger tent than usual, announced the vicinity of the Turkoman chief. In a moment afterwards, the servants had rushed forward to seize our horses' heads, and in another, we were seated at the divan of Ahmed Bey, a handsome young man, who had also, as visitors, one or two officers belonging to the Egyptian army. Our reception was in every respect hospitable, and what might have been anticipated from Turkomans, who are the real aristocrats of tent-life; but as the object of our mission was to express our commanding officer's regret at the little assistance afforded by the chieftain to the expedition, in the loan of camels, &c. (and we saw plenty on the plain in the course of the day's ride), our visit was more ceremonious than it might otherwise have been; and we felt it advisable, our unpleasant duty performed, after taking a little refreshment, to mount our horses, and return the same evening to Göl Báshí.

The stationary tents of the Turkomans, such as we were received in on the present occasion, are large, and made of a goats'-hair canopy, which is stretched upon rows of small poles. The interior is divided into two apartments, both of which are open in front, one for the women, the other for the men, where the carpets and cushions of the divan, or reception-room, are spread, and in the midst of which, in cold weather, there is a fire. The women, however, move about from one apartment to the other, with uncovered faces, and perform their various avocations of making bread, cooking, &c., without any regard or concern at the presence of strangers.

The men have a well-formed, athletic frame, with a taste for bright, gaudy colours, and showy arms. The women are good-looking, but much plainer in their attire than the men. They are particularly industrious in their various occupations, which include the manufacture of tent-cloths of goats' hair, of large double bags, and men's cloaks of the same material, and of fine woollen carpets, renowned throughout the East, and which, on the whole, rival those of Eastern Persia, the blue, green, and red dyes of the Turkomans, being superior to those of Kirman and Yezd. Piles of these carpets were to be seen in almost every tent of these rich, peaceful, and industrious nomades. Burghul, or bruised wheat boiled, rice, cheese, of which they make large quantities, butter, kaïmak, or clotted cream, lebban, and other preparations of milk and cream, with eggs, honey, dried fruits, and occasionally a little chopped meat, constitute their fare, which, like their residences, and condition generally, is much superior to that of the Arabs.

Formerly, at certain seasons of the year, the majority of the Turkoman tribes used to emigrate from Syria into Asia Minor, but at this time, the great tribes of Reï 'Anlú, Jeríd, and Rishwún, did not quit the plains of Syria. About forty-five years ago, Haïda Aghá, one of the Reï 'Anlú chiefs, induced some of his tribe to become cultivators, and having once perceived its advantages, agriculture gradually in-

creased among them up to the time of Ibráhím Páshá, who, as the best means of encouraging this desirable spirit, entrusted local power to certain chiefs, as with Ahmed Bey of 'Umk, and Mohammed Bey of Kilís.

When the Turkomans move from one place to another, they observe much order, and a severe ceremony. A certain number of armed men, with shields, precede the procession, others keeping the whole in a definite succession, and others bringing up the rear. The march of a Turkoman encampment, the slow and stately pace of the camel, the bullocks laden with women and children, and the solemn tread of the warriors, only now and then interrupted by the dash of some mounted heads of the tribe amusing themselves by throwing the jerid, or brandishing their tasselled spears, forms a very striking picture, to which a slight tinge of the ridiculous is unavoidably given, by the extreme gravity of all parties, and an air of haughty pride which seems to say that the nomadic life gives to them an immeasurable superiority over all strangers, cottagers, and tillers of the soil. The favourite animal of the Turkomans is a low-set powerful camel, of a cross breed between the double-humped, or Bactrian, and the Arabian camel. Their horses are also in high repute, although inferior to the Arab.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that after the little difficulty which we had experienced in navigating the affluents of the Lake of Antioch, and the gain of distance as well as of labour, which was promised by this line, over that of the iron bridge, that our report, made on our return, was highly favourable; and, accordingly, a first depot was at once formed at the village of Gúzel Burj, or the pretty tower, so called from an edifice now no longer in existence, and situated upon the left bank of Orontes, a little above Antioch, at a point which the wagons could reach without passing the bridge.

Here Charlewood and Fitzjames launched the boats of the expedition, and constructed rafts on pontoons, with many other ingenious devices, to facilitate the transport, and another depot was formed at Murád Páshá, to receive and forward the same objects. About the same time, Col. Estcourt having returned from his mission, Lieut. Cockburn, of the artillery, was dispatched, with a party, to throw up some slight field works, and construct slips at a spot selected for this purpose, one mile and three quarters below Bireh-jík, on the right bank of the river Euphrates, and afterwards called Port William, while the two Lynches were at 'Azáz, doing their best to get assistance in that part of the road from Mohammed Bey of Kilís. Afterwards, Col. Estcourt superintended this portion of the line, and at the same time that Cleaveland and Charlewood were conveying the boilers, sections of steamers, diving-bell, and other heavy weights to Gúzel Burj, from whence the water transport was carried on by Fitzjames; Eden was engaged forwarding light stores, by camels and mules, direct from Amelia depot to Port William, by the iron bridge. Thus, by the latter end of June, the transport may be said to have been in full operation.

TWO POEMS BY ANASTASIUS GRÜN.*

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE EXCLUDED ONE.

Nine friends once I had, and what love was mine,
When I was the tenth to that goodly nine!
One band was entwined around ev'ry heart,
But fate was opposed—we were forced to part.

We went to the banqueting-hall one night,
And nine brimming cups were at once in sight;
Then each of the nine from a goblet quaff'd;
For me, for me only there stood no draught.

Nine wheels in the village in chorus twirl;
By each one is sitting a charming girl,
And each of my comrades has chosen one:
No maiden loves me—I am left alone.

Nine altars are raised, and nine jewels are bright,
Nine bride-songs are sung, and they all breathe delight.
Yes, one is for each of that fortunate nine;
For me there's no song, and no altar is mine.

Nine ships bravely rigg'd all depart from the strand,
My comrades sail off to a happier land;
But ah! there's no boat that will carry me o'er,
Where love, joy, and happiness bloom on the shore.

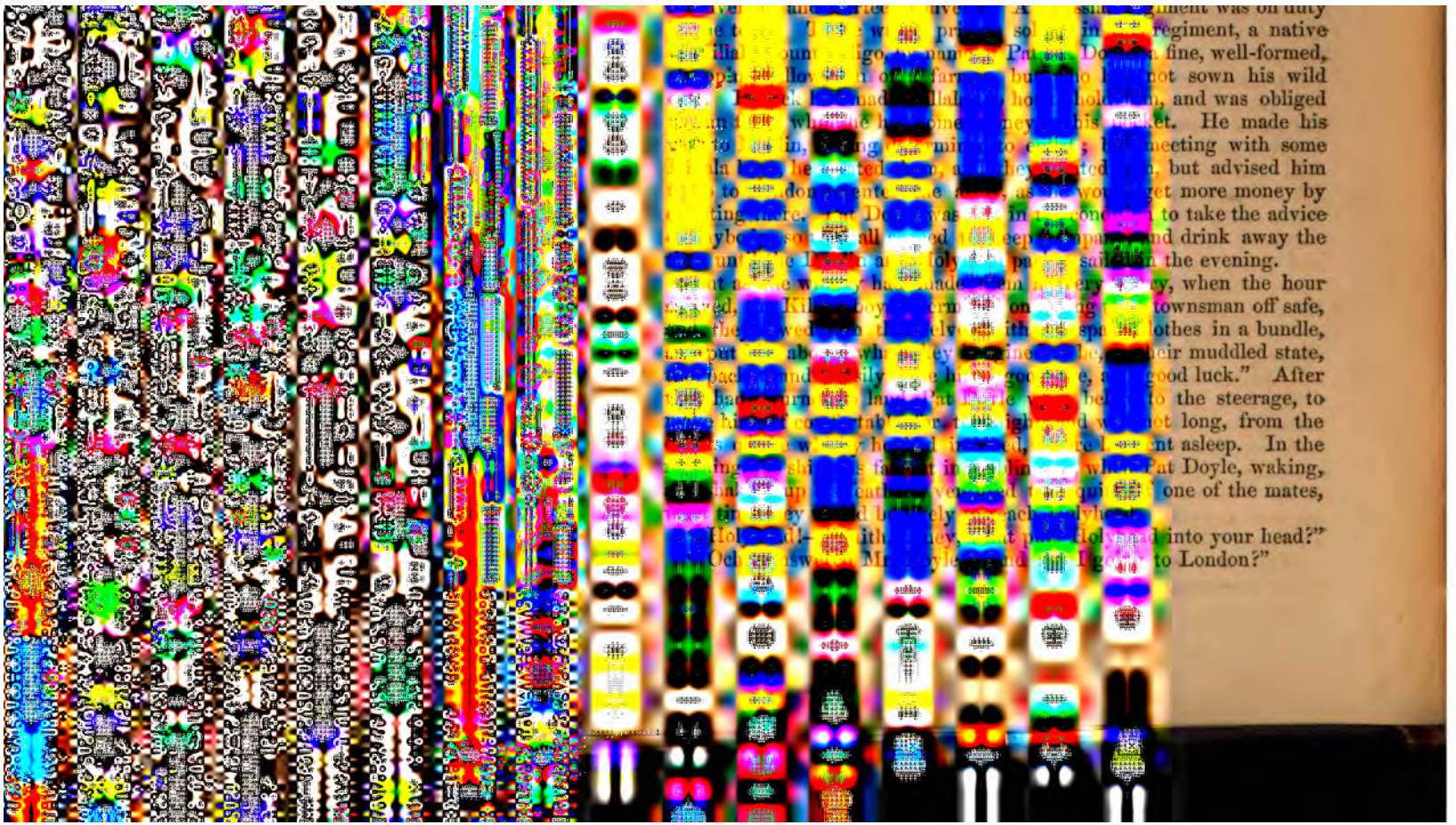
Now long in deep slumber the nine have laid,
Their bed in the narrow garden is made.
The garden is small—the nine graves fill the space;
O Heaven! canst thou not for a tenth find a place?

DIFFERENT KINDS OF GRIEF.

A girl is by a tomb on bended knee,
And close beside it plants a poplar tree:
" Thou slender tree, arise, arise!
As he arose to spangled skies;
As both my hands are lifted now,
To heaven be lifted every bough;
As to the stars my glances wander,
Let every leaf be pointed yonder.
To him! To him! Ascend, ascend!
Your rustling sound must upwards tend.
Thus, poplar, thus beside the grave
An image of my grief I have."

A youth is by a tomb on bended knee,
And close beside it plants a willow-tree:
" Bend down to earth, thou tree of weeping,
For she below the earth is sleeping.
As on the grave these tear-drops flow,
So from thy leaves the dew-drops throw;
And as my hands thus downwards grasp,
And that cold coffin fain would clasp,
So to the grave, ye branches, bend.
To her! To her! Descend, descend!
Thus, willow, thus beside the grave
An image of my grief I have."

* It is needless to repeat that this is the assumed name of Count Auersperg.—J. O.



"No, my lad, you 'ant," said the mate;—"this vessel is bound to Dantzic!"

"Och, cruel murther!" exclaimed Pat Doyle—"shure this is the packet that Tim Mullins and the two O'Rourkes put me aboard of last night?"

"This here brig is the 'Shelah'—O'Shaugnessy, commander—laden with provisions—beef, pork, and butter—for the Baltic; and we brings back timber."

Pat Doyle was aghast at that piece of information; but after, in vain, in his simplicity, begging of the mate to explain the matter to Captain O'Shaugnessy, with his compliments, and he would thank him to turn his ship back again to Dublin; which motion being civilly declined, another sort of motion (that of the vessel) caused in Mr. Doyle those very uneasy sensations peculiar to most persons on their first sea-voyage, and he was compelled to yield himself entirely to the influence. Oh, what a prostration it causes, both mental and bodily! and the stronger the constitution of the person afflicted, the more violent is the effect. Poor Patrick suffered a martyrdom!

On the third day, as the mate passed what might be called Mr. Doyle's resting-place, if he could have taken any rest in it—for though it was denominated his "berth," he thought it would witness his "death," he was so very bad,—Pat inquired, "Where did you say I am going?"

"Dantzic!" gruffly answered the mate.

"What did you say?" faintly asked Mr. Doyle.

"Dantzic!" replied the mate, as he hurried past.

"Very true!" ejaculated Pat—"*d—d sick*, indeed!"

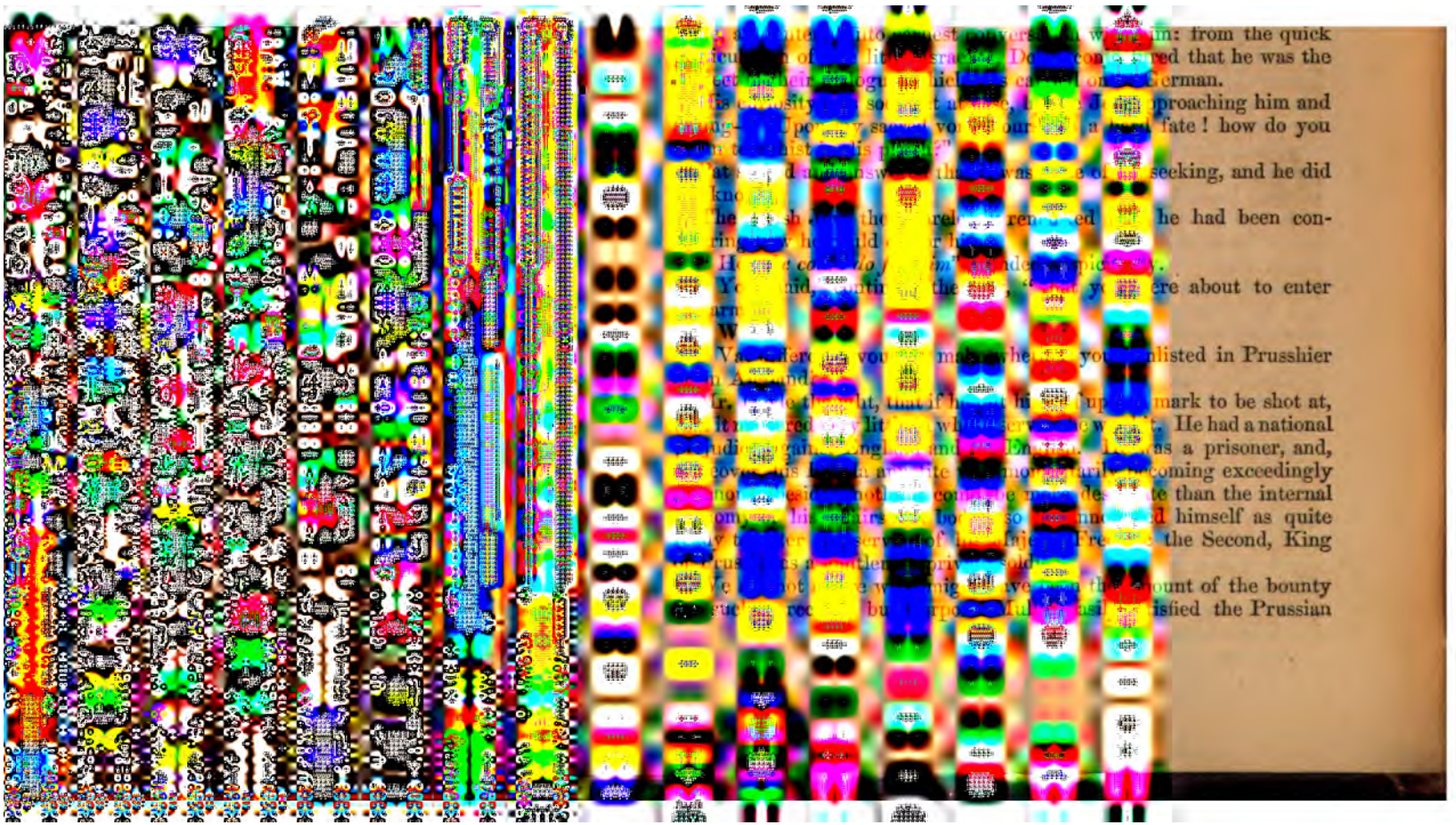
At length, the brig Shelah arrived in the river Vistula. Had Patrick Doyle been enabled to have done anything towards *working his passage*, beyond the malady, the master of the vessel would not have demanded any payment of him for the voyage; but O'Shaugnessy was compelled to account to his employers, partners in the brig, a portion of whom were Prussian merchants, for the amount of the fare of every passenger.

It was in vain that Mr. P. Doyle remonstrated that he had been left on board the wrong ship, and that, by rights, he ought to be conveyed back to Dublin "gratis, free, for nothing." He at last positively refused to pay; in fact, in treating the Messrs. O'Rourke and Mr. Timothy Mullins, he had, with true Hibernian hospitality, miscalled improvidence, expended nearly all the cash he had brought from Killala.

The Prussian agent summoned poor Doyle before the police-court; the judge of which, though he commiserated his case, briefly informed him that he must go to prison, in default of payment.

Oh, how Pat Doyle longed again for "ould Ireland!" and the township of Killala in particular, wherein, if he had only blown a well-recognised whistle between his knuckles, a dozen brave boys, his associates, would have scampered up and rescued him from the hands of the Philistines; but here, in Polish or Western Prussia, he was marched away by a guard of soldiers as tall as himself, commanded by a corporal taller than himself.

When they were all within the court-yard of the prison, and Pat Doyle wondering what they were going to do with him, he observed a



agent for Doyle's passage-money, and there was very little doubt but that Shadrach received his per centage—as gentlemen of his persuasion rarely undertake anything without a share of profit.

Perhaps, at the period which we are describing, the military training of Prussia was the most minute, precise, and tedious in its detail, in the whole world—and it required more patience than was in Pat Doyle's stock of virtues (for patience, they say, is a virtue) to endure it. After a general drill, he was placed under the private tuition of Corporal Muller, who spared neither pains nor industry to make Mr. Doyle an accomplished soldier; in fact, to such an extent, that when the Irishman was at school, in his own country, he learned that to *drill* was to *bore*,—he now discovered that the words in Prussia had precisely the same meaning.

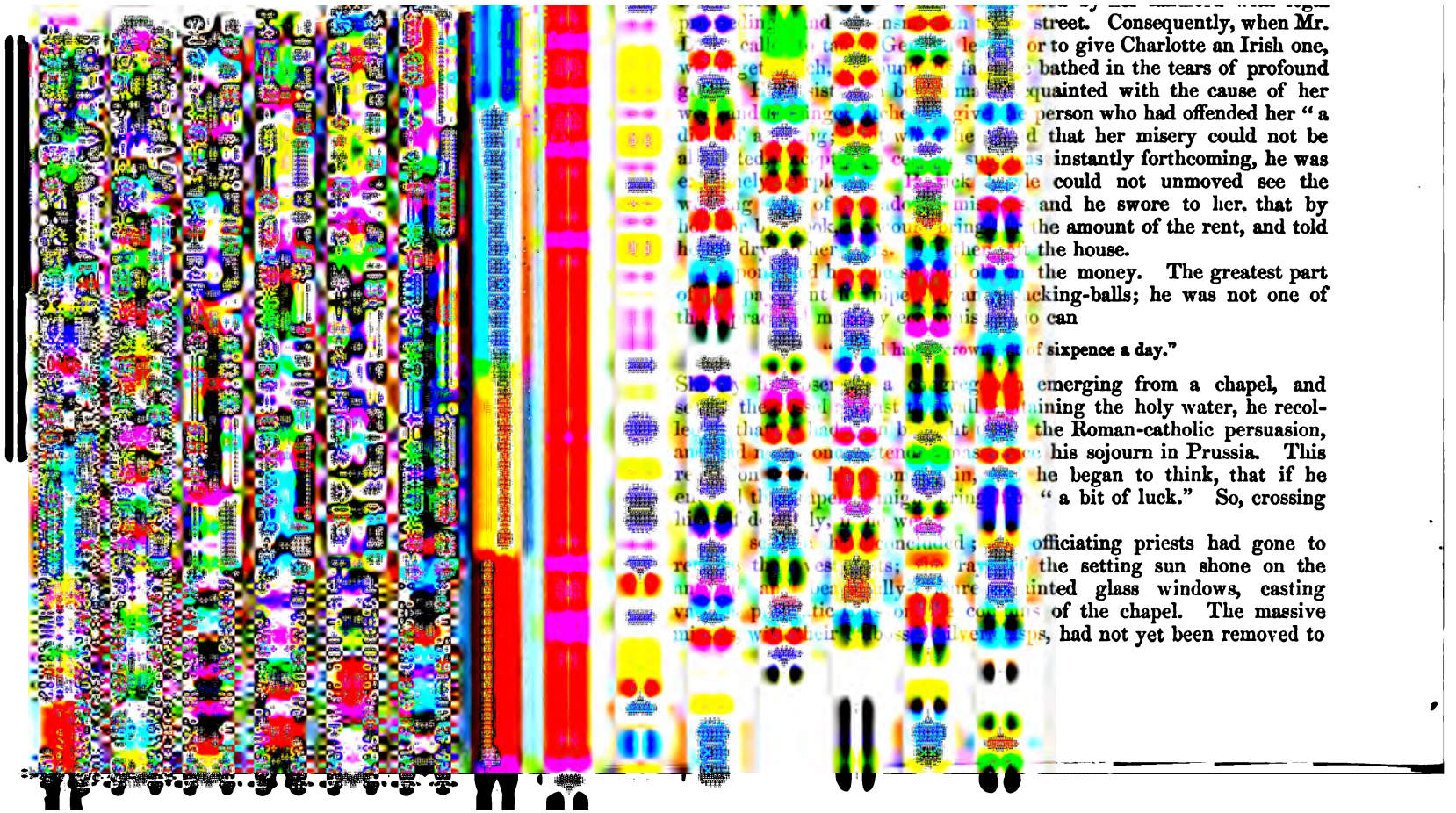
Time and perseverance effect wonders; and Patrick Doyle, drawn up to his utmost height, was at least a foot taller than when he quitted Killala, or when he enlisted. And as he stood *en grand tenue*, stiff as an artillery rammer, and thought of his home, he ejaculated—"Farewell father, farewell mother, farewell sisters and brothers!—even if I were to get back to ould Ireland again, I should never see any of ye any more." He meant that he should be unable to get his head down again to the level of the family.

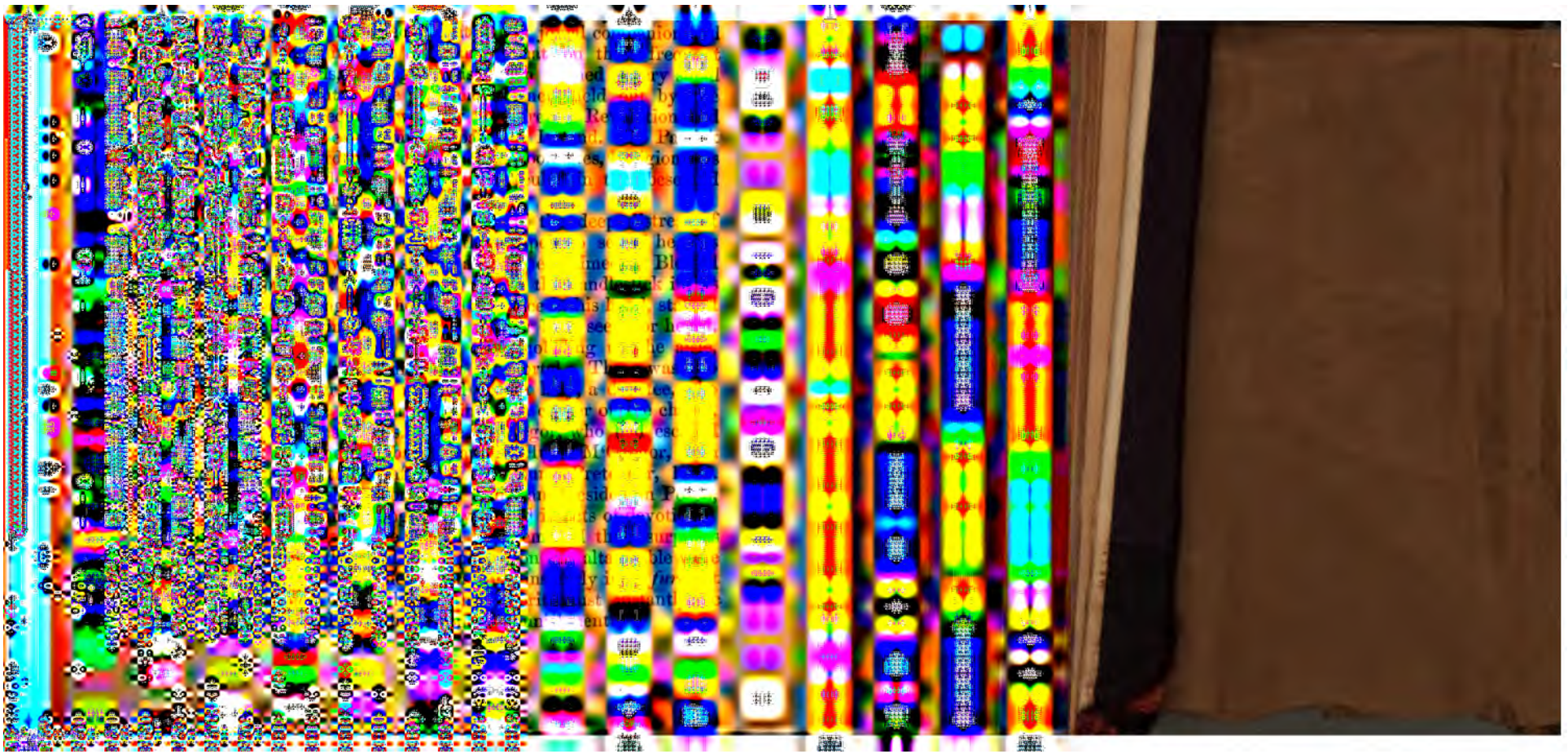
About this time, the regiment in which Pat Doyle was being trained was ordered to Berlin. Now, if our Hibernian thought that the discipline was severe at Dantzic, he certainly was not agreeably surprised by the change of system in the capital, where the soldiery are harassed with continual *gater* service (small services and exercising).

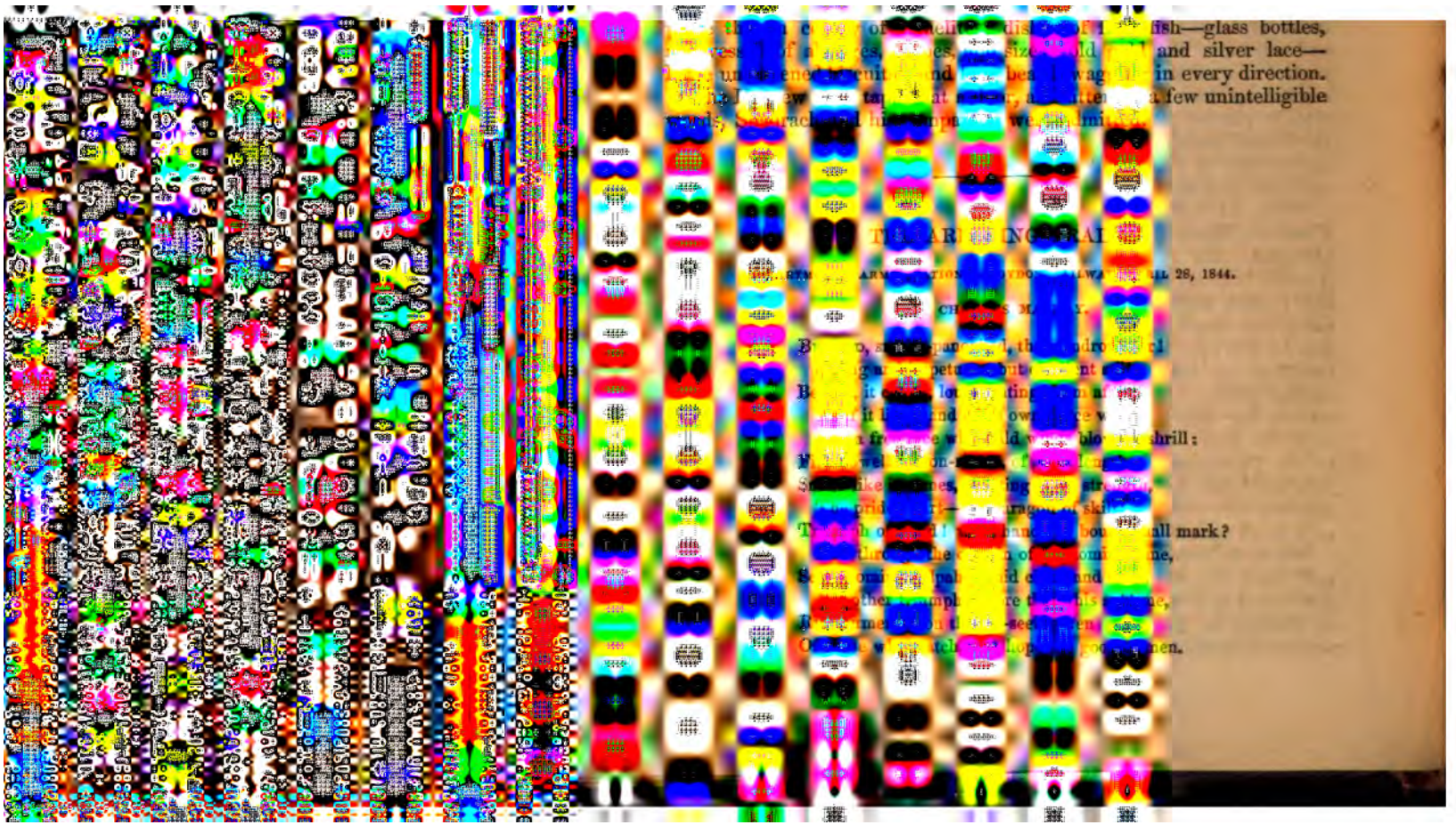
In winter, during severe frosts, the military are exercised in large premises, which are built on the outskirts of Berlin; these premises extend over an immense space, and are covered with a vaulted roof; and in fine weather, the beautiful Thiergarten was frequently the scene of the evolutions of the troops.

During one of the reviews, the king was personally inspecting the regiment, when his eye fell on the tallest man amongst the grenadiers. Frederic, like his celebrated grandfather, had a hobby for gigantic soldiers. On being informed that Patrick Doyle was a foreigner, a native of Ireland, who had entered his ranks, he remarked, with a gracious smile, "that he was a fine fellow," and passed on. These flattering words from the king caught the ear of Corporal Muller. Doyle was, it is true, an inch or two the taller, but Muller was an experienced soldier—and a feeling of jealousy came over him, which he never afterwards was able to restrain; and whenever he could exert the petty authority of the corporal over the private, he never neglected the opportunity.

After the regiment had done its routine of duty at Berlin, it received the orders of the commander-in-chief to take up its quarters at Posen. Posen, we have already stated, was the see of a Roman-catholic bishop, and had several religious houses established in the town. When a town is thus situated, the following facts occur in contradistinction to a neighbourhood where the population are entirely Protestant. In the place of a level feeling of religion, as in the Protestant church, the old women are more devout, and the younger females are more gay, in the Catholic faith. If an accidental error occurs,







JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXIII.

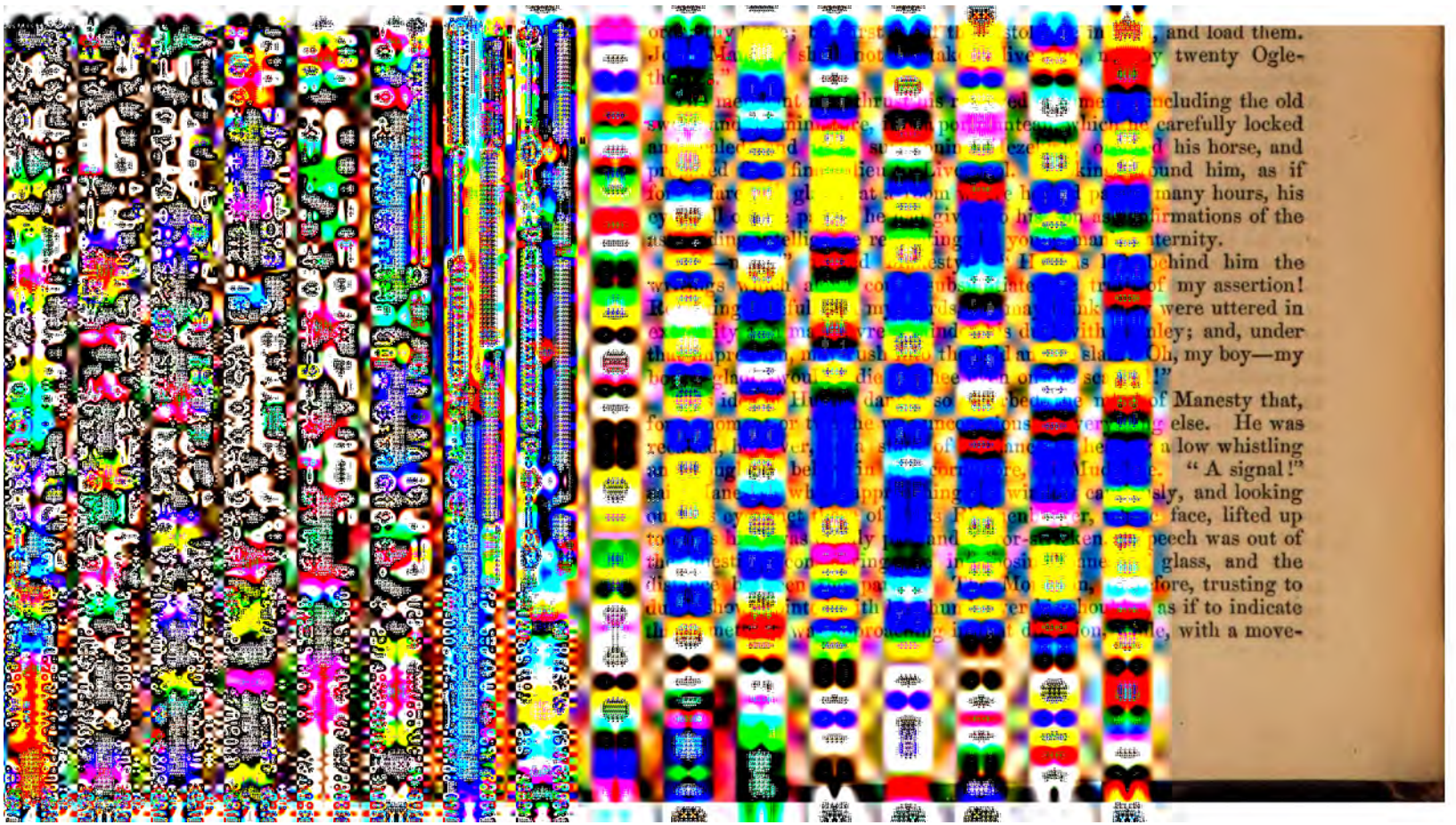
SHEWING HOW MANESTY TOOK HIS PRECAUTIONS—HIS SEARCH AFTER HUGH—AND WHAT ENSUED ON HIS INTERVIEW WITH LAWYER VARNHAM.

FEELING convinced that he had secured his son's safety, as far as the intended duel with Stanley was concerned, Manesty, after Hugh had rushed from his presence, deliberately proceeded to re-open the sea-chests, and to apply again to the task of examining and selecting their contents. Having lit a taper, he held many of the manuscripts over the flame, and threw their burning relics into the grate. Others he put aside, with a view of placing them, under seals and lock and key, in the custody of his attorney, Varnham. In this way, he had nearly emptied one of the chests, when he took out from among the under-most layer of papers, an unsheathed and rusty sword. Gazing intently on it, he exclaimed—

"Ah, old acquaintance! I did well in consigning thee to perpetual rest after thy great deed! More than four and twenty years hast thou slumbered in utter inactivity. Thy blade formerly was bright and keen; *now* the greedy rust has gnawn it, and thou art sadly defeatured. But it was not fitting that thou shouldst be stained by mean blood, after having drawn forth some of the best in the land. I have looked often at thee with exultation. Why dost thou now draw up the blinding water in my eyes, so that I can scarce see thee? And where-fore does my breast swell, and my heart throb, thus intolerably? Dost thou reproach me, old sword? What! did I use thee wrong-fully? Well, well! Thy silent appeal almost unmans me. Yet, how could I bear the scorn, and hate, and fierce pride of him on whom at last I wreaked a bloody revenge?"

Manesty placed the sword aside, and leaned back in his chair, as if in deep rumination. He was, however, only a few minutes thus abstracted. Starting up, he said—

"I have no time to waste. I am in the toils, and the hunters are upon me. Dexterously have I played my game—dexterously will I play it still. In spite of them, I shall escape. Escape! And am I then brought to such a pass as to think my greatest good is in suc-cessful flight? O, Manesty, thy pride, and cruelty, and selfishness, have ruined thee! Thou hast thought too little of this; and lo! the dreadful cup of bitterness is at thy lips. Thy fortune is gone. Thy name is the prey of the scorner. Though consorting with pious men, thou hast turned—hypocrite as thou art—a deaf ear to their counsels. But the words that are written in the wondrous book sink deeply even into the hardest and most unbelieving hearts; and then, when least they are expected, rise up with fearful threatening. In the days of my pride I cast them off; but *now* they burst out against me, even as avengers. 'God,' says the Psalmist, 'hath prepared for the wicked



ment of the other hand, he waved Manesty off towards the front of the premises in Pool-lane.

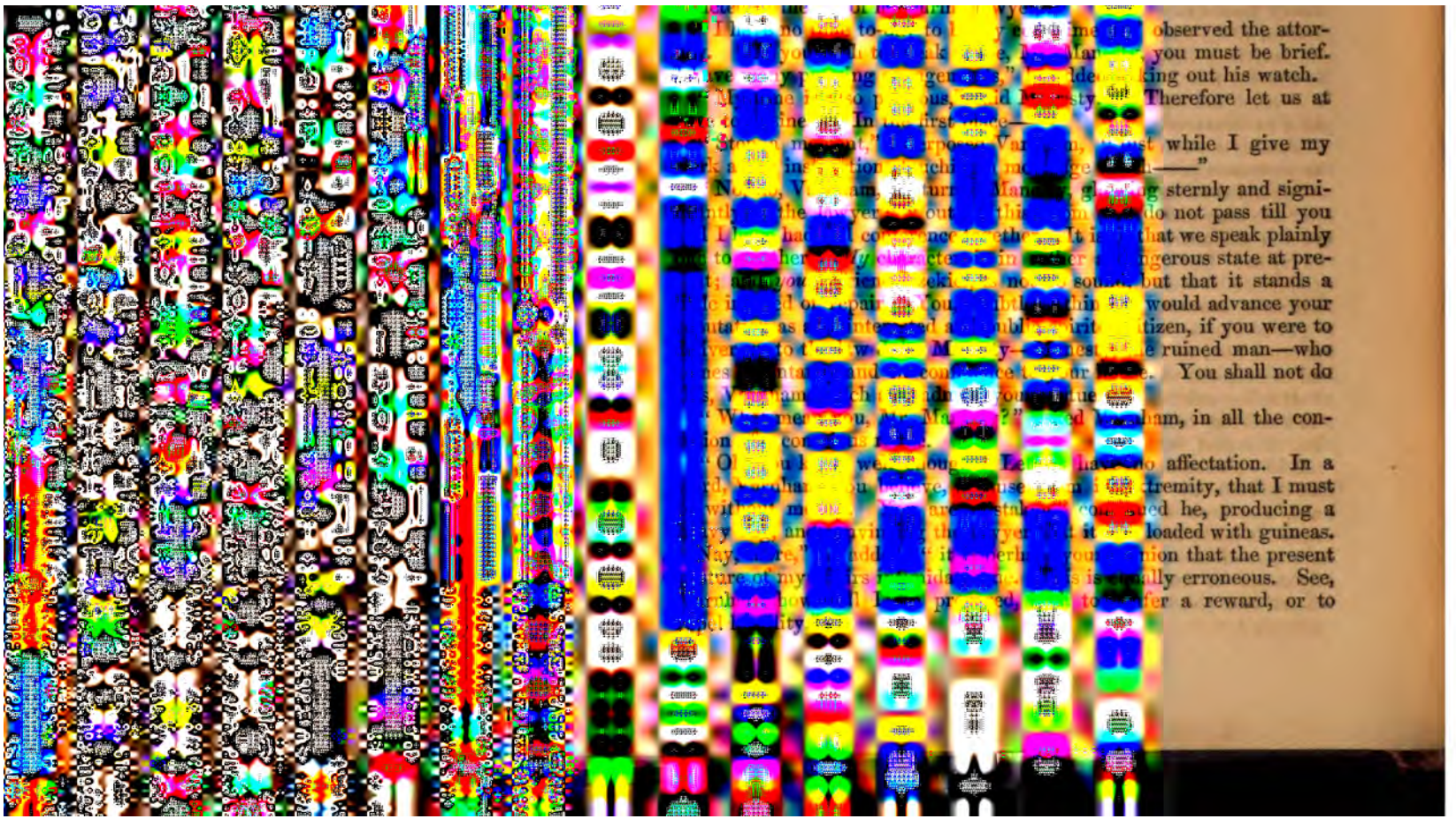
"I understand him," thought the merchant, drawing away from the window, after nodding to Ozias to indicate that his hint was taken; "and will profit by his suggestion. I thought to escape by the store; but I find I must take the other way. Well, it cannot be helped. Oglethorpe knows nothing about *two* doors. He will be over-reached by his own cunning. I have been in greater danger than this on the coast of Guinea. Now then."

And, having placed a pistol in each of his capacious pockets, he seized the bundle he had made up, and drew aside the heavy bolts in the front door. At this moment a sound of voices in busy parley was heard at the entrance of the out-house, quickly followed by the thrust of a crow-bar, and a jarring noise made by forcing the door from its fastenings. Manesty kept his position for a moment, anxiously listening, on the top of the front stairs, to ascertain if any similar danger was to be apprehended in *that* direction. But all *there* was quiet. Meanwhile, he was aware of a rush up the steps, or rather ladder, by which the room was gained from the out-house in the rear.

"Judging by the variety of voices," said Manesty to himself, with an inaudible chuckle, "the fellows are strong in number. But even if they reach the door, they'll find it rather a tougher job to force than they did the entrance below; and, as the ladder is narrow, only one can work at a time. Hallo! what's that?" continued he, as a sudden snapping of wood was heard, succeeded instantly by a heavy fall, and sundry groans and execrations. "Capital, by ——! The ladder has broken; and some of the heavy rogues must have a few more bruises and fractures than they bargained for, even in coming to take me. Now is the time," he added, descending the front stairs, and saying as he went, "neither Oglethorpe, nor the devil himself, shall hinder my going to Wavertree after Hugh. My boy—my boy!"

Manesty's steed was at the door, as had been ordered. Directing the portmanteau to be quickly strapped behind the saddle, he mounted, and galloped off in the direction of Wavertree, where he arrived soon after the time indicated by his son. Not a soul was on the ground; nor did the merchant meet any one either going to or coming from the spot. Had anything happened of the kind he feared, some symptom of it must have met his observation. Braving every danger to himself, Manesty next went to other places where he thought Hugh might be found; but though, to his infinite disappointment, he could not trace him, he felt comforted in the conviction that no hostilities had taken place. He was resolved, however, at all hazards, to lurk about Liverpool till midnight, in the hope of seeing his son once more, and imparting to him certain information as to his future prospects in life. But first, he must call on his attorney, Ezekiel Varnham.

Boldly and openly, as in the days of his pride, did John Manesty ride through the streets of Liverpool. He neither hung down his head, nor drew his hat over his brows, nor sought by-streets, nor urged his horse beyond a gentle trot. It is not probable that he would have been thus careless on foot; but he felt convinced that, in case of any untoward rencontre, he might depend on the fleetness of his steed, whose blood and bone could not easily be matched. Thus audaciously



So saying, the merchant drew a pistol from his pocket, and coolly laid it on the table. The lawyer's cheeks turned white, and his eyes were fixed on Manesty.

"I see you understand me, Ezekiel," pursued Manesty; "and you know I am not a trifler. Here, take this gold; you will find it to be no paltry fee."

The lawyer, with abundant acknowledgments, clutched the money, professing his readiness to act on behalf of Manesty with the utmost zeal and activity. But this change in his demeanour was only momentary. His eyes became restless, glancing hither and thither, as if with apprehension; his manner was embarrassed, and his whole frame seemed uneasy and agitated.

"I want nothing of you myself," returned the merchant. "My object in visiting you is to place in your custody this portmanteau, chiefly containing papers. They are for the inspection of one eye only. But even that eye is not to see them yet. At the proper time, an order, signed by myself, will be presented, when you will deliver them. The bearer of this order will be prepared to pay, in addition to what you have now received, five hundred pounds, for the faithful discharge of your trust."

Varnham's eyes twinkled at the prospect, though his restlessness evidently increased; and he repeatedly looked at his watch.

"But," pursued the merchant, "the slightest evidence of any tampering with the lock or seals will not only deprive you of the money, but also of a very valuable client, in the person of my successor, Mr. Hugh Manesty, whose property will not be prejudiced by any underhand dealing with that which I now commit to your charge, however he may be pained at knowing that the family information contained in those papers has been perused by any other than himself. I have entrusted you with the packet, because I have reason to suspect that all documents in my house will be overhauled by the authorities, and I should not like these to fall into their hands. I think I can now depend upon you, Varnham."

"Implicitly," returned the lawyer.

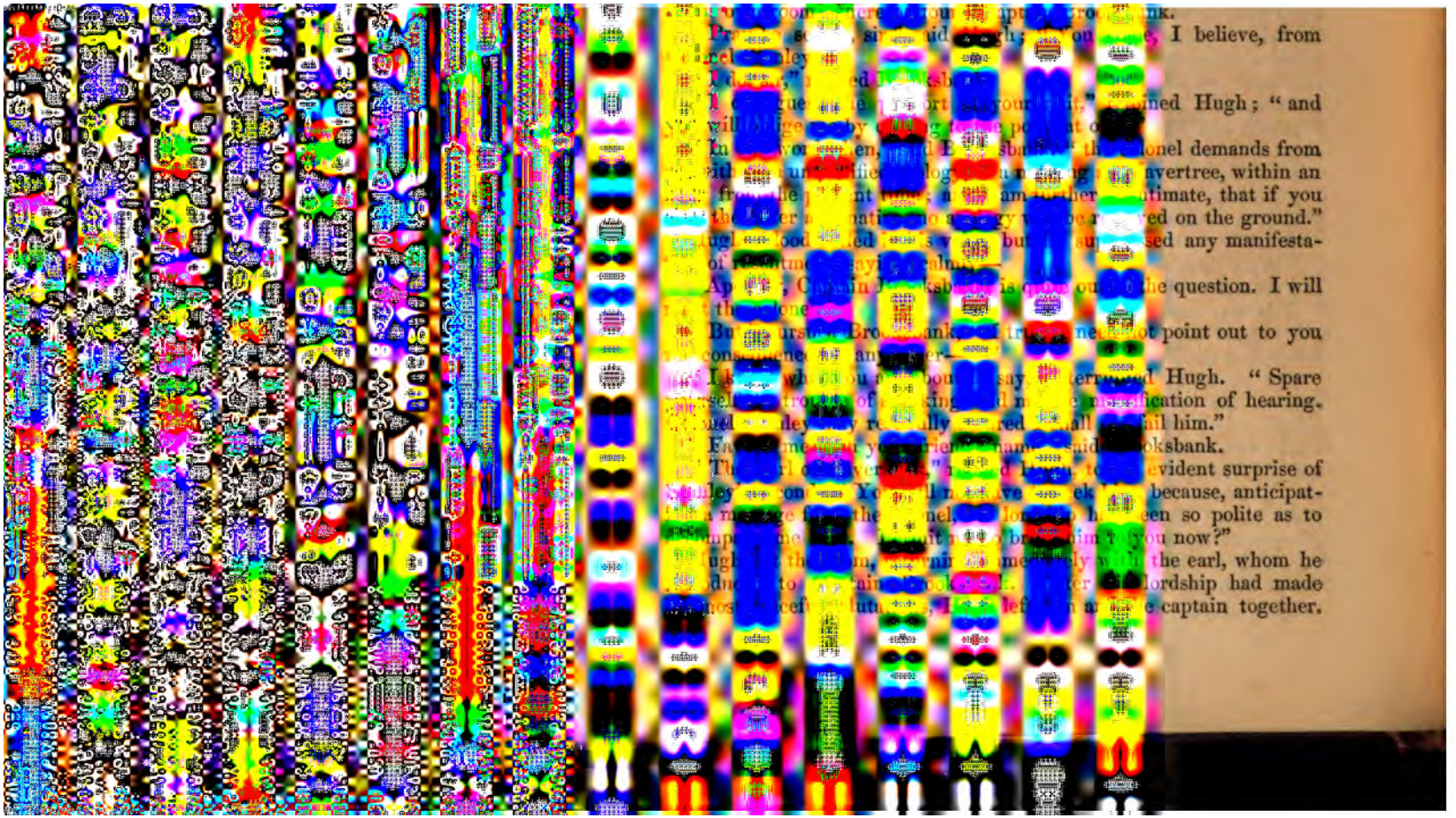
"Nothing more, then, need be said," observed Manesty. "That is your iron chest there in the corner, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let me see you deposit my portmanteau safely in it, and then farewell."

This was accordingly done to the merchant's satisfaction; when, offering his hand to Varnham, who eagerly grasped it, as if infinitely relieved at the termination of the interview, Manesty rose to depart.

But his exit was destined to be not so quiet as his entrance. The door of the room was suddenly opened, and a man, whose head was bound round with a handkerchief, and whose visage bore evident marks of a recent contusion, entered. Though thus disfigured, Manesty instantly recognised Measly Mott, whose voice he had heard among others during the morning assault in the corn-store. Varnharm looked like one stricken with epilepsy. Catching a momentary glimpse of one or two other men in the passage, Manesty sprang like lightning to the door, closed, and locked it, and seizing Mott by the throat with his left hand, while with his right he held a pistol to the fellow's temple, said, in a low tone—



Their conference, however, was but short, for in less than ten minutes Lord Silverstick rejoined his young friend, telling him he had stipulated that pistols, not swords, should be the weapons used.

"Have you any affairs of pressing moment to arrange?" asked the earl.

"None," replied Hugh.

"That is well," returned Lord Silverstick. "A wise man should always be fully prepared for any and every emergency, as I see you are; and nothing ensures this but method. My Lord Chesterfield insisted strongly on the virtue of method. 'Nothing,' says he, 'contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably.' Now I never could impress this on my son, Randy. But you, my dear young friend, are instinctively a gentleman—a gentleman *nascitur, non fit;* whereas twenty Lord Chesterfields could not have qualified for that appellation such a character as Colonel Stanley. I protest I have an excessive dislike to a man who cannot be brought to apprehend 'the graces, the air, address, politeness, and, in short, the whole *tournure* and *agrémens* of a man of fashion. So many little things conspire to form that *tournure*, that though separately they seem too insignificant to mention, yet, aggregately——'"

"Pardon me, my lord," said Hugh, interrupting the earl, who was gradually getting involved in the metaphysics of Chesterfield and *la mode;* "but time is fast slipping away, and though I have no affairs to arrange, yet, should I fall, perhaps your lordship will not object to be the bearer of a message from me to Miss Stanley, especially as I have given her reason to suppose that all hostilities were at an end between me and her cousin."

"I trust my agency will not be required," said Lord Silverstick; "but, in any case, I will fulfil your wishes."

"Tell her, then," pursued young Manesty, "that I was forced into the field. Convince her that I had no choice."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that my last thoughts rested on her."

"I trust that happiness is yet in store for you both," said the good-natured nobleman. "In the affair now on your hands, firmness is everything, and I see you are firm. Stanley is irascible, and that is a disadvantage. His second, too, seems rash. But, depend on it, nothing shall be done *contre les règles*. It is time to think of moving. Come. Where are your pistols?"

Hugh handed him the case, and Lord Silverstick inspected its contents. "London-made, I perceive," said he; "and, I protest, in very pretty condition. Come," he added, "we shall be able to drive deliberately to Wavertree. A gentleman should never be in a hurry. My Lord Chesterfield is precise on that point; and it is better to be too early than too late, especially on such an occasion as this."

The carriage was ordered. Lord Silverstick and young Manesty entered it, and proceeded towards Wavertree. Hugh, this time, was first on the ground; but he had not long to wait, as Colonel Stanley and his friend soon appeared. The earl, with a ceremonious bow to Brooksbank, drew him aside, and they conversed for a couple of minutes.

"I think," said Lord Silverstick, "as the moon is high, and gives

a pretty equal light, and as the ground appears to be quite level, one position is as good as another."

"Precisely so, my lord," returned Brooksbank. "We have nothing to do but measure the distance and place our men."

"Nothing more," assented the earl. "Promptitude is a great excellence."

A pistol was handed to each of the principals, who, at the distance of twelve paces, stood, erect and calm, over against each other, waiting for the word, which Captain Brooksbank was on the point of giving in military style, when the quick tramping of hoofs was heard, and a man on horseback darted into the midst of the group, and, dismounting, stood between Stanley and the young merchant.

"Desist!" vociferated he, in a commanding tone. "Neither of you shall fire at the other, or the ball shall pass first through my body. Oh, Hugh," he added, "I have sought you all day—I have traced you to the Liverpool Arms, and there heard something which convinced me you had come here on this mad purpose. But I have arrived in time. You shall not fight this Stanley. Give me your pistol."

"Mr. Manesty," said the young man, in a low voice, "leave the ground, I beseech you. I can take care of my own honour, which such an act as this on your part, will injure for ever. Leave the ground; this affair with Colonel Stanley *shall* go on."

"It shall not, I say," roared Manesty. "Consider, dear Hugh, I have now no object to bind me to the world but you. And shall I see your life put in jeopardy on a mere punctilio? You will never behold me again after this night. I have much to say to you. Give over this encounter, or I shall do some deed of desperation."

"And pray who may you be, sir?" asked Captain Brooksbank, stepping forward.

Manesty bent a stern brow on his interrogator. "I answer no impertinent questions," said he. "Suffice it, that I am a man who will not be baffled. You will find it dangerous to meddle with me." Then, turning to the earl, who by this time had come close to the other second, he added—"Lord Silverstick, I know you; and I ask if you consider it worthy of your years and station in life to abet these foolish [illegible] brawls? If your friend there, Colonel Stanley, should be [illegible] or life, he'll be apt to think, that with a little less folly on [illegible] you might have taken care of his limbs and of his honour [illegible]."

"[illegible] pleased to be satirical, sir," returned Lord Silverstick, [illegible] "But give me leave to say, that you are in error in supposing [illegible] Stanley to be my friend. I come here as the friend of [illegible]."

[illegible] ejaculated Manesty. "As his *friend*, then, do you [illegible] to go on?"

[illegible]," replied the earl, "unless my principal should [illegible] is not in the least probable. You must permit me to say, that I consider your interference most irregular, [illegible] prescribed in the code of honour. Pray do [illegible]."

[illegible] Manesty. Then advancing to the colonel, he [illegible] Stanley, will nothing satisfy you but taking this young [illegible] death at his hands?"

"Nothing," replied the duellist. "You will not succeed in interrupting us. Provoke me not, John Manesty, or you may rue it. What! are we to have whining morality from the lips of a pirate and a murderer? Where was your morality when the sailor was drowned by your deed? Here, Brooksbank, help me to bind this fellow neck and heels to ——"

Manesty did not pause for the conclusion of Stanley's threat. "Scoundrel, black-leg, madman!" shouted he. "Thou wilt make me guilty of more blood. Thy death be on thine own head!" Drawing forth a pistol, Manesty fired, and Stanley fell mortally wounded.

The suddenness of this desperate act struck a momentary panic into the whole party, during which Manesty armed himself with a second pistol, saying, as he cocked it, "Let no man, as he loves his life, venture to lay hands on me."

He then, in a voice not to be heard by the others, told Hugh where he might find him, and supplicated the young man to come to him at night. "I must now," added he, "fly from this place."

The words had no sooner escaped him than a tumult of voices swelled on the wind, among which the most audible was that of Oliver Oglethorpe.

"Come on, my men!" bawled he. "We've caught him at last. There he is. I see him. Mr. Hibblethwaite, secure the horse, while I tackle the man. Quick—quick!"

"Say you so?" ejaculated Manesty. Vaulting into the saddle, and putting spurs to his mare, he flew away like the wind.

LIFE AND POETRY OF SAPHO,

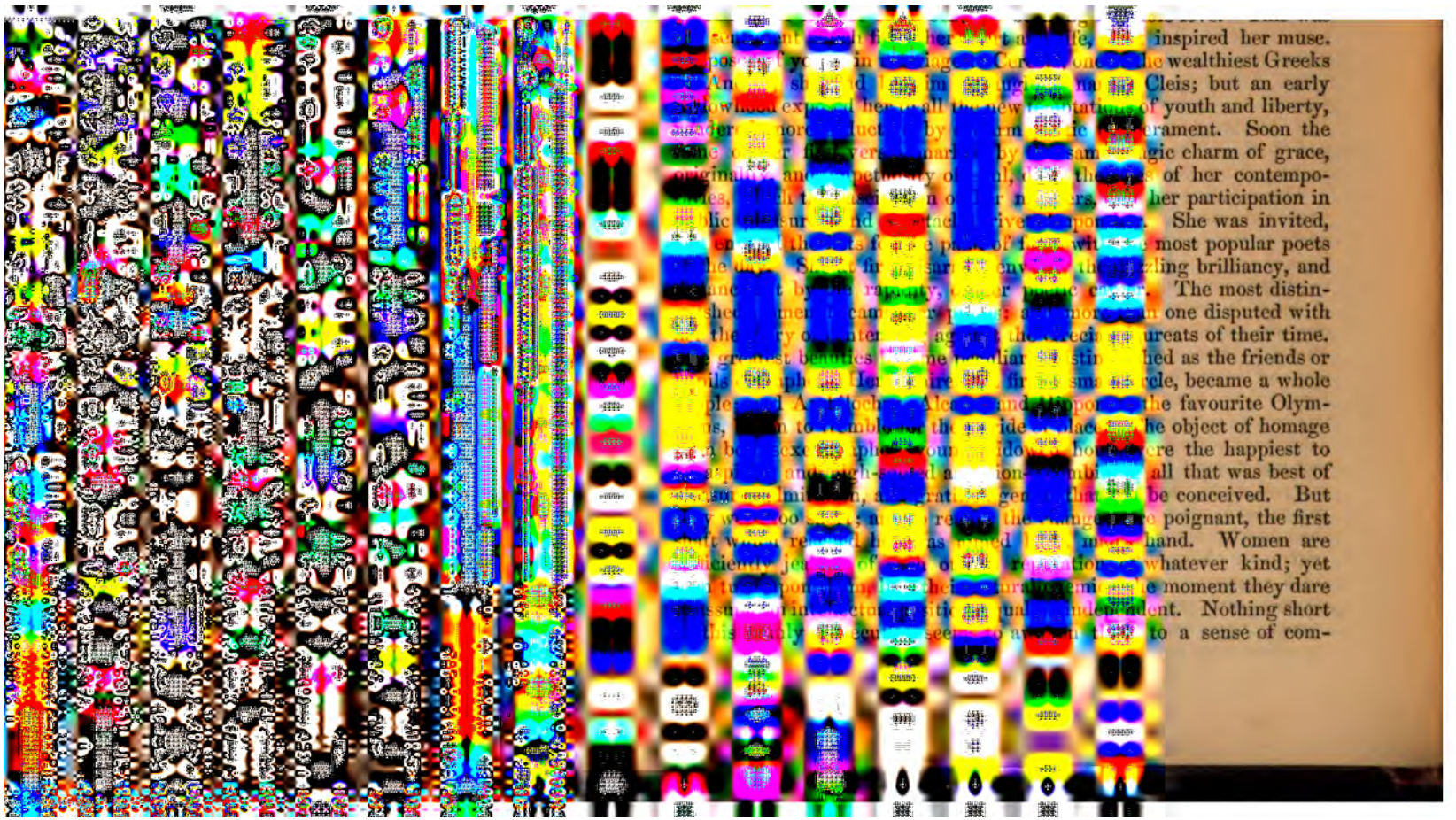
WITH SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF GRILLPARZER.

BY T. ROSCOE.

"Grillparzer is grand, antique. The tragedy of Sapho is superb and sublime; there is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. *And who is he?* I know him not; but *ages will.* 'Tis a high intellect."

LORD BYRON.

THERE can be no surer test of surpassing excellence in art than the voice of common fame. When a name has become "familiar in men's mouths as household words," and been transmitted to successive ages and the most distant lands, it seems to come to us invested with the halo of immortality. It has been emphatically so with the name of Sapho; the Greeks' "Tenth Muse," of whom the most celebrated writers of antiquity, even her rivals, spoke only in terms of rapture. The most severe and impartial critics, with Longinus himself, do not scruple to hold up her works as perfect models of their kind, fragments only of which, like the proportions of the Venus de' Medici, still suffice to rekindle admiration and regret. Keenly sensitive and ardent, love and passion were the elements of her nature, and seemed to leave her genius no choice. Hence the peculiar fire and tenderness which gave that genius so supreme a command over a refined and imaginative people, and made them worship truth and beauty at the altar of woman's passion—a deity quite as influential as the more sapient one, to whom they attributed a tutelary power.



bination—the grand ancient as well as modern recipe for redress; but then when it comes, common cause is made with a vengeance for the honour and interest of the sex. Then poor Sapho stood in too bold and grand relief to awaken this sexual sympathy aright; and both men and women at last seemed to agree only in persecuting her—for in the first she met a traitor, in the second a successful rival to her love. Yet, strange enough, her misfortune was to set out by pleasing both too well, more especially the three great poets, whom she rivalled or eclipsed. Athenæus does not say which of these three she preferred —a preference, however, merited by none who could be guilty of such venomous attacks upon a woman, as if not aware how strong an evidence it gave of their fears. Alcæus, the most bitter and jealous of all,—a man high in the republic, at the head of the most powerful party, and a leader in war, a native of Mitylene too,—should have felt honoured in having Sapho for a fair compatriot and a rival. But Alcæus was a sexagenarian, and she had perhaps rejected his suit. She had addressed him as the "Poet of Lesbos," but in that title she had not included the attributes of youth and grace, and her elderly admirer began to murmur and look a little surly. He next attacked her character and her verses; those lyrics and erotics he had before held up as models of excellence. He could not, however, so easily impose on the public of Mitylene and of all Greece as upon himself; they took the more polite part of supporting the lady—a support to which her fame as well as her weakness entitled her.

At length, as if to avenge the sexagenarian, and his rejected addresses, young Phaon, the handsomest of Lesbian Greeks, made his appearance at Mitylene. The lion of the day, the observed of all observers, in the fresh lustre of Olympian victories, yet deaf to the voice of flattery, unwarmed by the smiles of common beauty, he seemed to have eyes only for the soul-speaking charms of Sapho. Old Alcæus was more enraged than ever; and her young friends and pupils, before upon her side, listened to and repeated all the most cutting things they could invent.

The affair could not rest as it was; "pistols and coffins for two" were not yet in fashion, and the only mode in which Phaon could reply to the insinuations of Mr. Sexagenarian Alcæus was, either by a bout at singlestick, a good throw in a wrestle, or a ride over him upon the Olympian sands. Treachery was soon added to the amiable group of Sapho's calumniators: even the lovely Damophile, the most cherished of all her pupils, dealt the most cruel blow, by first inducing Phaon to doubt the fidelity of his beloved. Without quitting Mitylene, he treated her with studied neglect, attached himself to a young Greek slave, her favourite pupil, and it is on this cruel circumstance, the critical moment of her brilliant career, that the great dramatist, eulogized by Byron, founds the startling incidents, the pathetic beauty and grandeur of his drama. The transcendent tenderness, the absorbing passion of Sapho's soul, do not, in this drama, prevent the display of a refined and noble spirit, of a beauty and grandeur of character in the midst of her despair, which excite our highest admiration, mingled with pity. The struggle is confined deep within her own heart, no weak murmur, no mean recrimination, no efforts of paltry revenge—all within the atmosphere of her fiery poetic spirit is grand, decided,

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soul of the true poet,
just, fervid, and true
those studied points,
e of the most reputed
eans free. She had a
s; she spoke the lan-
ies and passions, from
nd glory, as of gentle-

n when your remains are

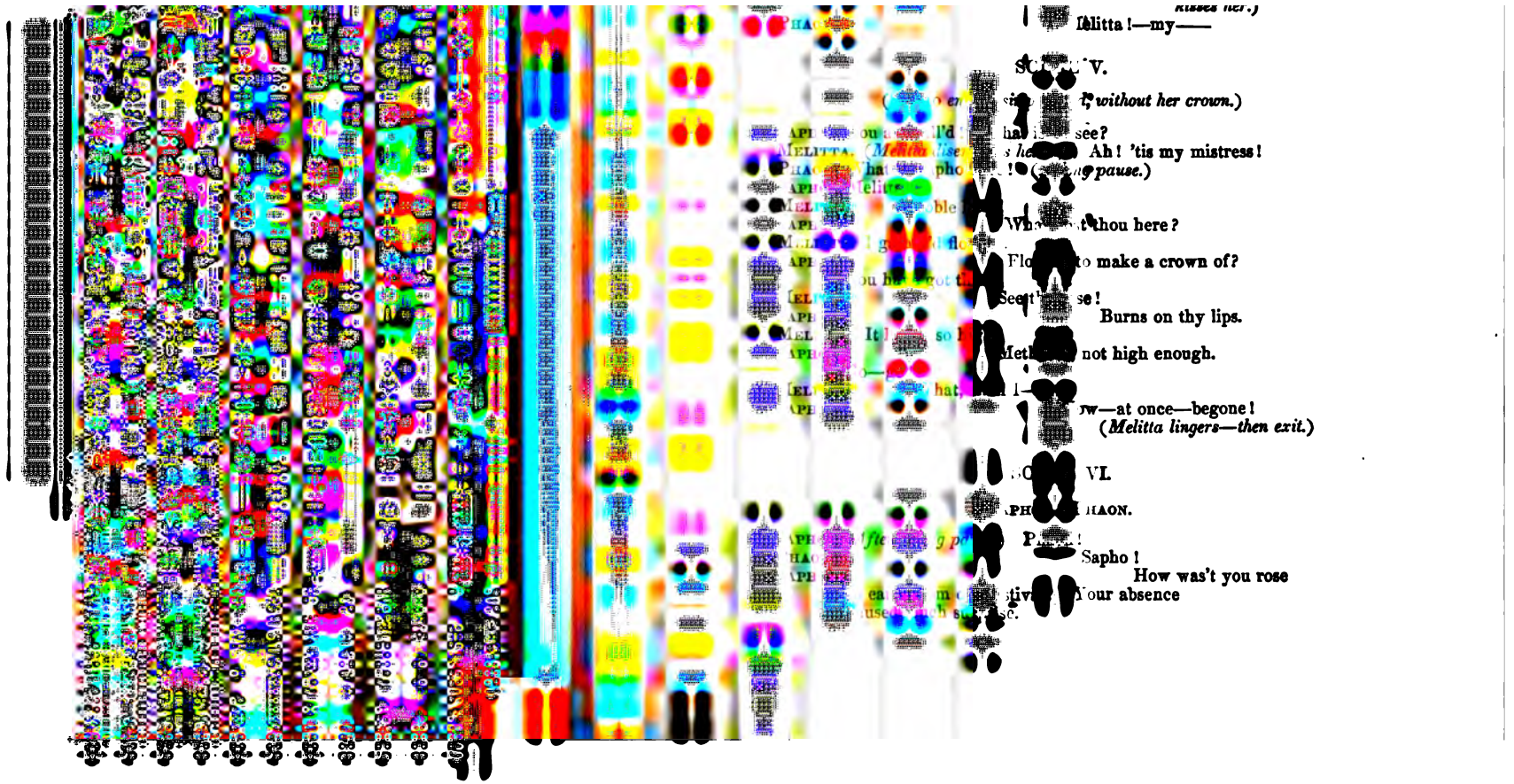
ness and love. That she felt the last in all its force, its softness, its sorrows, its tumults, despair, and too often unhappy end—as she has indeed described it in all its symptoms, there can be no doubt; and from her unrivalled success in delineating the successive changes and alternations of joys and woes, it is probable she was designated by the most celebrated writers of her times as the "Tenth Muse." She is still more characteristically compared by Plutarch to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, whose breath was believed to consist of nothing but flame. It is from this all-pervading fire, in "the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," that Sapho drew the sort of enchantment which, as a lady said of the brilliant conversation of Burns, carried the hearers off their feet, and gave her so undisputedly the palm of song; and it is the same which has induced more than one modern writer to assert that it may perhaps be better for the generality of mankind that most of her compositions are lost. "They are filled," says Addison, "with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading."

That a character, composed like that of Phaon, should have exercised so powerful and malignant an influence over a genius so brilliant, and a nature awake to the most delicate and susceptible, as well as the grandest impressions, supplies an additional example of the compensatory scheme, which, with the most brilliant wit, the noblest qualities, blends some inherent weakness, some leaven of evil, that gradually extends its poisonous influence over the fate of the noblest and the best.

It is this strange, mysterious truth, so powerfully illustrated by the author of the simple but grand drama of "Sapho," which excites the wonder and rivets the attention of the reader to its eventful close. Out of the simplest materials, he has wrought, by the pure triumph of his art, a beautifully classic and majestic Grecian temple; and by the force of illusion, and the associations it awakens, carried us back into the very heart of the living and moving scene, with the impression of all its startling reality and minuteness, as it passed with its rapid, "but silent and stealthy foot," in the Lesbian isle. The characters are few, but in perfect classic harmony with the subject, and with the genius of the times. The interest of the plot depends most upon its masterly development, on those brilliant contrasts, and startling situations, which, true to nature, and apparently without artifice, really form the most perfect triumph of the poet's art.

But to convey, in a small space, a just idea of the powers of Grillparzer, we must follow his example at least in plunging at once into the grandeur of the pathetic scenes, offering a strange, mournful contrast to her opening triumphs, when returning crowned from Olympia, amidst the deafening plaudits of the isles of Greece. It is when first suspicious of treachery, she discovers the love of Melitta, her pupil, and still her slave, for the handsome Phaon, without being aware that she is the cause of his strange neglect. Then first a growing distrust, a sense of danger, an effort to throw off her love, followed by jealous and bitter pangs, seize upon her heart, till, after a series of struggles, masterly and powerfully portrayed, she is impelled to the summit of the fatal rock, the name of which is never uttered without blending with it the recollection of her unhappy love and fate.

In the fourth scene of act the second, Sapho discovers Phaon in



PHAON. I do not love the bowl;
Nor yet the clam'rous joys such revelry
Is apt to bring.
SAPHO. Clam'rous! Would you reproach me?
PHAON. How?
SAPHO. That I have done wrong to hold the feast
On our arrival in that clam'rous manner.
PHAON. It was not so intended.
SAPHO. Oft the full heart
In secret joins the social, general joy;
Even when a prey to woe.
PHAON. 'Tis even so.
SAPHO. Methought 'twas well to shew you and our friends
I was not thankless for their generous kindness—
The heart's warm welcome—homage not exacted.
There is a feast, too, of the soul; and wine
Is the gods' gift to celebrate it. That done,
Thou canst not better love sweet peace, than I.
PHAON. I thank you. (*Offers to retire.*)
SAPHO. And are you going? So soon!
PHAON. Not if you wish my stay.
SAPHO. To go or stay,
Rests but with Phaon's self.
PHAON. Sapho is angry.
SAPHO. (*In great emotion.*) Phaon!
PHAON. What is your pleasure?
SAPHO. One thing—to say—
Yet how? I saw thee, Phaon, with Melitta.
PHAON. Melitta! Who?
SAPHO. Yes; saw you! You caress'd her!
PHAON. Ah, true! Go on.
SAPHO. She is a child, 'tis true;
A lovely child!
PHAON. So looks she; and yet not.
SAPHO. A child, most loved by me of all my handmaids;—
All are my children; and my children, pupils—
Not slaves;—and if I do not make them free,
'Tis but to bind them by the dearest ties,
And fill a guardian's, and a parent's place.
To guide—admonish, till the season come,
That I dare trust them on life's faithless sea—
To the world's flatteries—arts—heartless seductions.
(*She fixes her eye upon him.*)
Go, ask the Mitylenes, if the best mothers,
Wives, citizens, owe not their fame to Sapho?
PHAON. 'Tis well and nobly done.
SAPHO. Then hear me, Phaon!
'Midst these poor orphans, none so dear to me
As sweet Melitta. She—the gentle, musing,
And of deep-feeling heart; yet fancy-free,
As calm along the flowery vale of youth
She holds the guileless tenour of her way;
All peace—all innocence. Though no high gifts—
The poet's fire, the sculptor's plastic hand,
Or painter's vivid scenes, her soul allure;
For soft domestic bliss, and tender cares,
Has placid Nature form'd her—a loving heart
Her best and only dower; her modest fear
Alive to the least shade of blame.
PHAON. How beautiful—
How true and nobly spoken!
SAPHO. Pardon, my friend;
'Twould irk me much, if from a thoughtless vein—
A playful disposition—you should waken
Emotions destined but to make her wretched.

TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN ABYSSINIA.*

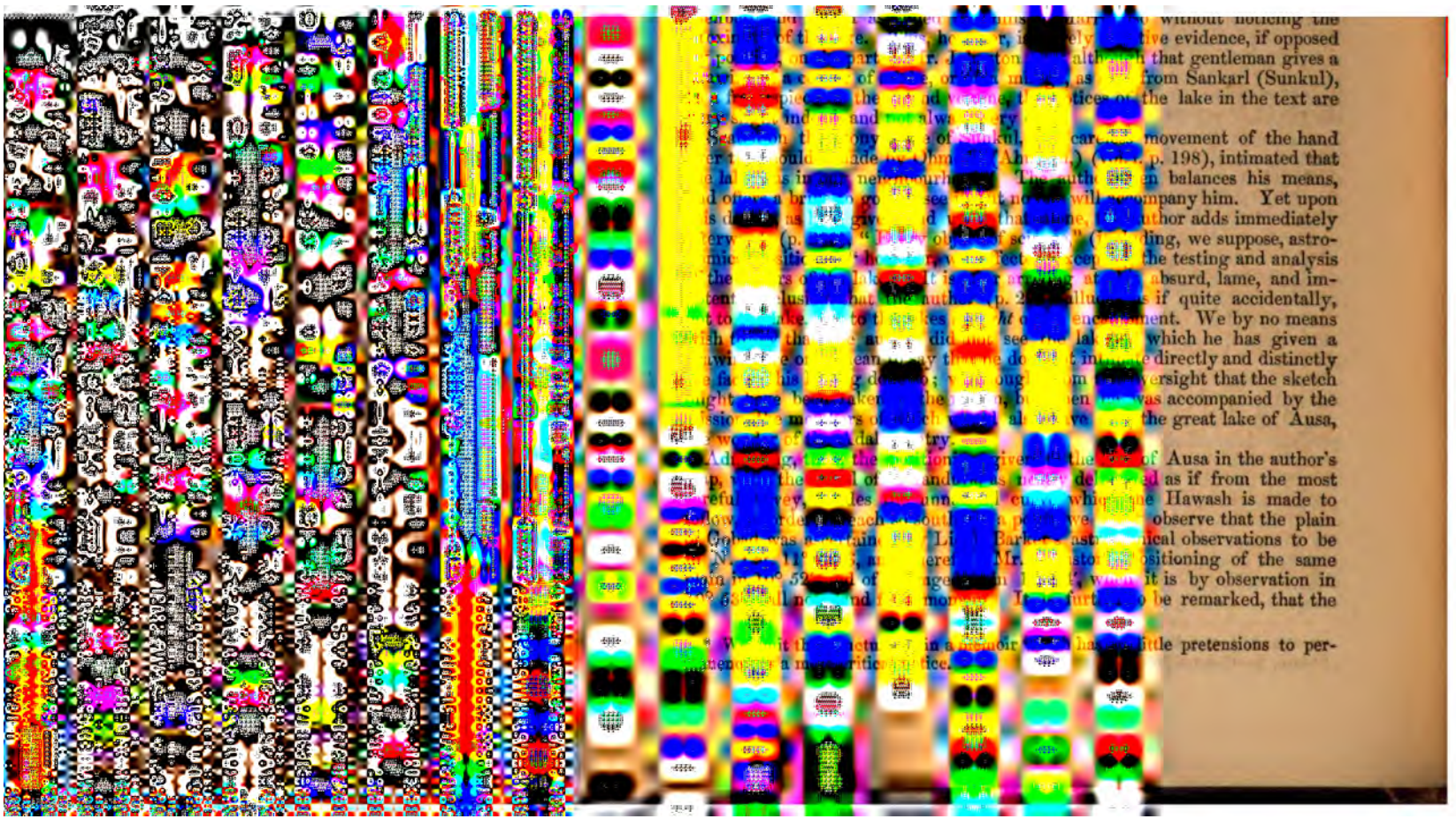
Since the long disputed problems of the course of the Niger, and the sources of the Nile, and after the navigation of the ancient rivers of Euphrates and Tigris, there have been no questions in geography which have presented so much interest as the exploration of the savage territories which lie between the sea and the Abyssinian uplands, and the consideration of the course and termination of its various rivers and lakes.

It is this particular position of the African Highlands (we agree with Mr. Johnston that the term Alps is inapplicable), surrounded by desert tracts, rather traversed than peopled by tribes of rapacious and murderous habits, that the Negus, or King of Shoa, places his strength, and upon which, indeed, depends the maintenance of the integrity of the population, prevented by those very circumstances from emigrating, not to more favoured countries, for they can scarcely be found, but to a more lenient rule.

Nothing in the annals of modern travel presents so great a variety of adventure, and so many difficulties to be overcome, as the journey from the east coast to Abyssinia. Every tribe, of which there are six in number, openly opposes progress through its own territory; every pass is made a point of offence, and when each successive family of plunderers is bought over by hard dollars, every night is spent in the fear of secret assassination. It was bad enough in the times of the Portuguese, and when a few adventurous travellers and ardent missionaries reopened the blood-stained pathway; but the rivalry of French and English missions, accompanied by a most impolitic and diffuse distribution of presents, and the pouring of the riches and luxuries of India into the lap of the poor cloud-begirt Abyssinians, and among naked Bedwins and Adayil, have brought the thing to a maximum. It was bad enough, in a journey of one hundred and forty hours, or three hundred and thirty miles, to have to fight, or pay tribute to the Debenik Wema, the Mudaitu, the Adayil, the Bukharto, the Dinsarra, and the Galla tribes, all, with the exception of the last, branches of the Adal, in the plural Adayil, also equally frequently called Dankali, which is the adjective of Donkolah, more commonly called Dongola (although they speak a totally different language), and the plural of which is Danakil. But the celebrity attained by the passage, more particularly of the British mission, followed as it was by the constant transport of bales of goods, even to loads of wine and spirits, for the consumption of the embassy, and which were sometime left lying about on the road, has drawn crowds of other savages to the hitherto wilderness of rocks; and in our present author's time, he had not left the sea-shore before the way was blockaded by the Burssne Bedwins, and the scenes of murderous conflicts, or of extravagant conciliations, did not cease, even when they had gained the country of the Gallas, on the Hawash.

For amount of interest, then, in 'scapes and adventures, as well as in detailed descriptions of the habits and manners of these very remarkable tribes of the Adayil, Mr. Johnston's work far surpasses that of Sir C. Harris; without the pompous elaboration of the latter, the interest is throughout sustained, clear, and of a high order; the narrative is not interrupted by highly coloured tales from the national traditions, nor are the chapters on Abyssinia relieved by ponderous extracts from Ludolf and the Portuguese missionary works; but, like Sir C. Harris's work, it is, strange to say, incomplete. We do not know how Mr. Johnston has arranged the matter with his publisher, or if he has purposely kept back material for an additional work; but considering the difficulties and dangers undergone in attaining Abyssinia, both Sir C. Harris and Mr. Johnston were naturally expected by the public to relate how they got back.

* *Travels in Southern Abyssinia*, through the country of Adal, to the Kingdom of Shoa; by Charles Johnston, surgeon. 2 vols. 8vo. J. Madden & Co., London.



British mission, on its advance, after travelling nine and a half miles in a westerly direction from Sugagedan (written by our author, Sagagahdah) to Dawaileka (Daunileka of Isenberg and Krapf), and eight and a half miles W. N. W. to Umargulaf, arrived at a caravan route to Ausa, passing over hills in a *W. N. W. direction*, and at a distance of two days' journey by Kafila, a direction, distance, and position, quite inconsistent with Mr. Johnston's views upon the subject.

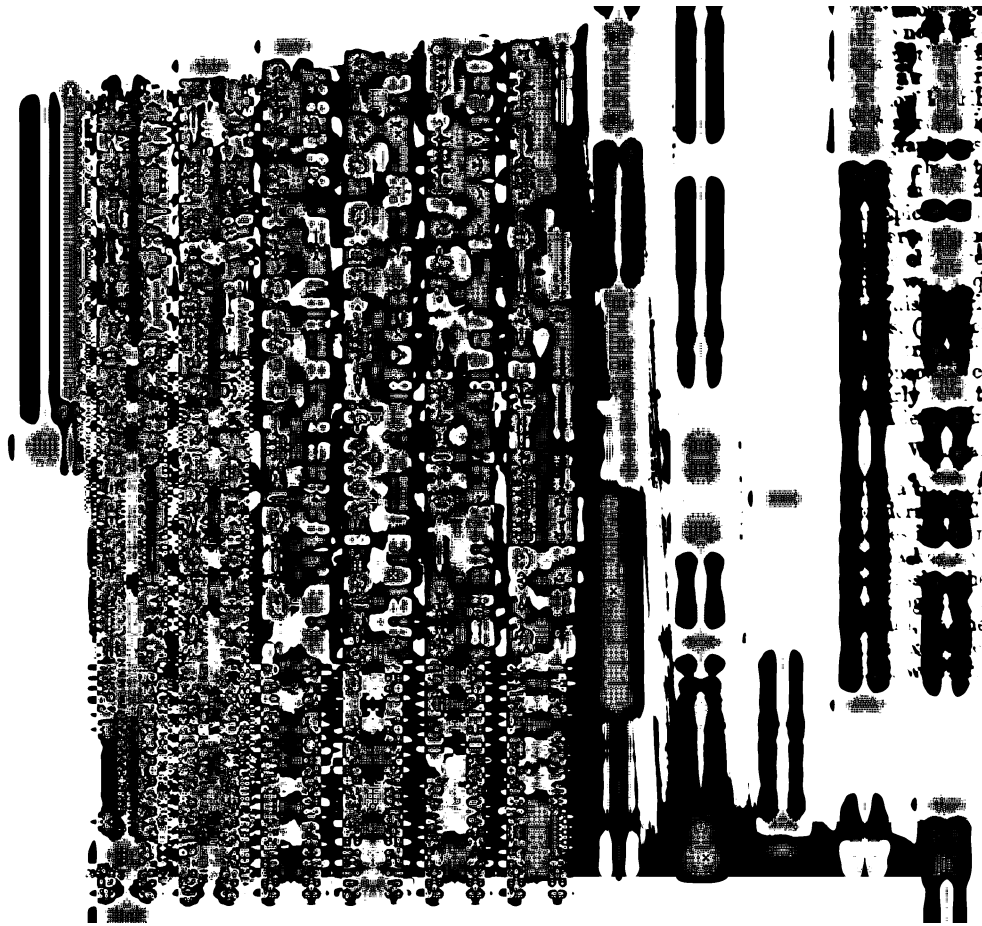
The author was evidently viewed as an intruder in Abyssinia by the British mission, and that, although he brought stores and luxuries along with him, and had picked up much stray luggage by the way. He is on his arrival put in arrest by Wallasma, the Mohammedan governor of Ifat, part of the kingdom of Shoa.* Liberated at length, after a bold but unsuccessful attempt to run away, he reaches the British mission at Angalola, where, as occurred with another English traveller, of very high merits, a very scanty assistance was afforded; and what is worse, by some unfortunate misunderstanding or distortion of remark, a quarrel followed, and from that time all intercourse between the author and the members of the embassy ceased for some months.

The author should, for his own sake, as his veracity was called in question, have given some explanation of this misunderstanding; but, be that as it may, the public are the gainers by an enemy being thus created in the camp, and many facts, which the gorgeous language of the chief of the mission did not condescend to notice, are here given in the apparently simple language of truth. It is quite evident that the King of Shoa, with the cunning common to orientals, took advantage for his own purposes of this enmity borne by the mission towards Mr. Johnston. This is not only evident from the conversation of the Armenian spy, Bethlehem, who endeavoured to draw him out by alluding to the bad effect produced on the mind of the king by the quarrels of the embassy with their servants, but also by the king's polite and frequent receptions of the author after, according to his account, the British mission had obtained from the king an order for his being sent out of the country, and still more so by the king's telling him to remain quiet, *and study Amharic*. The mission brought this upon themselves, by placing the traveller in that position which obliged him to be dependent upon the king's hospitality.

It appears from our author, that besides the dislike created in the mind of the king by the imperious bearing of the embassy, and the Anglo-Indian treatment of servants, who being sent back to the coast, in the language of Sir C. Harris, "one-half of their number were murdered on their way down," that that feeling was much increased by the infliction of corporeal punishment upon a soldier, but the fact is, that the King of Shoa, like most half-savage despots, does not want either English or French in his country, or the road opened to it. He was glad to receive the three hundred muskets of the English and the one hundred and forty of the French missions, and the many valuable and profuse presents tendered besides, but we have our author's authority, (vol. ii. p. 284,) that before the departure of the mission the king had joined in a league with all the monarchs of Southern Abyssinia to prevent the ingress of Europeans into the country; and, as he elsewhere says, (vol. ii. p. 70,) "the physical failure of the expedition on the western coast of Africa is much less to be regretted than the great moral injury the cause of African civilization has sustained by the incapability of one man."

If the failure of the mission, and its humiliating departure from Abyssinia, are matters of regret, the involving the missionary Krapf in the disgrace is indeed certainly much more so. The good works of that man are universally admitted. The Mohammedans of Ifat, says Mr. Johnston (vol. ii. p. 46,) fully believe that the exhortations of that pious missionary alone prevented the Negus from changing his religion; and in places the author describes the natives running out and offering hospitality simply on the score of his being a friend of Krapf's, yet this

* I write here Ifat for I' fát, and Shoa for Shwá, because the Xoa of the Portuguese and Shoa of the English is now as accepted as Cairo for Kahirá. Shwá, or Shĕwá, is the Amharic; Shéwá, the Ethiopic name.



...oced by a rampart-like scarp, which we

...made rather to adorn than to consti-
...perfect curiosities of their kind. The
...certain period of leisure, comparing the
...he had collected respecting the ancient
...lus of Arrian, and other works of the
...he Periplus of the Erythræan stands
...that the Nicomedian endeavoured to be
...crates, and that his Anabasis of Alex-
...of Cyrus; but what other works of the
...ed Sea the author was enabled to con-
...One of the most ancient and most dis-
...uls were the children of Ad, the son of
...em, the son of Noah. The history of
...lings," constitutes the noblest, and,
...of the Kuran. They fought more parti-
...learn from the Hamyaritic inscription
...l by Mr. Foster:

...rage the Abyssinians and Berbers;"

...he name of Adu-Ali, from whence the
...name, settled in the Abyssinian terri-
...which the chief part of the country be-
...the name of Adulis. The author, after
...dal, after his own fashion, finishes by
...derives their patronymic Adal from
...ys, without the terminal sigma. With
...m we leave our otherwise entertaining,
...

NOT SO BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"———— Men's evil deeds are writ in brass,
Their virtues we write in water."

SHAKSPEARE.

We all know the many names of the personage who, by the concurrent voices of several generations of men, is acknowledged to be not so black as he is painted—a handsome admission to make, in a quarter where a delicate generosity and profound deference are not, perhaps, pre-eminently called for. Mankind, however, will persist in shewing this deferential spirit, and the fact is everywhere received as indisputable.

When will mankind set about propagating such a proverb in their own behalf? When will they cease to be more tender of the arch-enemy's reputation than of their own? When will they become less anxious to soften, by a shade or two, the intense shadows of that complexion, compared with which the raven down of darkness is mountain snow, than to give to ill-used, insulted, depreciated human nature a liberal proportion—nay, only its just proportion—of pleasing red and white? Where is man's handsome admission in favour of man? We know where the dark-featured caricature of him is to be found. Where is the atoning sentence underneath, confessing that humanity is not so black as it is painted?

There never was an age—there is not an hour of the present—in which some blot is not added to that inky sketch which flesh perpetrates of flesh; and the future will perhaps be employed in inventing new and more atrocious deformities to make the likeness absolutely perfect. Is the time never to arrive when we may with one accord do the same justice to our own mortal brethren and libelled selves, which we have done in a proverb of universal circulation to the Leader of the Fiends.

Anybody who is in want of a new doubt may, not quite irrationally, perhaps, entertain this:—whether literature be truly the unmingled blessing we proclaim it—whether ink be a fluid so unquestionably nutritious to the thirsty mind—whether the goose-quill be indeed the real plume of the paradise bird, since literature, in its true history of all humanity, finds so much of the diabolical to delineate. There is an amazing profusion of kindly doings constantly going on in the world that were never yet illustrated in full, or perhaps scarcely hinted at, in books; but we may defy an author, however dexterous, industrious, and cunning, to discover an evil, or a combination of evils, in unhappy man, that has never yet figured in history or romance.

Man is not so *grey* as he is painted. He is still pure white in places, though mercilessly spotted with the ink of moralists. The worst fault he has, consists in not having long ago discovered this flaw in the account against himself; in not having patted his own head, and put his best foot foremost. On the other hand, the worst fault attributed to him is, that he is selfish to the core; foolish to himself—knavish, often brutal, to his fellows.

Foul, dark, and monstrous, as is this picture of selfishness, nobody

ever says that flesh and blood are not so selfish as they are painted. We shall try and find something to say for them.

And this, in the first place, may be declared without much diffidence; that however vilely people use their fellow-creatures, they still treat them better than they treat themselves. Examples of this truth are the most common occurrences to be noted in the world we live in.

We call men selfish, innately and in all things selfish; and yet on every side of us, now and always, we see them inflicting upon themselves, with wonderful alacrity, cheerfulness, and goodwill, the most deplorable injuries. We pronounce them to be selfish, and yet acknowledge them to be their own enemies. Selfish we style them, while we behold them everywhere sporting with whatever is most dear and precious to them. Selfish we insist they are, while under our eyes they are playing pranks at their own cost that make the angels weep. Selfishness we still cast in their teeth, though we see them so opposed to every principle of self, as to be often engaged, as if for mere amusement, in lowering their own characters, and even ruining their own health with their eyes open.

All this happens hourly. But when we catch people serving their friends and neighbours so, we seize upon the enormity, and hold it up for the reprobation of morality, or for punishment by law. That ceremony over, we sit down and write romance or history to commemorate the dark event. Of these subjects we make our literature; but self-injuries barely serve as matters for a morning gossip, or an after-dinner anecdote.

To come from generals to particulars. Do we not find people—not universally, to be sure, but widely, frequently, keeping their sulks for solitude, and their smiles for society? Are they not often splenetic, self-tormenting, and blue-devilish, by the fireside, and contributors, the instant they quit it, to the "harmless stock of public pleasures"? dull as the death-watch in their own company, but gay as glow-worms when some dark places out of doors are to be lighted up. How many thousands are slovens to themselves, who pay the veriest nobodies they may meet abroad the compliment of their full dress!

It is not surely in soliloquies, or in household converse with those who are so closely connected with them as to be part of themselves, that men are in the habit of lavishing their most diverting and delightful sayings; they reserve these good things for the exclusive benefit of the persons they may chance to encounter on the highway or in the social retreat. Left to themselves they are as nobody; but to everybody else they will be somebody if they can. This is unselfish, generous, philanthropic. How can the doctrine of selfishness be maintained if the same man who has no joy in his own joke, and could never laugh at it by himself, can yet travel so far into the broad field of philanthropy as to keep it by him three long months, for the sole sake of setting some hospitable table on a roar, and bringing it forward for the benefit of the jokeless?

Again, is it on themselves, or for themselves, that people who have money to spend most commonly spend it? Every knocker we lift, when visiting the friendly and the hospitable, thunders "no." Is it on their own account merely that they decorate and make gay and pleasant their habitations in town and country? On the contrary, they reside, when alone, in the plainest part of the house; simple comforts, without luxuriance; papered walls, without a picture worth

looking at upon them. But their friends and intimates—their visitors —ah, there you touch them! It is for *them* that these treasures of art and monuments of taste are gathered at enormous cost. The works of the finest masters, the richest subjects of *virtu*, in some cases, it may be said, even the most valuable features of the noble library itself, are sought and displayed, not from any personal enjoyment in them, but for the surprise and pleasure of the little crowd of people whom the owners know!

Who can say a word against human nature, or advance an argument in support of its unvarying and constitutional selfishness, until he can confidently deny these allegations?

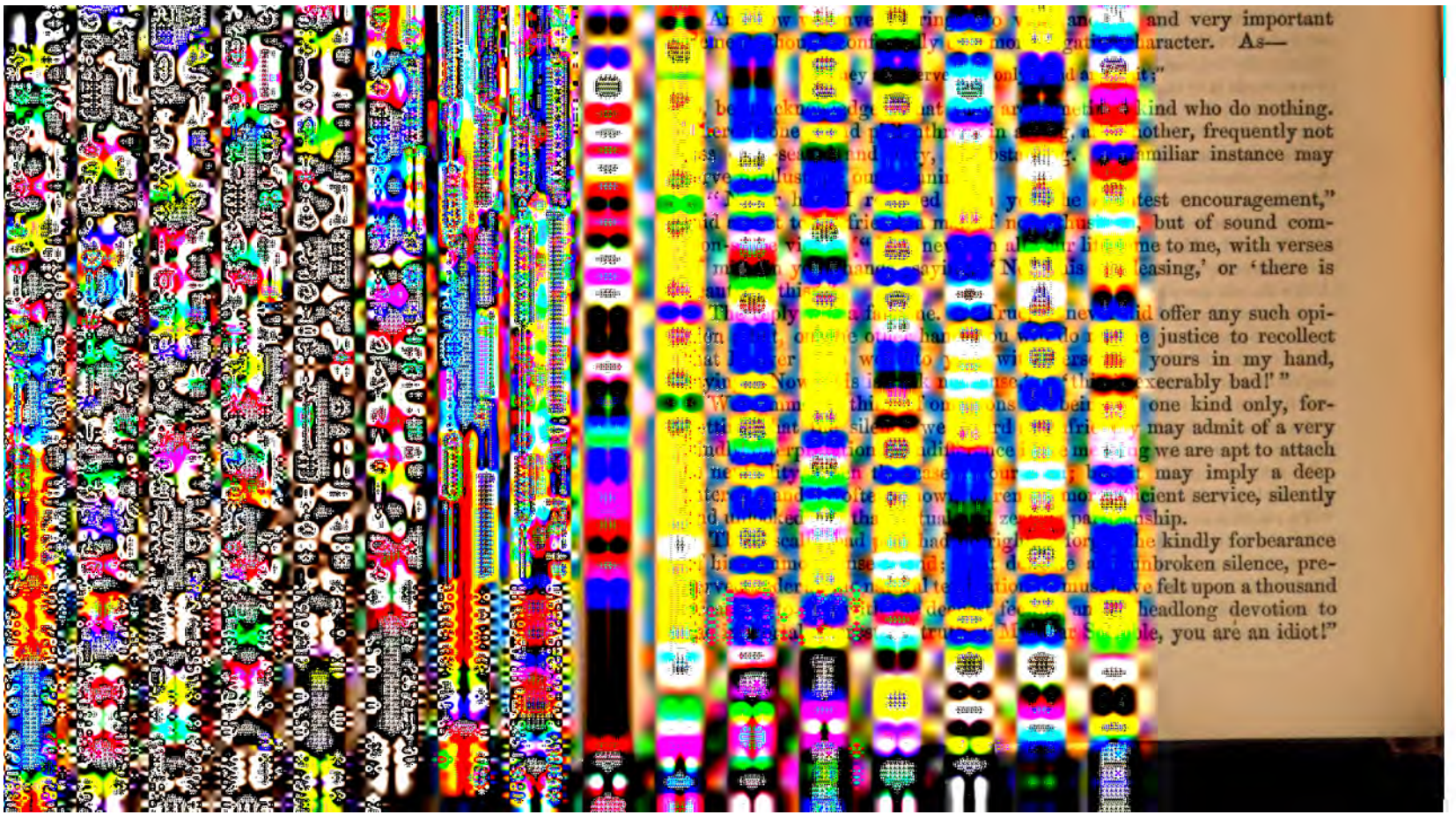
And when, but never with the aid or sanction of truth, he shall have ventured so to deny them, let him still prepare to answer:—Is it for his own sake that a kind soul orders in scores of dozens of claret, hock, and sherry; preserves it in the nicest order, guards it from hurt as if it were the living tide in his own veins; brings it to light in proper season, and makes despondency merry under its influence?

Let the idiot who could say that the owner of these liquid glories sought them for his own sake, perish without partaking them. That bountiful owner, so far from being touched with the lightest taint of selfishness, has little joy in them but in pouring out and filling up for others. Dining by himself, he drinks what may be left of the Madeira in the decanter, and thrives, like another Jove, on half-a-pint of port. He buys not wine to drink, but to give. Noble, honourable, glorious human nature! Ever may we find ourselves in its company!

No more words can be wanting to shew that this much-abused human nature, every atom of which is said to take such care of itself and to slight all other component parts thereof, can act, and does indeed continually act, upon the opposite principle. Selfishness is grossness; grossness is a "huge feeder;" and yet these selfish men, who give the haunch to other people, dine the next day contentedly on a mutton-chop. And when they do sit down to the magnificent repast, spread in the largeness of their sympathy, in whose plates, let us ask, are the choicest slices to be seen? Among the lucky, is the selfish man, who has simply to carve the venison, to be numbered? Not he. Whatever is good, whatever at least is best, is nearly gone before his turn can come round. He sits there to make a sacrifice, not a dinner. If this be selfishness, we must admit selfishness to be shockingly prevalent.

We do not care to adduce too many facts familiar to the whole world in disproof of a selfish principle in humanity, which really has no existence, although men tacitly submit to the libel which asserts its presence; but we may refer, passingly, to the not uncommon spectacle of self-denial and extreme munificence. If men—villains as we may be, and brutally as we may all behave to our fellow-men—are to be found in large numbers, who are sparing in their own expenditure and profuse in their bounty—nay, more, who are sparing that they may be profuse —it follows that the great commandment is more than fulfilled, and that one's neighbour is sometimes treated better than oneself.

But without any self-denial at all, there are yet, in the vast range of human life extending before us, millions of examples which exhibit a watchful economy in companionship with a generous distribution of alms; and the man who upon system avoids the needless expenditure of a penny, and would cavil about a fourth part of that sum when a point of extravagance is involved, will give a cheque for a hundred pounds,



Is there nothing honourable, nothing dignified, nothing beautiful, in this characteristic of human nature? To our thinking such forbearance is a grand feature of our humanity, and we should never forget, when we have spent a long day in estimating the active kindness that has been, in numberless ways, rendered us, to spend a week in calculating the good conferred upon, or preserved to us, no matter which, by that passive kindness, which sealed the lips of Common-sense upon the merits of his friend Poetry.

Many words may be rightly and properly spoken, not to speak which denotes a degree of kindness. Many things may be fairly and equitably done, not to do which is a kind of philanthropy. These omissions are of vital consequence. What should we pretend to know of any man, unless, when we have seen what he has done, we can estimate what he did *not* do.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause."

"Ah, sir," said the conscious witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say."

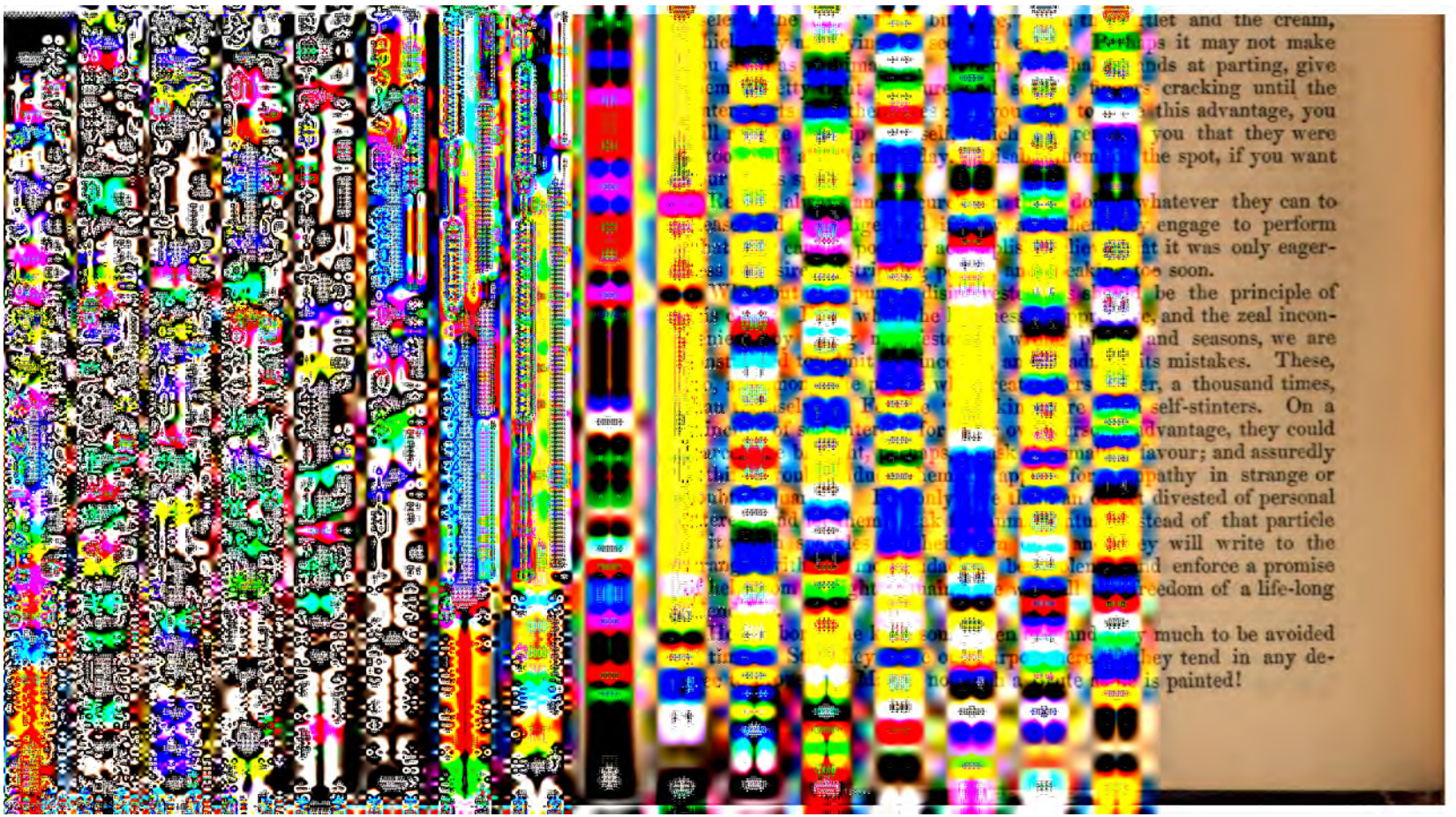
Philosophers, as well as poets, go on enlarging upon man's inhumanity to man, when every day brings countless proofs that very commonplace people—persons who are anything but enthusiasts—are guilty at least of the *suppressio veri* solely to serve others. Preachers and lecturers declaim against our selfishness, and yet nine-tenths of the hypocrisies are practised and encouraged to please the people around; as the actor, unenjoying in himself and unparticipating in the illusion of the scene, aims at diffusing pleasure among his audience. When men become false to themselves for the sake of the world, they may be silly or mad, but they can hardly be said to have no concern for mankind. When they voluntarily ruin themselves outright to please society, they may be slavish enough, but scarcely selfish.

Many a poor gentleman do we know who can be proved to have lost his own health by drinking with ardour the healths of other people. Here's disinterestedness! The more heartily he wished good health or better health to everybody, the more his own, unhappily, declined. But did that stop him? Did it ever momentarily check the fervour of his draughts in behalf of the convalescence of mankind? No; for he drank until selfishness was utterly washed out of his clay, and could his wishes have prevailed, there would have been no such functionary left alive as the physician he was doomed to summon.

But there is yet another large and influential class who are almost proverbially known throughout civilization, as upholding the character of humanity for great and genuine kindness; and these alone should be sufficient, whether in number or in quality, to prove that, like the devil, man is not so bad as he is painted. One has as much right to "his due" as the other.

The persons here alluded to are commonly known in life as people who are "too kind." Talk of the predominance of self-love, and the constant growth of that hard unsympathizing kind of character, which rises up as a stone wall round society for sensibility to knock its head against, without a chance of escape,—why, myriads of existences are upon the earth—nay, are gathered within the Christian circle—of whom the only character that could possibly be given would be, they are too kind!

If you had lost a horse and were travel-bound, they might not have



A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. VII.

SUBJECT OF PASTORAL CONTINUED.—SPENSER'S PAINTING OF CUPID IN A TREE, AND VISION OF NYMPHS AND GRACES DANCING.—A CONJECTURE AS TO THE REAL MEANING OF THE DISSOLUTION OF THAT VISION.—PASTORAL INTERSPERSED IN SHAKSPEARE.—BEN JONSON'S SAD SHEPHERD.—HIS CATCH OF "BUZ, QUOTH THE BLUE FLY."

In the preceding part of the article before us, we spoke of our great poet, Spenser, in his connexion with Virgil, and in respect to his failure in attempting to engraft the sweet rusticity of Theocritus on a northern stock. In truth, with all his love of the woods and fields, for which he had a poet's true passion, and never could live without, he was not qualified to excel as a purely pastoral writer. He was too learned for it, too full of the writers before him, and could not dispense with their chivalry and mythology. His woods were Greek rather than English; or if English, they were the English of a former time. When Venus and the Graces were not there, he saw enchantresses and knights errant. He always had visions, as Milton had, either of Jove and Proserpine, or of—

> "*Faery damsels met in forests wide*
> By knights of Logres and of Lyones,
> *Lancelot, or Pèlleas, or Pellenore.*"

But this elevated him to the high ideal of the subject; and no man would have written so fine a pastoral as he, of the classical or romantic sort, had he set his luxuriant wits to it, instead of attempting to get up an uncouth dance with the "clouted shoon" of Hobbinol and Davie. He could have beaten Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and all. Under picturesque influences, he never failed to add beauty to beauty. In the original of the passage we have alluded to, which he imitated from Bion, (the story of "Cupid and the Fowler,") Bion merely makes the boy-fowler take Cupid in the trees for a bird, and endeavour to ensnare him; ending with a pretty admonition from an old master of the craft, not to persevere in his attempt, seeing that the bird in question was a very dangerous bird, and would come to him soon enough by-and-bye of his own accord. In Spenser, Cupid has wings coloured like the train of the peacock; and after flashing out beautifully from the bushes to a tree, leaps from bough to bough, and playfully catches the stones thrown at him in his hand. All the preceding details, too, which are full of truth, are Spenser's:

> "At length within the yvie todde
> (There shrowded was the little god)
> I heard a busie bustling;
> I bent my bolt against the bush,
> *Listning if anie thing did rush,*
> But then heard no more rustling.
> Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
> Might see the moving of some quicke.
> Whose shape appearèd not;
> But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
> My courage yearn'd it to awake,
> And manfully thereat shotte:

With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like peacock's trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gylden quiver at his backe;
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing, I leveld againe,
And shotte at him with might and mayne,
As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that all was spent;
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw; but nought avayled:
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light
And oft the pumies latchèd."

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, March, v. 67.

Latched, is *caught;* and *pumies*, and *pumie-stones*, are *pumice*-stones, a very light mineral. The fowler is considerate, and would not break his bird's head. This passage is one of the least obsolete in its style of all the "Shepherd's Calendar;" yet what a pity to see it deformed with words requiring explanation, such as *latched* for *caught*, *tho* for *then*, *lope* for *leaped*, &c. With the like needless perversity, forgetful of his elevated calling, Spenser, in his pastoral character, delights to designate himself as "Colin Clout," as though he were nothing better than a patch in the very heels of clod-hopping. And yet, under this name, he sees the Nymphs and Graces dancing round his shepherdess upon Mount Acidale! The passage, otherwise, is one of his most elegant pieces of invention; and with the leave of Grecian topography, may be said to exhibit the very highest region and crown of the pastoral side of Parnassus. Sir Calidore, the Knight of Courtesy, (for thus does he mix up the classical and romantic grounds; but no matter for that, since they are both in the regions of imagination,) hears a noise of music and dancing as he is approaching the top of Mount Acidale; and upon looking amongst the trees, when he reaches it, he sees a shepherd piping to his love, in the midst of a circle of—

"An hundred naked maidens, lily white,
All rangèd in a ring, and dancing in delight."

But we must not lose the description of the place itself:

"It was an hill, plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was border'd with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spredding pavillions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sang aloud;
And in their tops the soring hawke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre:

"And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmar'd with raggèd mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wyld beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods' shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

top thereof a spacious plaine
itselfe, to serve to all delight,
daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
o course about their bases light;
at there wanted, which for pleasure might
l be, or thence to banish bale:
asantly the hill with equall hight
seem to overlooke the lowly vale;
fore it rightly cleepèd was Mount Acidale.

ney say that Venus, when she did dispose
herselfe to pleasaunce, usèd to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her own Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soveraine majesty to sit,
She, in regard hereof, refusde and thought unfit.

"Unto this place when as the elfin knight
Approcht, him seemèd that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their echo did rebound.
He hither drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

"He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unawares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himself his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens, lilly white,
All raungèd in a ring and dauncing in delight."

FAERIE QUEENE, Book vi. Canto 10.

In the middle of this orb of fair creatures, the beauty of which there is nothing of the sort to equal, (unless it be those circles of lily-white stamens which, with such exquisite mystery, adorn the commonest flower-cups;—so profuse of her poetry is Nature!) Sir Calidore sees "three other ladies" both dancing and singing—to wit, the Graces; and in the midst of "those same three" was yet another lady, or rather "damsel" (for she was of rustic origin), crowned with a garland of roses, and so beautiful, that she was the very gem of the ring, and "graced" the Graces themselves. The hundred nymphs, as they danced, threw flowers upon her; the Graces endowed her with the gifts which she reflected upon them, enhanced; and a shepherd sat piping to them all.

Never, surely, was such deification of a "country lass;" and well might the poet hail his spectacle in a rapture of self-complacency, and encourage his pipe to play on.

"*Pype, jolly shepheard! pype thou now apace*
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout.

(He has raised her from the condition to which he stooped to obtain her.)

Thy love is present there with thee in place—

(That is, in the midst of his poetry and his fame.)

Thy love is there advaunst *to be another Grace.*"

But a mishap is on the heels of this vision, connected with our author's professed attempts at pastoral; for so we have little doubt it is, though the commentators have given it another meaning. Sir Calidere, not knowing how to trust his eyes at a sight which so "enriched" them, left the covert through which he looked, and went towards it:—

"But soone as he appearèd to their view
They vanisht all away, out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,
All save the shepherd; who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne;
But Calidore, though no less sorry wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne."

Sir Calidore, the knight of Courtesy, is understood to be Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his "Defence of Poesy," had objected to the style of the "Shepherd's Calendar;" and as his word was taken for law in matters of taste, and the criticism was probably fatal to the poet's continuance in that style, (for at all events he dropped it,) we have scarcely a doubt that Spenser alludes to the fact of his giving up pastoral-writing in consequence. He breaks his pipe; not, it seems, like most authors, when they give way to critics, without much secret vexation—nay, a "fell despight," as he calls it; candidly, if not a little maliciously, owning the whole extent of his feeling on the subject to his illustrious critic, who had since become his friend. It was a disadvantage which his pride could not feel itself easy with, till it had set it to rights. The following is the passage in Sidney's essay:—

"The 'Shepherd's Kalander' hath much poetry in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustick language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazzaro in Italian, did affect it."

He means that Theocritus and the others wrote in the language of their times, and that to be obsolete is not to be natural. Spenser, it is to be observed, expressly designates himself in this episode as Colin Clout, which is the title he assumed as the author of the "Shepherd's Calendar;" a "country lasse" is his goddess in that work; and it seems far more likely that under this identity of appellation he should complain, in one poem, of the discouragement given to another, than simply shadow forth (as the commentators think) the circumstance of Sir Philip Sidney's having drawn him from the country to the court. In what consisted the abrupt intervention of a proceeding like that? What particular vision did it dissipate? Or how could he pretend any right of soreness in his tone of complaint about it? And he is very sore indeed at the knight's interruption, notwithstanding his courtesy. Tell me, says Calidore—

"Tell me what mote these dainty damsels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleasant playes:
Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see;
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

"*Not I so happy*, answer'd then that swaine,
As thou unhappy, which them thence did chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe."

He could not look back with comfort upon having been forced to give up his pastoral visions.

But to return to our subject. The all-including genius of Shakspeare has given the finest intimations of pastoral-writing in some of the masques introduced in his plays, and in his plays themselves; if indeed "As You Like It" might not equally as well be called a pastoral play as a comedy; though, to be sure, the Duke and his followers do not willingly take to the woods, with the exception of the "sad shepherd" Jaques; and that is a great drawback on the pleasures of the occasion, which ought to breathe as freely as the air and the wild roses. Rosalind, however, is a very bud of the pastoral-ideal, peeping out of her forester's jerkin. Again, in the "Winter's Tale," where the good housewife is recorded, who had her "face o' fire" with attending to the guests, and "my sister," who has the purchase of the eatables, "lays it on," as her brother the clown says, in the article of rice, there is the truest pastoral of both kinds, the ideal and the homely.

SHEPHERD. "Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; *welcom'd all; serv'd all;*
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip."

What a poet, and what a painter! Now a Raphael, or Michael Angelo, now a Jan Steen, or a Teniers! Here also is *Autolycus*, the most exquisite of impudent vagabonds, better even than the *Brass* of Sir John Vanbrugh, selling his love ballads, so without indecency, "which is strange," and another ballad of a singing *Fish*, with "five justice's hands to it," to vouch for its veracity. But, above all, here is *Perdita*,—

"The prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward.—
No shepherdess; but Flora
Peering in April's front."

Perdita also, though supposed to be a shepherdess born, is a *Sicilian* princess, and makes our BLUE JAR glisten again in the midst of its native sun and flowers.

"O Proserpina
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou letst fall
From Dis's wagon!

("Wagon," be it observed, was as much a word of respect in those days as "chariot" is now.)

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, *and take*
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.—Bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,

(Turning to her lover,)

To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLORIZEL. What! like a corse?

PERDITA. No; like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried;
But quick, and in mine arms."

Shelley has called a woman, "one of Shakspeare's women," implying by that designation all that can be suggested of grace and sweetness. They were "very subtle," as Mr. Wordsworth said of the French ladies. Not that they were French ladies, or English either; but Nature's and refinement's best possible gentlewomen all over the world. Tullia d'Aragona, the Italian poetess, who made all her suitors love one another instead of quarrel, must have been a Shakpeare woman. Gaspara Stampa was another; and we should take the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray" for one.

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"

and Lucy, Countess of Bedford, must have been such. So was Mrs. Brooke, who wrote "Emily Montagu;" and probably Madame Riccoboni; and certainly my Lady Winchelsea, who worshipped friendship, and green retreats, and her husband. Terrible people all, to look upon, if the very sweetness of their virtue did not enable us to bear it.

Ben Jonson left an unfinished dramatic pastoral, entitled the "Sad Shepherd." It is a story of Robin Hood, in connexion with a shepherd who has gone melancholy mad for the supposed death of his mistress—a lucky character for the exalted wilfulness of the author's style. The lover opens the play with the following elegant extravagance:—

ÆGLAMOUR. "Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her."

This is a truly lover-like fancy; and the various, impulsive, and flowing versification is perfect. But Jonson can never leave out his learning. The lost mistress must be compared in the impossible lightness of her step, with Virgil's Camilla, who ran over the tops of corn:—

"For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk."

TORRENS's *Arabian Nights.*

What a woman! How different from the bride of Bedreddin Hassan!

"'Up, up in haste!' the young man cries:
Ah! slender waist! she cannot rise
For heavy hips, that say, 'Sit still,'
And make her linger 'gainst her will."

The best passage in the "Sad Shepherd" is a description of a witch and her habits—a subject which every way suited the arbitrary and sullen turn of the poet's notions of power. It also enabled him to shew his reading, as he takes care to let us know, by means of one of the by-standers:—

ALKEN. "Know ye the witch's dell?

SCATHLOCK. No more than I do know the walls of hell.

ALKEN. Within a glooomy dimble she doth dwell,
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her form,
As fearful and melàncholic as that
She is about with caterpillars kells,
And knotty cobwebs, rounded in with spells.
Thence she steals forth to *relief* in the fogs,
And *rotten mists* upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drownèd lands of Lincolnshire;
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow,
The housewife's tun not work, nor the milk churn!
Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in sleep,
Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up its slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.
JOHN. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.
GEORGE. I thought a witch's banks
Had inclosed nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.
SCARLET. Yes, her malice more.
SCATHLOCK. As it would quickly appear had we the store
Of his collects.
GEORGE. Ay, this good learned man
Can speak her right.
SCARLET. He knows her shifts and haunts.
ALKEN. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants
Wherewith she kills! where the sad mandrake grows
Whose groans are deathful; the dead-numbing nightshade,
The stupifying hemlock, adder's tongue,
And martagan: the shrieks of luckless owls
We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air!
Green-bellied snakes, blue firedrakes in the sky,
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings!
The scaly beetles, *with their habergeons,*
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the stocks of trees, *white faies do dwell,*
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms!
And airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the moon!"
While she sits reading by the glowworm's light,
Or rotten wood, *o'er which the worm hath crept,*
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms."

The idea of "span-long elves," who dance about a pool, carrying each a stolen infant, that must be bigger than themselves, is a very capital and fantastic horror.

Old burly and strong-sensation-loving Ben, (as his friend Chapman, or Mr. Bentham might have called him,) could shew, however, a great deal of delicacy when he had a mind to it. He could turn his bluster into a zephyr that inspired the young genius of Milton. Some of his court masques are pastoral; and this is the style in which he receives the king and queen. Maia (the goddess of May) says—

"If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of *every* flower in *every* field—

(This kind of return of words was not common then, as he has since made it)

And all that *Hybla's* hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
If thereto added all the gums,
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odours that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyr ever blew,
Were put therein; *and all the dew*
That ever rosy morning knew;
Yet all, diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace
And honour you vouchsafe the place."

In the Masque of Oberon, Silenus bids his Satyrs rouse up a couple of sleeping Sylvans, who ought to have been keeping watch; "at which," says the poet's direction, "the Satyrs fell suddenly into this catch—musicians know it well:—

"*Buz*, quoth the blue flie,
Hum, quoth the bee:
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his *ear*, in his *nose*,
Thus, do you see? [*They tickle them.*]
He eat *the dormouse.*
Else it was *he.*"

It is impossible that anything could better express than this, either the wild and practical joking of the Satyrs, or the action of the thing described, or the quaintness and fitness of the images, or the melody and even the harmony, the *intercourse*, of the musical words, one with another. None but a boon companion with a very musical ear could have written it. It was not for nothing that Ben lived in the time of the fine old English composers, Bull and Ford, or partook his canary with his "lov'd Alphonso," as he calls him, the Signor Ferrabosco.

We have not yet done with this delightful portion of our subject. Fletcher and Milton await us still; together with a word on William Browne, and on a few other poets, who, though they wrote no pastorals, were pastoral men.

MY HOUSE IN CECIL STREET.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART I.

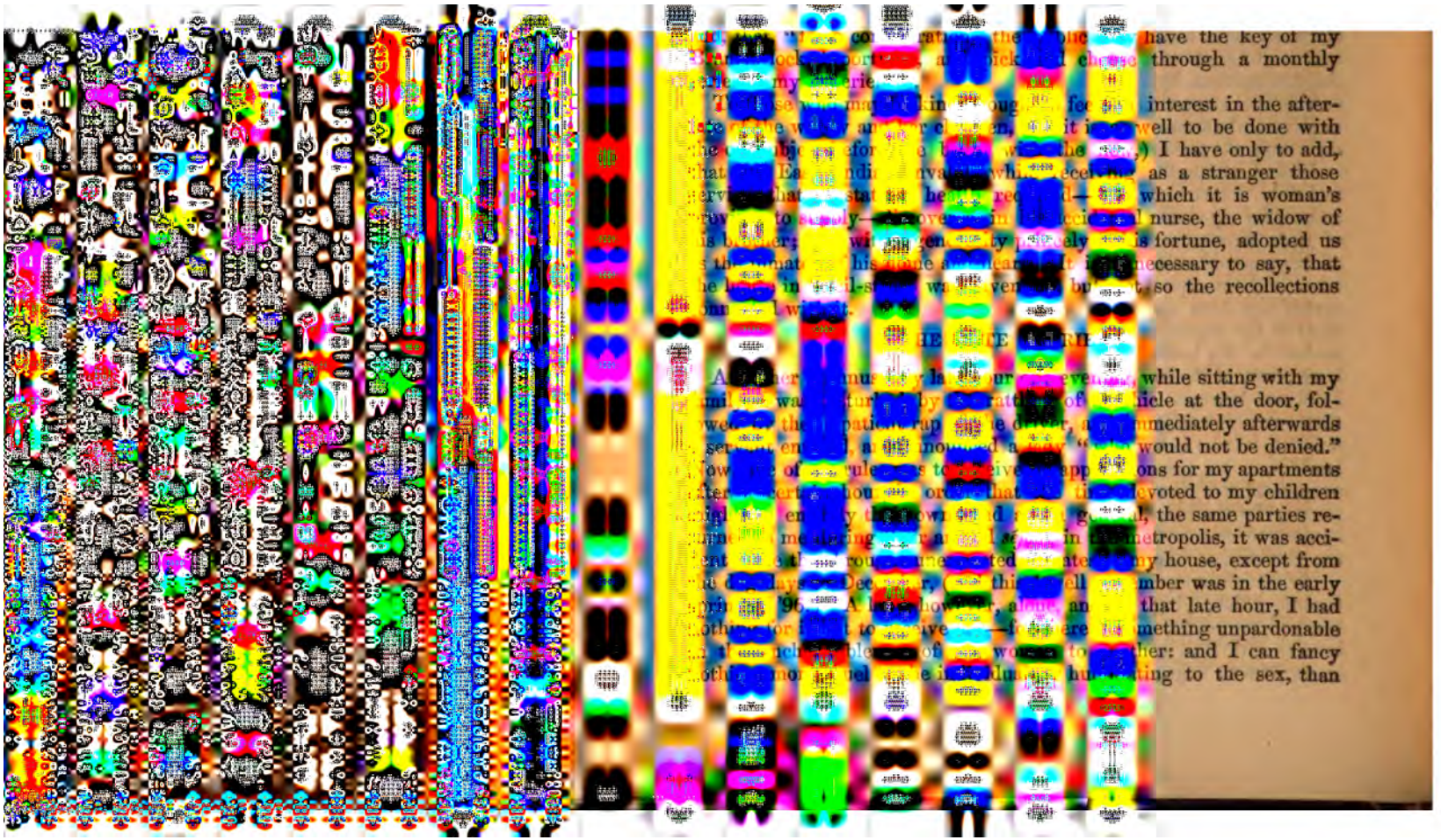
When lamented but irremediable events are concerned, I have always considered it the wisest and best plan to bury them as we do the loved we have lost, and ever after be as careful of disturbing them. Otherwise I might, by contrasting my former circumstances with those in which I have since figured, as the keeper of a lodging-house, produce what perhaps would be a very effective bit of colouring, but this is not my object. I will, therefore, briefly state, (in order to introduce myself to my readers,) that, possessed of a handsome fortune, I had early in life married a young man of moderate independence, with whom I conti-

nued to share as complete happiness as can possibly fall to the lot of human nature. We had children, and our affairs in other respects went on prosperously; our plantations flourished, our flocks increased, and as we always lived within our income, there appeared little risk of our ever knowing want. In a few years, however, a mania arose for speculating, and, among the rest, my husband was seized with the prevailing *fureur*—heavy losses were incurred, and thousand after thousand of our pretty property was withdrawn from the funds to meet fresh demands, and ensure a return for the capital already sunk in the undertaking. Like an alchymist in his search for gold, or a gambler who believes ill luck has lasted so long that the next throw must certainly recover it, he seemed determined to make new trials, till, at length, all was lost; our wealth had vanished in the attempt at transmutation, and we were left utterly ruined.

From this time my husband's health declined; the loss of his property, and the alteration it entailed in the circumstances and expectations of his little household, preyed upon his spirit with a bitterness little short of remorse for some actual crime; and gradually I perceived his mind yielding to a weight that I had not the power to alleviate, till at length he was totally incapacitated from taking any share in the concerns of business, or the interests of his family. So unnaturally had mental disease warped his understanding, that the very affection of his children added to his sufferings, and even *I* could not persuade him that my cheerfulness was sincere, and that I did not in my heart curse him, for the want in which he had involved us. In fact, in the noon of manhood, he bade fair to become that sad, sad thing, a nervous hypochondriac; but consumption, of the most rapid description, stepped between him and semi-idiocy, and in less than twelvemonths from the failure of our prosperity, I laid the husband of my youth, the father of my children, in the grave.

Roused, at length, from the lethargy of grief by the voice of twofold duty, I turned over in my mind the several means of establishing a home for my children, with a prospect of maintaining it, that the sale of such supernumerary articles as remained from the days of our affluence would effect, and finding it the only business to be undertaken without capital, and anxious, under any circumstances, to keep myself free from pecuniary obligations, I stifled my lady-like prejudices in the anxieties of human nature, and from having played the hostess in my husband's elegant and hospitable home, sank into a lower caste of the same character, as proprietress of a lodging-house. I did not, however, have recourse to that interesting form of advertisement which tells you, that "a widow lady, whose daughters are musical, or who is herself of an agreeable disposition, having a larger house than her present circumstances require, (of course in a *genteel* neighbourhood,) is desirous of adding to her *family circle*, (felicitous phrase,) by the accession of one or two gentlemen, or ladies, who are anxious to ensure the comforts of society, and a delightful home, to the convenience of a town residence."

My establishment was situated in one of the private streets off the Strand, which, lying in the very heart of gaiety and business, midway between the courts of law, and close to the theatres, was a favourite locality with East and West Indian merchants, army and navy men on leave, persons engaged in law suits, and provincial families visiting



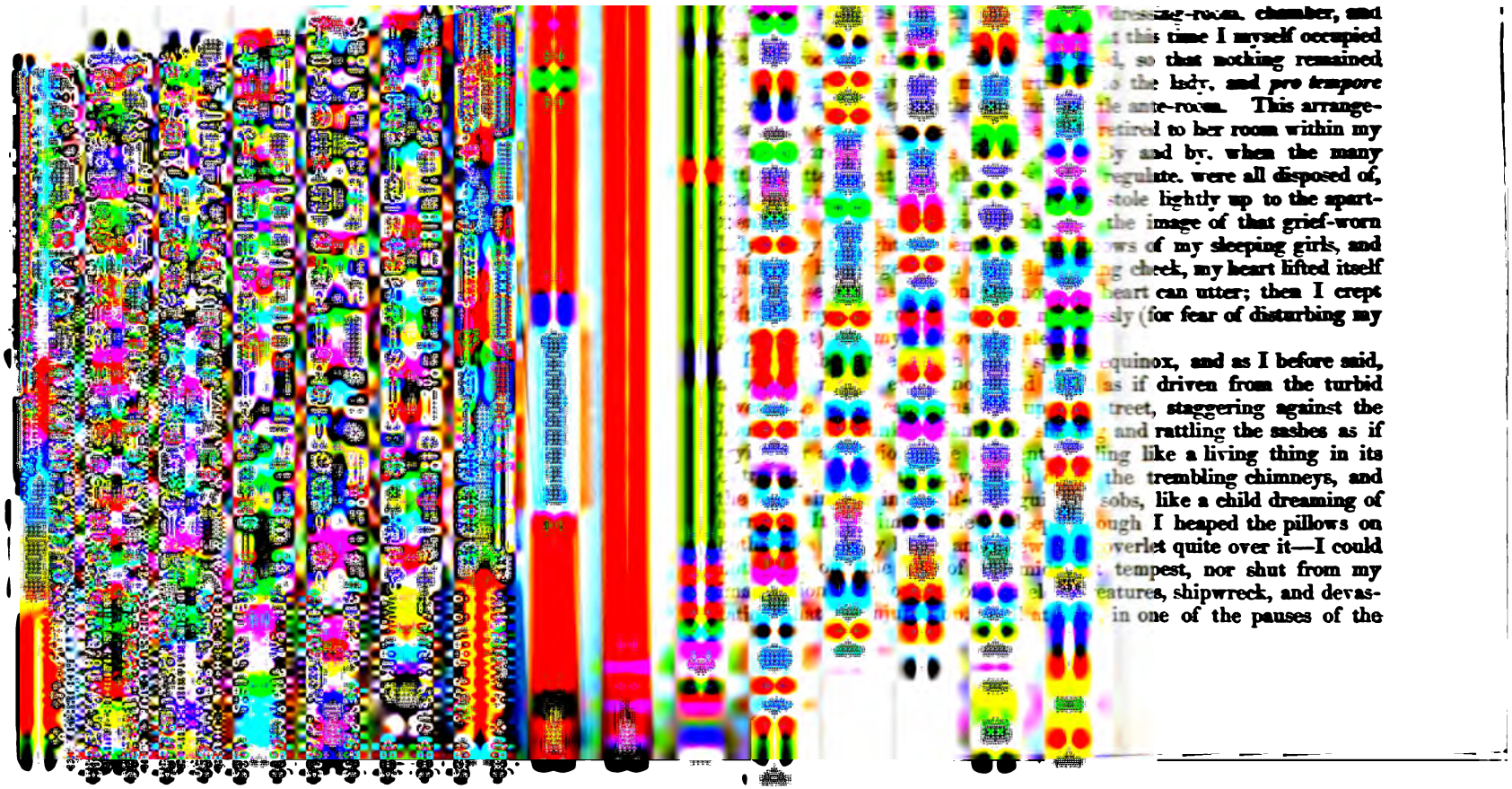
the mistrust that denies a sister-form the shelter of a roof merely because accident or misfortune has obliged her to apply for it under circumstances rather unconventional. Putting down my youngest girl from my lap, and disengaging my waist and shoulder from the circling arms of the other two, I composed my dress and countenance to their accustomed quietude, and passed on to the apartment into which the servant had shewn her. A travelling trunk was already in the hall, and as I opened the opposite door, the vehicle drove off.

Now there is in the human heart such a love of vainglory, that though it may have made itself up to the commission of a kind action, it likes the choice of doing it to rest with itself, and at this aspect of things, I confess I felt a great inclination to revoke my decision in the lady's favour, and to show myself supreme in my own house. But it was only a momentary thought; the next I was smiling at my own impotence, for it was such a night of rain and storm, that I could not have found it in my heart to have put a worm out of doors that had managed to wriggle its poor, naked, unsheltered head within the sill. So I entered the apartment, making up my mind to concede gracefully what I could not comfortably withhold. The stranger who stood with her back towards me was about my own height (which is of that stature that is called commanding), but a certain exility in her form gave you an idea of extreme delicacy and youth; she was dressed with a rich plainness, that bespoke her of a class of life far removed from its ordinary exigencies, but her countenance, when she turned on my approach, and put back the costly veil that shaded it, bore melancholy evidence that circumstances, however advantageous, cannot raise us above the level of humanity, and that whatever the rank, the barbed shafts of misfortune can find us out. So moving an expression of dejected anguish, upon features in their noon of youth (and otherwise beautiful), it has never been again my fate to see—fear, perturbation, agony, were stamped in rigid characters upon lip, and brow, and cheek, and I felt awed by the presence of grief that completely baffled my knowledge of the heart's dark secrets to imagine. I was pained out of my natural collectedness, and could only look the sympathy with which she inspired me.

"I have no apology to offer," she said, in a low, sweet voice, but with the languor of fatigue and depression—"no apology to offer you, Mrs. Maxwell, for the time, the way, in which I come to you. When I tell you I am the daughter of Colonel Singleton, you will not be surprised that I should so unceremoniously make your house my home. I have often heard of you, and I feel I have only to tell you that my coming is in consequence of a great and sudden affliction, to ensure your thinking lightly of any inconvenience I may possibly occasion you."

I assured her, "that the name of her father (an old friend and benefactor in the early days of my own tribulation) gave her a weighty claim to my attentions; but that wanting *this*, the knowledge of her being in affliction was an all-sufficient motive for my exerting myself for her temporary comfort." She thanked me with the sweet smile of habitual courtesy, though her lips trembled, and her large eyes dilated with the emotion she struggled to subdue.

"Her business in town," she said—and a sort of spasm shook her as she spoke—"would be very briefly ended; it might detain her only



dressing-room, chamber, and
at this time I myself occupied
d, so that nothing remained
o the lady, and *pro tempore*
le ante-room. This arrange-
retired to her room within my
by and by, when the many
regulate, were all disposed of,
stole lightly up to the apart-
the image of that grief-worn
ws of my sleeping girls, and
g cheek, my heart lifted itself
heart can utter; then I crept
sly (for fear of disturbing my

equinox, and as I before said,
as if driven from the turbid
treet, staggering against the
and rattling the sashes as if
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storm, I became conscious of the sounds of living, actual anguish—sobs more bitter and thrilling than those of the mocking winds, and groans that I could only imagine were extorted by some severe physical suffering. It struck me that fatigue, added to her state of mind, had induced some sudden illness in my fellow-sleeper; and I rose, threw on my dressing-gown, and seeing, by the glimmering through the doorway, that the light was not extinguished in her room, I was about to enter, when I perceived the unhappy lady kneeling at the bed's feet, not undressed, but with her hair dishevelled, her hands clasped, and her lips, finding no language forcible enough to express the deep prayer of her spirit, moving with wordless sounds of indescribable anguish. I was awed—astonished, and shrunk back from beholding a conflict that was for the eye of God alone! Oh, the heart-quake of mortal agony, that shook the breast of that miserable woman!—the struggle between the strong heart of human *love*, and its omnipotent but all-just Maker! And these are the scenes that pass between Earth and Night, and the Power that made them!

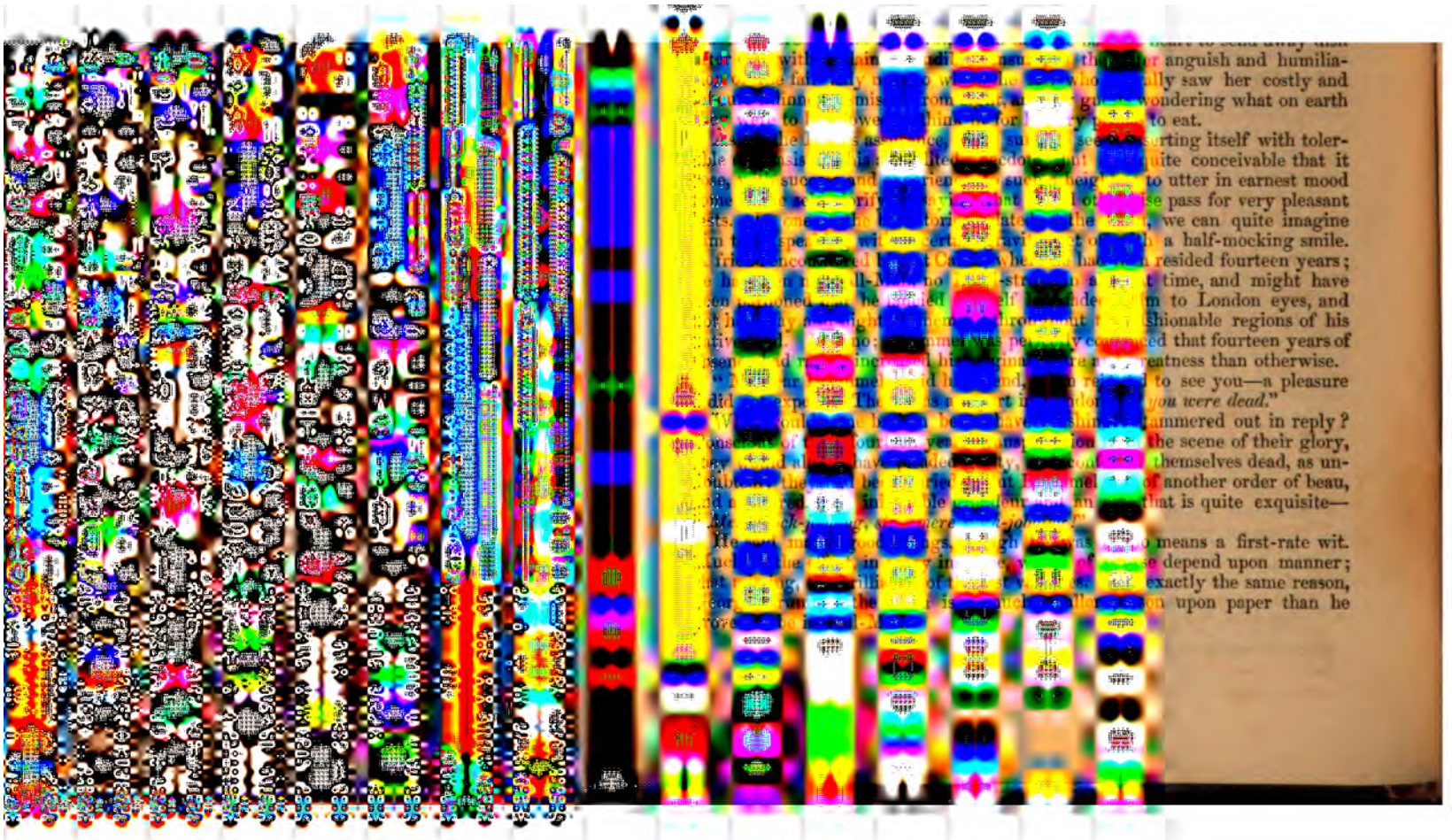
JESSE'S LIFE OF GEORGE BRUMMELL THE BEAU.

The biographer of Brummell has nothing more honourable to record of him than the fact which is mentioned in the preface, and is pleasant to read—that, although he had certainly written some detached papers in the shape of reminiscences, and had a book, secured by a lock, containing notes of his own life and recollections of the gay world in which he had once flourished, he was never tempted, in any excess of pecuniary trouble, to publish them for his benefit. When in jail, at Caen, for debt, he had letters and papers the sale of which would have released him from all difficulties, and a large sum is said to have been then offered for his memoirs; but the resolution not to compromise others overcame the most powerful temptations, and George Brummell has, in this respect, acted after a fashion which should never want followers.

The circumstances we have just mentioned might, we venture to think, have protected his memory from some of the painful, humiliating, and in every respect sickening disclosures of which the latter pages of these memoirs consist. It would have been enough to know that the madhouse was the final scene, and that the poor gentlemen's bodily infirmities had reduced him to a condition too offensive to contemplate. The picture of misery and filth is the more intolerable, from its contrast with the fine soaps, powders, perfumes, and distillations innumerable, for which the luxuriant beau had such a passion all his days—a passion which pursued him to the very close, rendering odours and concoctions of the daintiest character as essential to him as food, and making the natural man a wretched martyr to the wants of the fop.

The impression which these revelations of the character, conduct, and condition of this once famous personage leave upon the mind is a melancholy one. There is a touch of melancholy even in the ludicrous description on the title-page—"George Brummell, Esq., commonly called the Beau." We begin with laughing at him; as we proceed, estimating his boundless influence over his generation, attained generally by no very corrupt or injurious means, we feel a respect generated by his unparalleled impudence and inconceivable success; and we end, not without much contempt, yet with infinite pity for him, and feelings of strong resentment at the cold, shabby, worthless conduct to which—next to his own habits of extravagance, that were uncontrollable and more than second nature to him—he died a victim.

The figure here cut by several of his fine friends, but especially by the highest of them all, is little calculated to make any man, how considerate



POEMS BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

Mr. Moxon is constituted, past all contention, the Poet's Publisher. The Muses have granted him letters patent, and excellent use he appears to make of his privilege in their service. The younger bards with their treasured manuscripts flock about his door, as laden bees return to their hive; and every now and then there is a new comer, whose song proves anything but a hum. But since the day (whenever that may have been) on which the last true poet (whoever he may be) was introduced to public notice, and blushed in the world's eye, we know of no such service rendered to the Muse as is performed in the bringing forth of the volume before us.

It is a first volume, by a hand untried in any order of literature,—as it well may be, being, we believe, as yet scarcely of age. These are a youth's first poems, and they have a youth's first faults scattered through them. But it is not necessary to claim for them any additional merit or interest on the score of early years; they have interest enough without that plea. Still less is it needful to ask on any such ground indulgence for their mistakes and obscurities; the poems can afford to be taken with their imperfections, and stand in need of no indulgence.

The poetry of the present age, which proves, taking it as a whole, so splendid a portion of our literature, is strikingly, and beyond any former example, various in its tone and sympathies. Each of our eminent poets has a manner of his own. Campbell (who has just left a deathless name behind him) has least apparent or prevailing originality, and yet his fine, grand, fresh-sounding odes have not the slightest resemblance to anything written before or since. Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, all the masters who live or have lived in our time,—

"Who having been, must ever be,"

each in his mighty line is distinct; and not one of them could, to the extent of a half-dozen verses in succession, be confounded with any past or contemporary poet.

There is also a distinctive mark upon the poetry of *this* volume. In it we may discern tokens, not few or to be mistaken, of a taste caught rapturously from the study of some modern writers, and perhaps of a partiality so strong as to influence insensibly the creative power of the mind—so far as to direct sometimes its choice of forms, and to suggest to thought its particular channels of interest and speculation. But in all the essential and distinguishing qualities of poetry, these poems belong entirely to the soil they have sprung from, and are the growth of an undivided and self-dependent power, bent on working out without fear its own purposes.

There are four chief poems in the collection. The stanza with which the first opens, illustrates, by an image, the bold simplicity often discernible in the after pages.

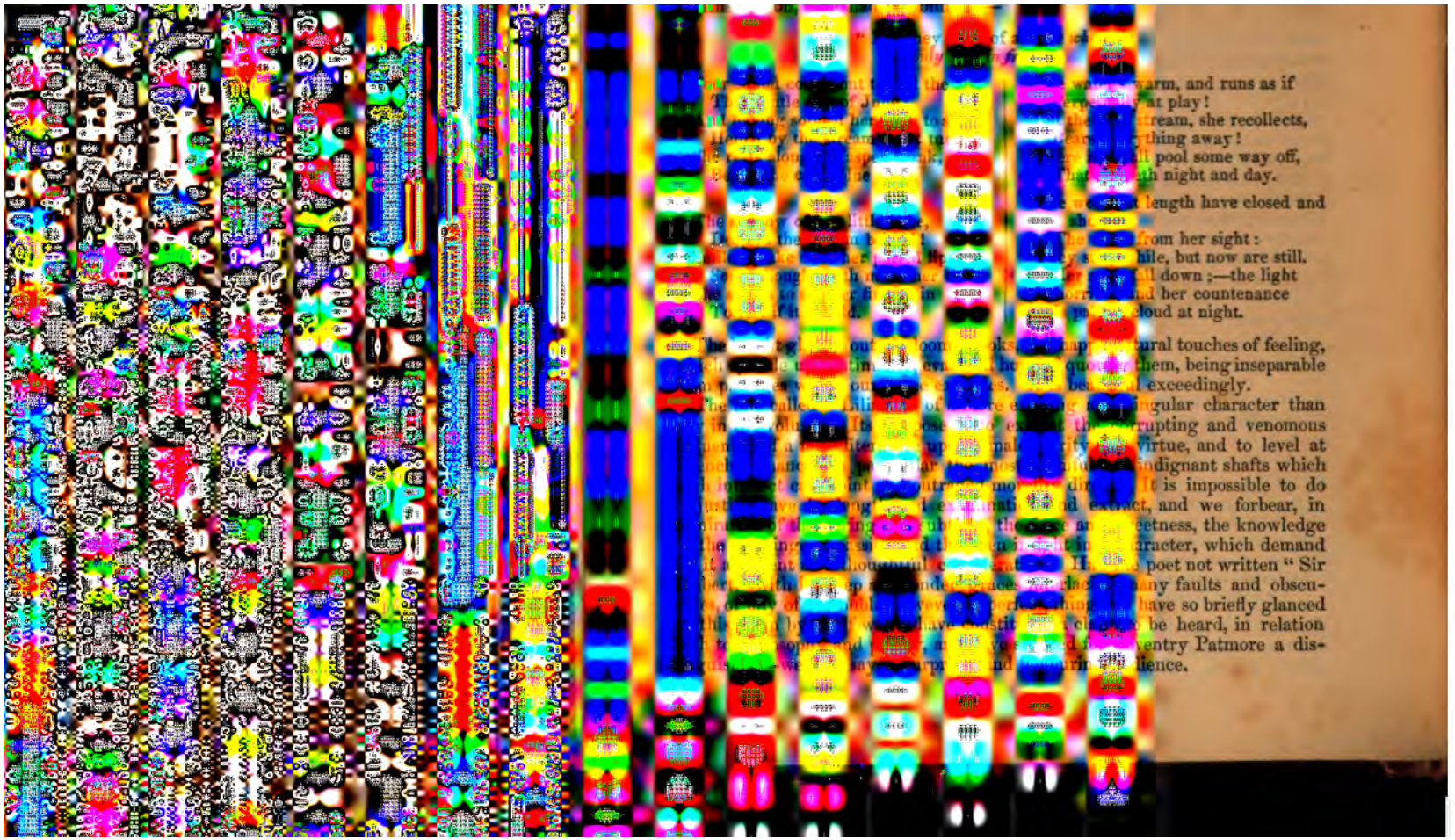
"It is a venerable place,
An old ancestral ground;
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
Within its lordly bound."

The story is not of the rainbow, but the thunder-cloud. Darker than night is its course, like the current of "The River," that gives to it a name; yet heaven's stars are reflected in it, dimly, but beautifully. We know not where to quote:

"Beyond the River, bounding all,
A host of green hills stand,
The manor-rise their central point,
As cheerful as a band
Of happy children round their chief
Extended, hand in hand."

"Their shadows from the setting sun
Reach all across the plain;
The guard-hound, in the silent night,
Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear, at every burst of barks,
The hills bark back again."

The last two lines exhibit a felicity often to be noticed—a singular harmony between sound and sense; an effect which should always be unforced, as it always is here. The scene changes presently: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Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

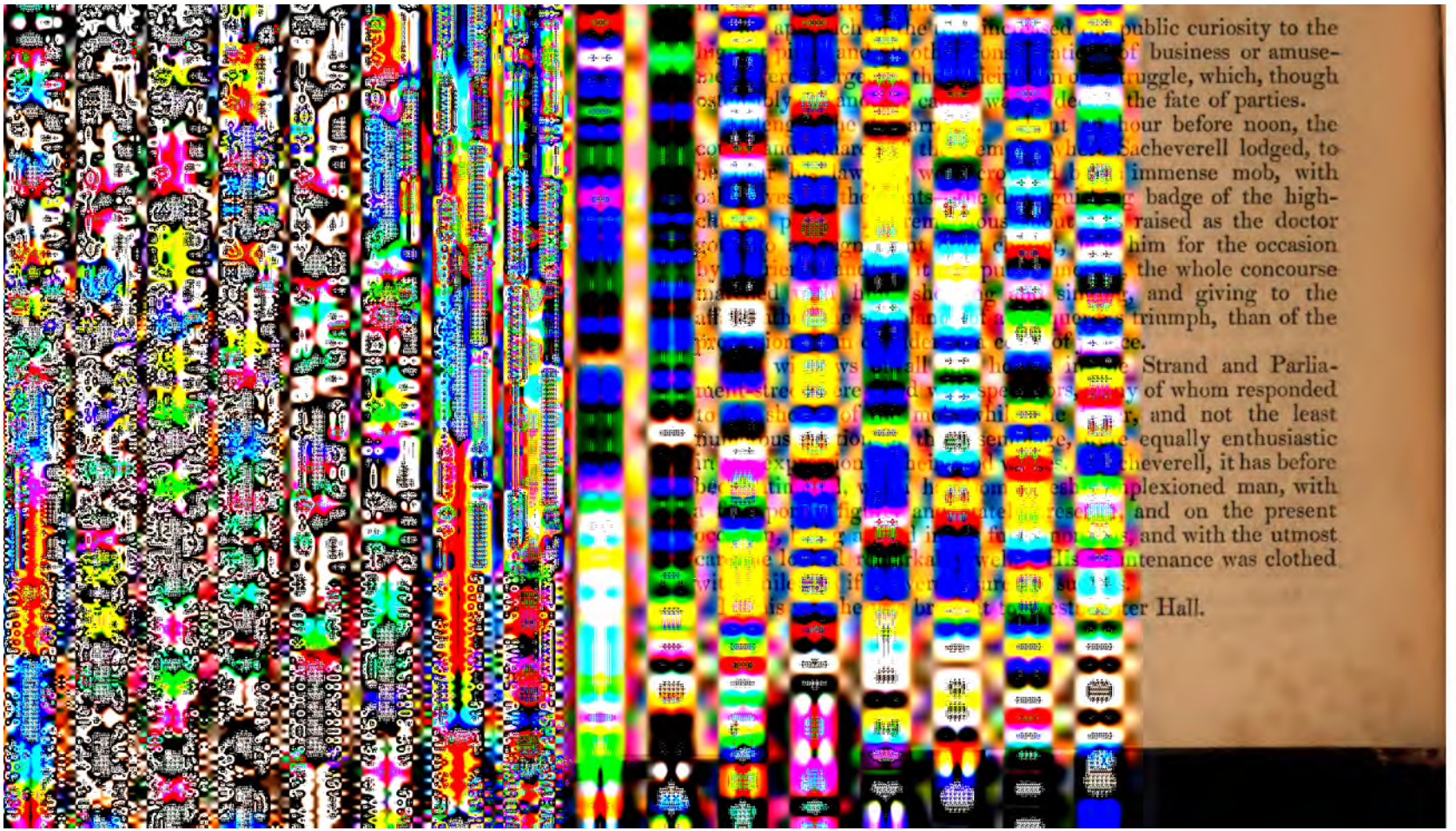
THE TRIAL OF DOCTOR SACHEVERELL.

ORIGINALLY appointed for the 8th of February, 1710, Doctor Sacheverell's trial was postponed to the 27th of the same month, on the ground that Westminster Hall could not be got ready for the reception of the court before that period. The length of time that elapsed between the impeachment and the prosecution was favourable to Sacheverell, inasmuch as it gave ample opportunity for the preparation of his defence; while no art was neglected to propitiate the public in his behalf, and heighten the feeling of animosity already entertained against his opponents.

His portrait was exhibited in all the print-shops; ballads were sung about him at the corner of every street; reference was constantly made to his case by the clergy of his party in their sermons, and some even went so far as to offer up public prayers "for the deliverance of a brother under persecution from the hands of his enemies;" the imminent peril of the church, and the excellence of its constitution, were insisted on; the most furious zealots were made welcome guests at the board of Harley and his friends, and instructed how to act—the principal toast at all such entertainments being "Doctor Sacheverell's health, and a happy deliverance to him."

The aspect of things was so alarming, that long before the trial came on, the greatest misgivings were felt as to its issue by the Whig leaders, and Godolphin bitterly repented that he had not listened to the advice of Lord Somers, who had recommended a simple prosecution in a court of law as the safest and most judicious course. But retreat was now too late. The task had been undertaken, and however difficult and dangerous, it must be gone through with. To quit the field without a struggle would be worse than defeat.

Warmly attached to the church, and led by Harley and Abigail to believe that it was really in danger, the queen was inclined from the first towards Sacheverell, and this bias was confirmed by the incautious admission on the part of the Whigs of the legitimacy of her brother, the Prince of Wales—an admission which,



The managers and committee of the commons having taken their places, Sacheverell was brought to the bar, when the proceedings were opened by the attorney-general, who was followed by Mr. Lechmere, after which the particular passages of the sermon on which the impeachment was grounded, were read.

The case, however, proceeded no further on this day, but the court being adjourned, the doctor was conducted back to the Temple by the same concourse who had attended him to Westminster Hall, and who had patiently awaited his coming forth.

The next day, the crowds were far more numerous than before, and the approaches to the place of trial were so closely beset, that it required the utmost efforts of the guard to maintain anything like a show of order. Groanings, hootings, and menaces, were lavishly bestowed on all the opponents of Sacheverell, while, on the contrary, his friends were welcomed with the loudest cheers.

It was expected that the queen would attend the trial, and a little before twelve, a passage was cleared for the royal carriage; notwithstanding which, the vehicle proceeded very slowly, and when nearly opposite Whitehall, a stoppage occurred. Taking advantage of the pause, several persons pressed up to the window, and said, "We hope your majesty is for Doctor Sacheverell."

Anne was somewhat alarmed, and leaned back, but Mrs. Masham, who was with her, answered quickly, "Yes, yes, good people, her majesty is a friend of every true friend of the church, and an enemy of its persecutors."

"We knew it—we knew it!" rejoined the questioners. "God bless your majesty, and deliver you from evil counsellors! Sacheverell and high church—huzza!"

"I say, coachee," cried one of the foremost of the mob—a great ruffianly fellow, half a head taller than the rest of the bystanders, with a ragged green coat on his back, and a coal-black beard of a week's growth on his chin—"I say, coachee," he cried, addressing Proddy, who occupied his usual position on the box, "I hope you're high church?"

"High as a steeple, my weathercock," replied Proddy. "You've little to do with low church yourself, I guess?"

"Nothin'," returned the man, gruffly. "But since such are your sentiments, give the words—'Sacheverell for ever! and down with the Duke of Marlborough!'"

"I've no objection to Sacheverell," said Proddy; "but I'm blown if I utter a word against the Duke of Marlborough; nor shall any one else in my hearin'. So stand aside, my maypole, unless you want a taste of the whip. Out of the way there! Ya hip—yo ho!"

Scarcely had the royal carriage passed, than the Duchess of Marlborough came up. Her grace was alone in her chariot, and being instantly recognised, was greeted with groans and yells

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When the carriage reached Whitehall, the shouts were almost deafening, and hundreds pressed round the doctor, invoking blessings on his head, and praying for his benediction in return. This was readily accorded by Sacheverell, who, rising in the carriage, extended his hands over the multitude, crying out, with great apparent fervour—"Heaven bless you, my brethren! and preserve you from the snares of your enemies!"

"And you too, doctor," cried the rough voice of Purchase, who was standing near him. "We'll let your persecutors see to-night what they may expect from us, if they dare to find you guilty."

"Ay, that we will," responded others.

"We'll begin by burnin' down the meetin'-houses," shouted Daniel Dammaree. "The Whigs shall have a bonfire to warm their choppy fingers at."

"Say the word, doctor, and we'll pull down the Bishop o' Salisbury's house," roared Frank Willis.

"Or the lord chancellor's," cried Purchase.

"Or Jack Dolben's,—he who moved for your reverence's impeachment," cried Daniel Dammaree.

At the mention of Mr. Dolben's name, a deep groan broke from the crowd.

"Shall we set fire to Mr. Hoadley's church—Saint Peter's Poor, eh, doctor?" said Purchase.

"On no account, my friends—my worthy friends," replied Sacheverell. "Abstain from all acts of violence, I implore of you. Otherwise, you will injure the cause you profess to serve."

"But, doctor, we can't come out for nothing," urged Purchase.

"No, no, we must earn a livelihood," said Willis.

"I charge you to be peaceable," rejoined the doctor, sitting down hastily in the carriage.

"Notwithstanding what he says, we'll pull down Doctor Burgess's meetin' house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, to-night," cried Dammaree, as the carriage was driven forward.

"Right," cried a little man, with his hat pulled over his brows, "it will convince the enemies of the high church that we're in earnest. The doctor may talk as he pleases, but I know a tumult will be agreeable, as well as serviceable to him."

"Say you so," cried Purchase; "then we'll do it. We meet at seven in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, comrades."

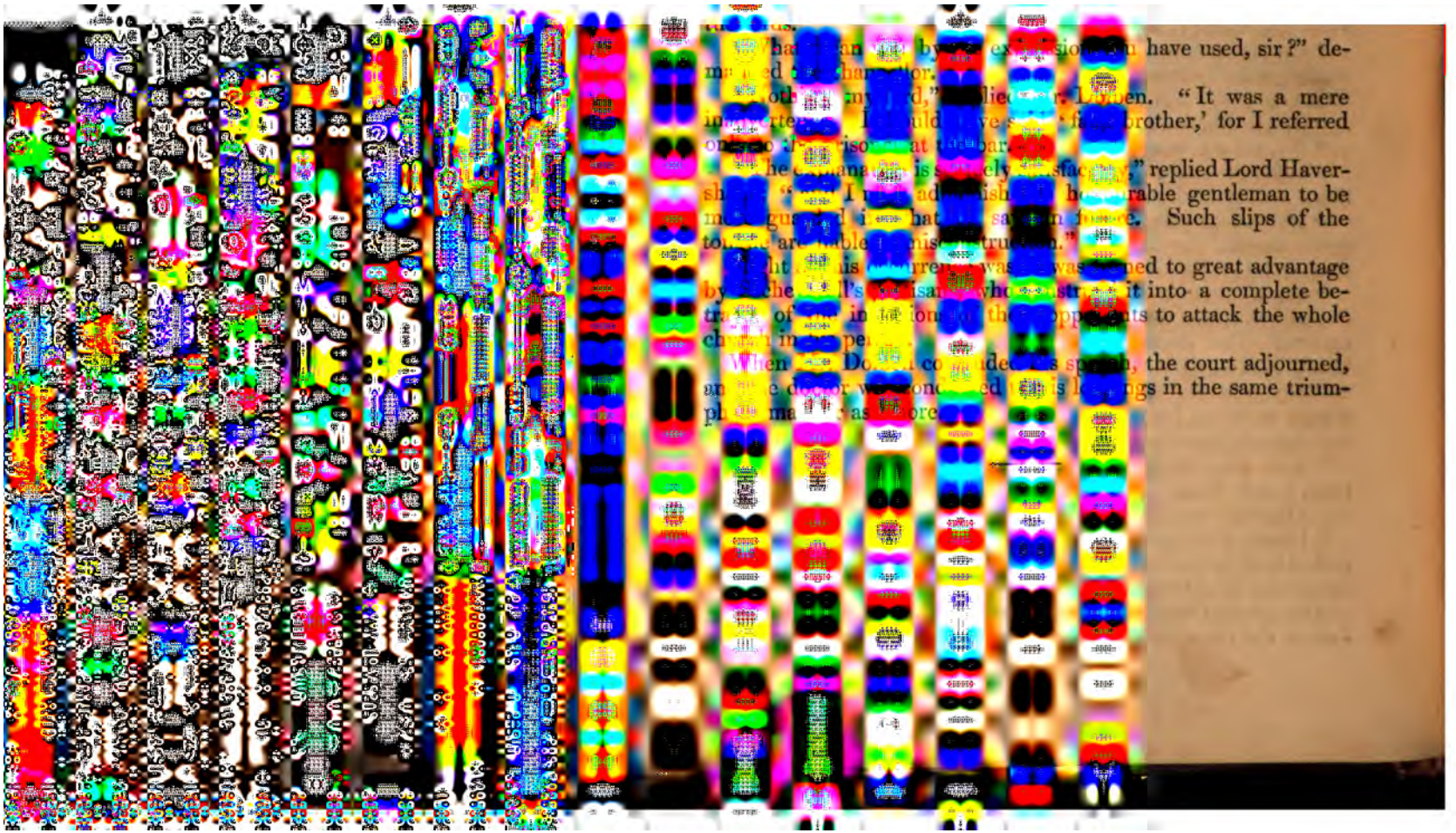
"Agreed," cried a hundred voices.

"And don't forget to bring your clubs with you, comrades,' cried Frank Willis.

"That we wont," replied the others.

"I must keep them up to it," said the short man, with the hat pulled over his brows, to himself. "This will be pleasing intelligence to Mr. Harley."

The proceedings at Westminster Hall were opened by Sir Joseph Jekyll, who, addressing himself to the first article of the



CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOW THE MEETING-HOUSES WERE DESTROYED BY THE MOB.

As evening drew in, the peaceable inhabitants of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields were terrified by the appearance of several hundred persons, armed with bludgeons, muskets, and swords, and headed by three tall men with faces blackened with soot, who, after parading their wild retinue about the square for a quarter of an hour, during which its numbers were greatly increased, paused beneath a lamp-post, when the tallest of the trio, clambering up it, took upon him to address a few words to the mob. As he ceased, shouts were raised of "Well said, George Purchase. Down with the meeting-houses! Down with the meeting-houses!"

"Ay, down with them!" rejoined Purchase. Let's begin with Doctor Burgess's; it's the nearest at hand. Come on, lads. We'll have all the meeting-houses down before morning. Come on, I say. High church and Sacheverell for ever—huzza!"

With this, he leaped down, and brandishing a naked hanger which he held in his grasp, ran towards the corner of the square, and entered a little court, at the end of which stood the doomed meeting-house. Several of the mob who followed him bore links, so that a wild, unsteady light was thrown upon the scene. The court was quickly crowded to excess, and an attack was made upon the door, which proved strong enough to resist the combined efforts of Purchase and Dammaree.

While these ruffians were hurling themselves against it, and calling for implements to burst it open, a window was unfastened, and a venerable face appeared at it.

"What do you want, my friends?" asked the person, in a mild voice.

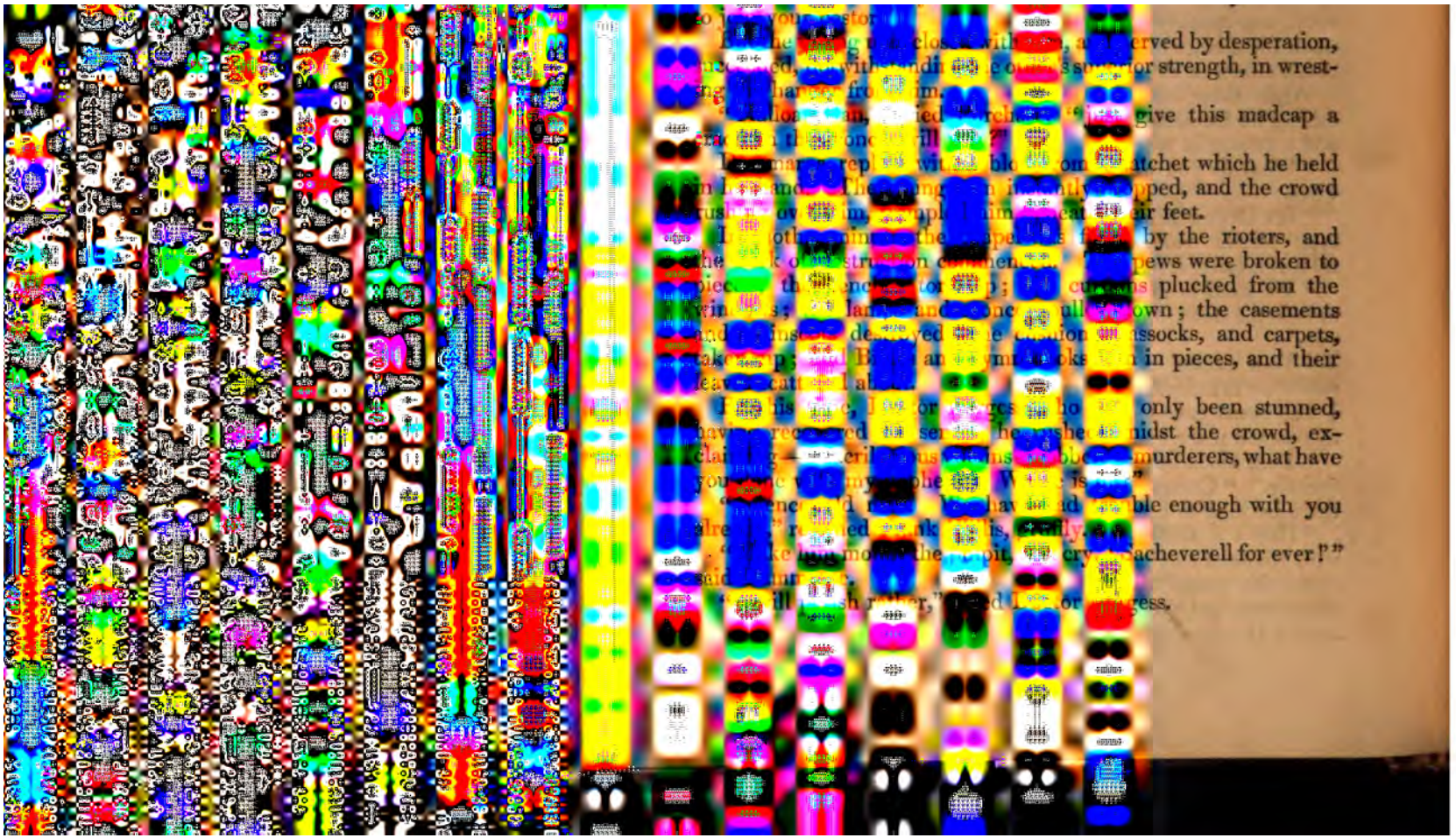
"It's Doctor Burgess himself," cried several voices. And a most terrific yell was raised, which seemed to find an echo from the furthest part of the square.

"We want to get in, old Poundtext," replied Purchase; "so unlock the door, and look quick about it, or it'll be worse for you."

"Your errand is wrongful," cried Doctor Burgess. "I beseech you to retire, and take away those you have brought with you. I shall resist your violence as long as I can; nor shall you enter this sacred place except over my body."

"Your blood be upon your own head then," rejoined Purchase, fiercely. "Curse ye!" he added to those behind him. "Is there nothing to break open the door?"

"Here's a sledge-hammer," cried a swarthy-visaged knave, with his shirt sleeves turned up above the elbow, and a leathern apron tied round his waist, forcing his way towards him. Purchase snatched the hammer from him, raised it, and dashed it against the door, which flew open with a tremendous crash.



"We'll see that," said Purchase. "Here, lads, hoist him to the pulpit."

And amid blows, curses, and the most brutal usage, the unfortunate minister was compelled to mount the steps. As he stood within the pulpit, from which he was wont to address an assemblage so utterly different in character from that now gathered before him, his appearance excited some commiseration even among that ruthless crew. His face was deathly pale, and there was a large gash on his left temple, from which the blood was still flowing freely. His neckcloth and dress were stained with the sanguinary stream. He exhibited no alarm, but turning his eyes upwards, seemed to murmur a prayer.

"Now then, doctor," roared Dammaree—"'Sacheverell and High church for ever,' or the Lord have mercy on your soul."

"The Lord have mercy on *your* soul, misguided man," replied Doctor Burgess. "You will think on your present wicked actions when you are brought to the gallows."

"Do as you are bid, doctor, without more ado," cried Dammaree, pointing a musket at him, "or——"

"I will never belie my conscience," rejoined Doctor Burgess, firmly. "And I call upon you not to commit more crimes—not to stain your soul yet more deeply in blood."

Dammaree was about to pull the trigger when the musket was dashed from his grasp by Purchase.

"No, curse it!" cried the milder ruffian, "we won't kill him. He is punished severely enough in seeing his chapel demolished."

The majority of the assemblage concurring in this opinion, Purchase continued—"Come down, old Poundtext, and make your way hence if you don't wish, like a certain Samson, of your acquaintance, to have the house pulled about your ears."

"God forgive you as I do," said Burgess, meekly. With this he descended, and pressing through the crowd, quitted the chapel.

Before he was gone, however, the pulpit was battered to pieces and the fragments gathered together, and in a few minutes more the chapel was completely gutted by the mob.

Loaded with their spoil, the victors returned to the centre of the square, where they made an immense heap of the broken pieces of the pews and pulpit, and having placed straw and other combustibles among them, they set fire to the pile in various places. The dry wood quickly kindled, and blazed up in a bright ruddy flame, illuminating the countenances of the fantastic groups around it, the nearest of whom took hands, and forming a ring, danced round the bonfire, hallooing and screeching like so many Bedlamites.

While this was going forward, Frank Willis, having fastened a window-curtain, which he had brought from the chapel, to the end of a long pole, waved it over his head, calling it the "high-church standard," and bidding his followers rally round it.

A council of war was next held among the ringleaders, and after some discussion, it was resolved to go and demolish Mr. Earle's meeting-house in Long Acre. This design was communicated to the assemblage by Purchase, and received with tumultuous applause. To Long Acre, accordingly, the majority of the assemblage hied, broke open the doors of the meeting-house in question, stripped it, as they had done Dr. Burgess's, and carried off the materials for another bonfire.

"Where next, comrades?" cried Purchase, ascending a flight of steps. "Where next?"

"To Mr. Bradbury's meeting-house in New-street, Shoe-lane," replied a voice from the crowd.

This place of worship being visited and destroyed, the mob next bent their course to Leather-lane, where they pulled down Mr. Taylor's chapel; and thence to Blackfriars, where Mr. Wright's meeting-house shared the same fate. Hitherto, they had encountered little or no opposition, and flushed with success, they began to meditate yet more formidable enterprises. Arriving at Fleet Bridge, Purchase mounted the stone balustrade, and claimed attention for a moment.

"What say you to going into the city, and destroying the meeting-houses there?" he cried.

"I'm for somethin' better," replied Frank Willis, waving his flag. "I vote as how we pull down Salter's Hall."

"I'm for a greater booty still," vociferated Dammaree. "Let us break open and rifle the Bank of England. That'll make us all rich for life."

"Ay, ay—the Bank of England—let's rifle it," cried a chorus of voices.

"A glorious suggestion, Frank," returned Purchase. Come along. Sacheverell and the Bank of England—huzza!"

As they were about to hurry away, a short man, with his hat pulled over his brows, rushed up, almost out of breath, and informed them that the guards were in search of them.

"They've turned into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields," cried the man, "for I myself told their captain you were there. But they'll be here presently."

"We'll give 'em a warm reception when they come," said Purchase, resolutely. "Here lads, throw down all that wooden lumber on the west side of the bridge. Make as great a heap as you can, so as to block up the thoroughfare completely. Get a barrel of pitch from that 'ere lighter lying in the ditch below —I'll knock out the bottom and set fire to it when we hear 'em comin', and we'll see whether they'll dare to pass the bridge when that's done. Sacheverell and the Bank of England for ever—huzza!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IN WHAT WAY THE RIOTERS WERE DISPERSED.

MEANWHILE intelligence of these tumults had been received at Whitehall, by the Earl of Sunderland, who instantly repaired to Saint James's Palace, and reported to the queen what was going forward, expressing his apprehension of the extent of the riot.

"I am grieved, but not surprised, to hear of the disturbances, my lord," replied Anne. "They are the natural consequence of the ill-judged proceedings against Doctor Sacheverell."

"But what will your majesty have done?" asked Sunderland. "You will not allow the lives and properties of your subjects to be sacrificed by a lawless mob?"

"Assuredly not, my lord," replied the queen. "Let the horse and foot guards be instantly sent out to disperse them."

"But your majesty's sacred person must not be left undefended at this hour," replied the earl.

"Have no fear for me, my lord," said Anne. "Heaven will be my guard. The mob will do me no injury, and I would show myself to them without uneasiness. Disperse them as I have said, but let the task be executed with as little violence as possible."

Sunderland then returned to the cock-pit, where he found the lord chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and some other noblemen. After a brief consultation together, Captain Horsey, an exempt, was summoned, and received instructions from the earl to mount immediately, and quell the disturbances.

"I have some scruple in obeying your lordship," replied Captain Horsey, "unless I am relieved. Belonging as I do to the queen's body-guard, I am responsible for any accident that may happen to her majesty."

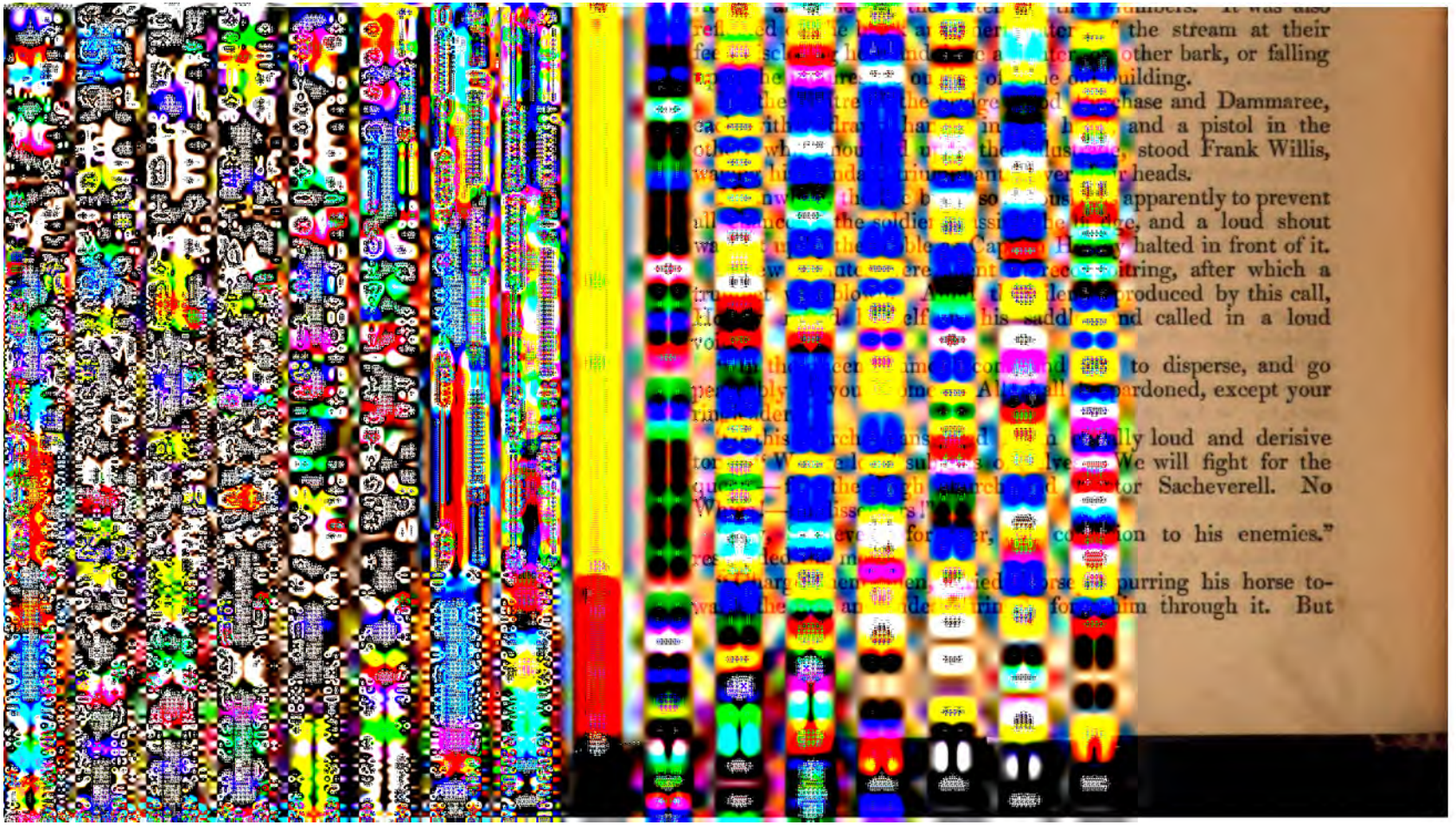
"It is the queen's express wish that this should be done, sir," cried the earl, hastily.

"That does not relieve me, my lord," replied Horsey, pertinaciously; "and I will not stir, unless I have your authority in writing."

"Here it is, then," said the earl, sitting down, and hurriedly tracing a few lines on a sheet of paper, which he gave to the captain. "Are you now content?"

"Humph!" exclaimed Horsey, glancing at the order. "This does not specify whether I am to preach to the mob, or fight them, my lord. If I am to preach, I should wish to be accompanied by some better orator than myself. But if I am to fight, why that's my vocation, and I will do my best."

"Zounds, sir," cried the earl, impatiently, "if you are as long in dispersing the mob, as you are in setting forth, you'll give them time to destroy half the churches in London. About the



the spirited animal swerved and reared, and despite his master's efforts, dashed off in another direction.

With the exception of two or three, the whole troop were equally unsuccessful. Their horses refused to approach the flames; and a shower of brickbats, stones, and missiles increased the general disorder. As to the three men who did effect a passage, their horses were so scared and burnt as to be quite unmanageable, and the poor fellows were speedily dismounted and disarmed. Some dozen others, also, who tried to pass through Fleet Ditch, stuck fast in the mud, and were severely handled by the mob before they could be extricated.

Meantime, loud shouts of triumph were raised by the rioters, and Purchase called upon them to heap more fuel on the fire, which was done by throwing more benches and broken pews upon it. Some half dozen men then approached, bearing a pulpit on their shoulders, which by their combined efforts was cast into the very midst of the fire, where it remained erect. At this spectacle a roar of laughter burst from the rabble, in which some of the guard, in spite of their anger at their discomfiture, joined. Encouraged by this, Purchase shouted out to them, "Don't fight against us, brothers. We are for the queen and the church."

Ordering some of his men to ride round by Holborn Bridge, and attack the rioters in the rear, Captain Horsey caused a discharge of carbines to be made over the heads of those on the bridge, hoping to intimidate them. This was done, but produced no other result than derisive laughter, and a fresh shower of stones, one of which hit the captain himself on the face.

While the soldiers were charging their carbines, a tall man, in a serjeant's uniform, accompanied by a stout coachman, in the royal livery, forced their way up to Horsey.

"Beg pardon, captain," said the serjeant, "but your object is to capture those ringleaders, not to kill 'em, aint it?"

"Certainly, Serjeant Scales, certainly," replied Horsey.

"Then, with your permission, I'll undertake the job," returned Scales. "Come along, Proddy."

And drawing his sword, he plunged into the flames, and was followed by his companion.

Horsey looked on in curiosity to see what would be the result of this daring act, and was surprised to see both men get through the fire without material injury, though the coachman paused to pluck off his wig, which was considerably singed.

"Ha! you are the scoundrel who thrust me from the Duchess of Marlborough's carriage this morning," cried Purchase, glancing menacingly at Scales. "I am glad we have met again."

"We have met not to part till I have secured you, villain," replied the serjeant. "Yield!"

"Not without a blow or two," rejoined Purchase, with a roar of derision. "You have not got a host of troopers at your back now."

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THE HUM OF MEN.

BY A MATTER OF FACT-OR.

It is the province of genius to originate commonplaces,—that is, nothing in the end becomes more commonplace than the phrase which, by force of genius, has taken possession of the minds of the many. Half the cant phrases current in the English language, are derived from Shakspeare; and there are persons who never in their lives perused consecutively a page of that divine writer, whose conversation is made up of phrases pillaged from his works. Like Monsieur Jourdain, who talked prose for forty years without knowing it, they quote Shakspeare, unwittingly, from morning till night.

The stereotyped scraps and scrips of penny-a-line *belles lettres*, picked up by the vulgar in the daily papers, such as "light fantastic toe,"—"foreign aid of ornament,"—"patience on a monument,"—"winter of our discontent,"—"ignorance is bliss," &c. &c., have come to be interlarded in the discourse of the most illiterate,—like Flanders lace flouncing a fustian jacket,—till they have become loathsome by iteration.

So is it with music. Certain vocal phrases are damnatory to any new composition, as to the last degree trite and ear-worn; which probably originated with Purcell, Handel, or Haydn. It is only by force of repetition they have lost their charm.

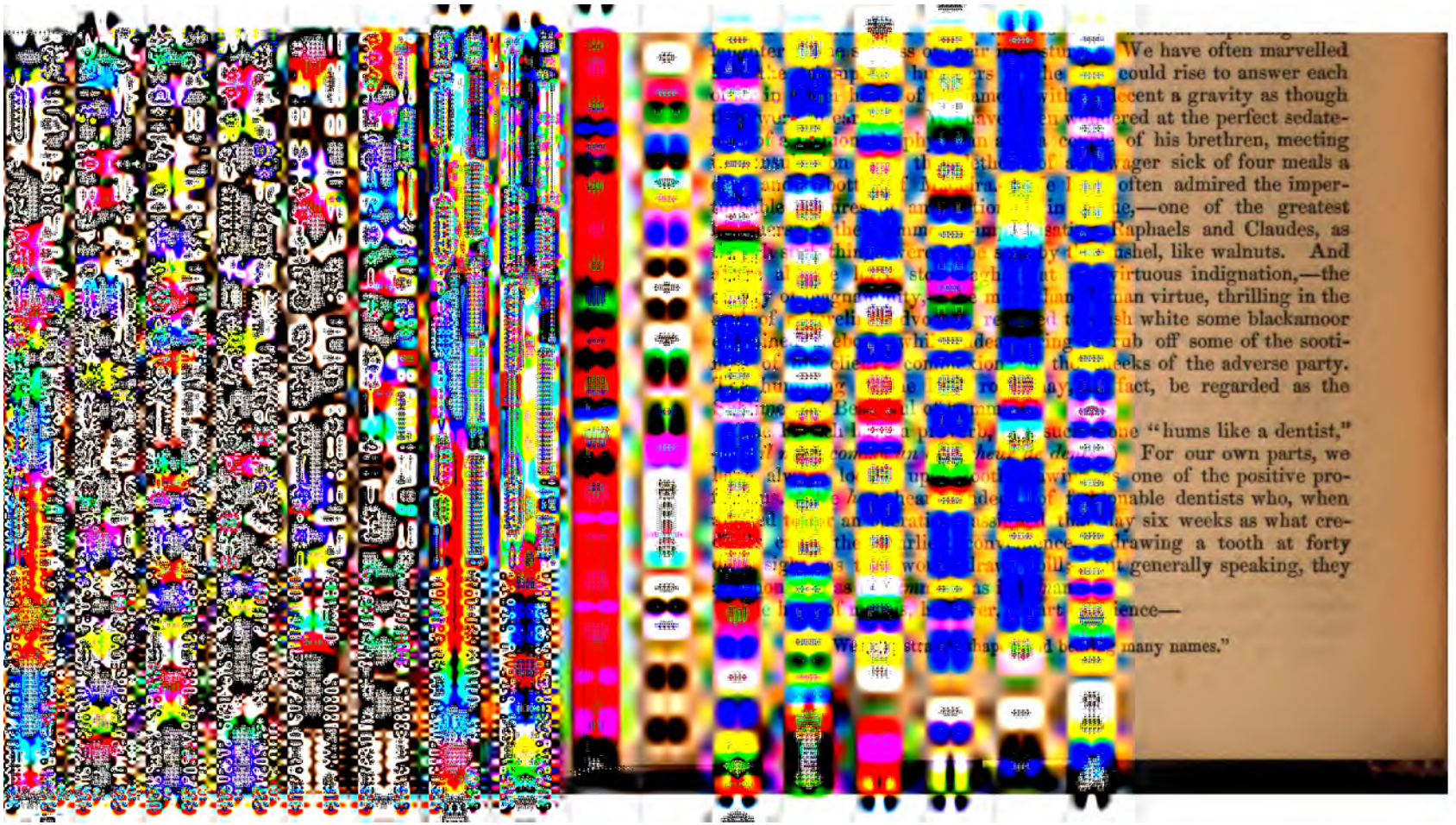
The writer or composer in fashion, is, for the time being, the fountain-head of commonplace. During the successive reigns of the Scotch novels, the cant words of the popular characters were applied to every possible exigency, till the phrases of Dominie Sampson, Nichol Jarvie, Dandie Dinmont, Dugald Dalgetty, and their inimitable confraternity, ended by exhausting human patience. Sam Slick and Jacob Faithful had their turns; and the "Hope I don't intrude" of Paul Pry, was long a standing nuisance.

Before these "modern instances," (Shakspeare, a-hem!) there was the popularity of Sheridan, of Junius, of Wilkes, to furnish cant words to the uninventive; and perhaps no one ever exercised a stronger influence over the small-talk of his day than Sterne, unless, half-a-century before, Dean Swift.

This peculiar distinction, like the barrel-organ with regard to music, may be considered a fair test of popularity; and it is a strong proof of the want of flavour of the greater number of the writers of the day, that they have not invented a single character capable of engendering a commonplace.

It has been cited as a happy illustration on the part of the noble lord, who, pointing to the antique tapestry of old Saint Stephen's, when inveighing against the insignificance of ministerial measures, exclaimed that "there were *now* no longer historical looms at work!" In the same spirit we beg to assure the *illustrissimi* of the circulating libraries, that our grand-nephews will never be bored to death with *their* phrases worn down into commonplace!

And yet, for all this "damnable iteration," (Shakspeare, a-hem!) it sometimes takes a couple of centuries to get to the right meaning of a phrase! What an immense time has it required for the world of letters to discover that the couplet of Milton—



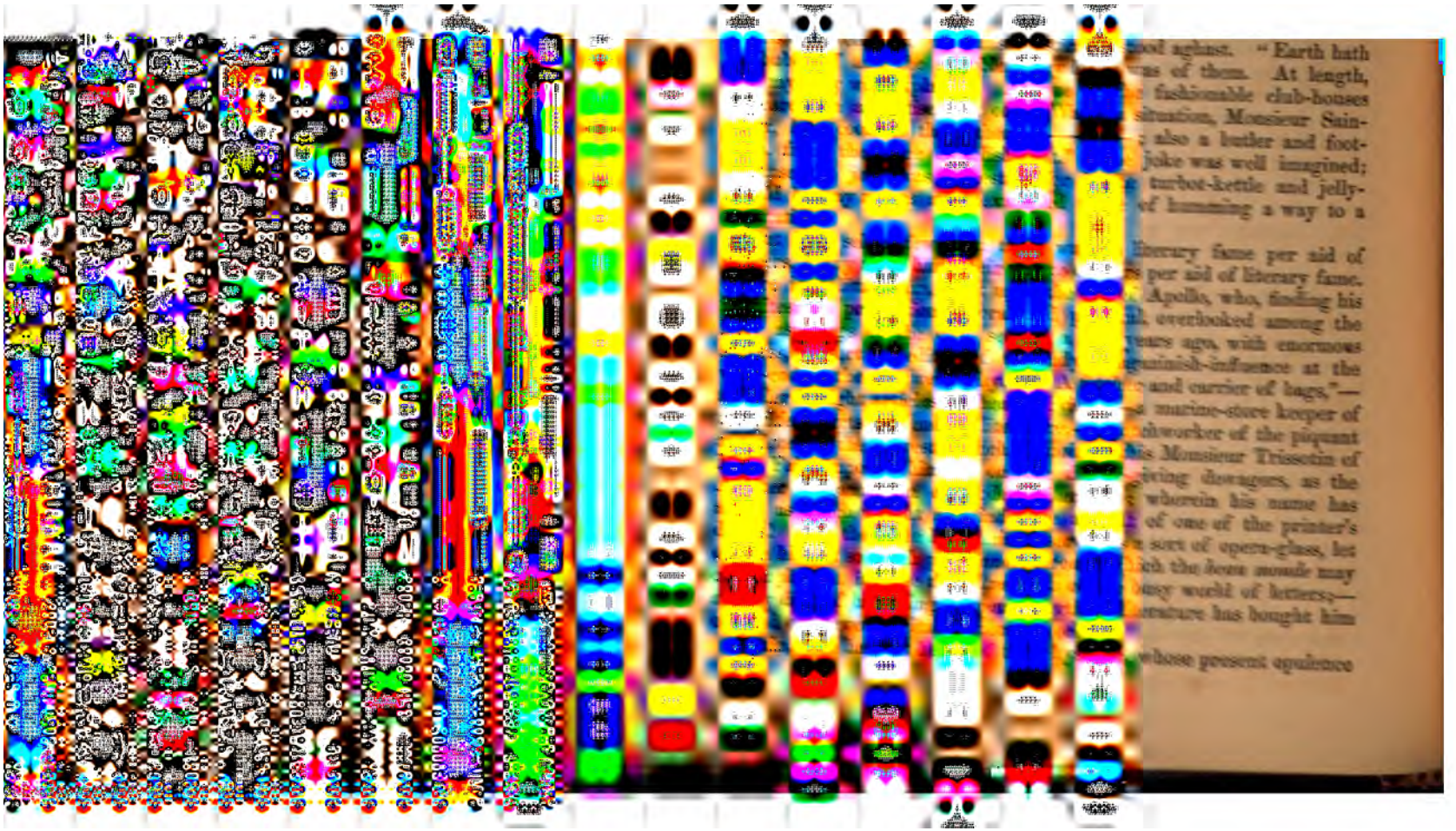
...ss windows of a bargain-shop,—or the programme of a ...re,—may be quite as fine a specimen of the accomplish... preached in a tract, or fudged in a pamphlet! A meeting ...Hall,—a meeting at the Rotunda,—a monster-meeting in ... a pigmy meeting at home,—a charity meeting of young ... of work during the opera recess,—or a treason meeting ...ons out of employ during the parliamentary,—alike hum,—*...gumentum ad humming 'em*, but addressed to divers classes of ...munity.

We all know how Mackenzie's wife rebuked the author of the "Man ...eeling," for his attendance at cockfights; and that Jean Jacques, ...o wrote such divine essays on the beauty of parental love, as to ...nvert all the fair Parisians into wet-nurses, sent his children to the Foundling Hospital the moment they were born. Thesis was the hum of men of letters. Of our contemporaries of literature, we say nothing; satisfied of the beam in our own eye which should teach forbearance towards their ophthalmic afflictions. But we may be permitted in a general way to observe, that some of the most solemngated among them are, under their raven's plumage, amazingly funny fellows; and most of those who do the comical, as dull as dormice, under their mask.

It has been the standing joke of a whole century against the booksellers, that a respectable country parson, having taken a volume of sermons to town for publication, during the mania for Sterne and "Tristram Shandy," was accosted with the question then addressed to every new author touching his works: "Pray, sir, is there any *humour* in them?" But the notion seems to have been prophetic. For no one will deny that the ripest humour going, now-a-days, is hatched under a gown and band.

One of the most amusing traits of the hum of men in the present age, is the spasmodic morality afflicting the public constitution. Every now and then it is taken virtuous, to a degree that threatens the eradication, root and branch, of all existing vices. Septennially or so, the symptoms return, with redoubled violence. An immoral actor is driven from the stage by his worsers; or a foreign singer, less correct in her conduct than her vocalization, is dismissed from the ancient music,—facetiously called the Queen's Bench of Bishops. It is true that, between the acts of this national comedy of the "Hypocrite," the audience of hummers consoles itself with cakes and ale, venting their bravoes on Alice Lowe, and their shouts in honour of some foreign Nero;—just as those strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels, the citizens of the great world, turn their backs upon some thoughtful man for his want of orthodoxy, and rush to their doors to welcome the tilted Jews of fashion, whose turtle, venison, and champagne are beyond the reach of controversy!

These are first-rate specimens of the "hum of men," such as John Milton considered it worth while to come to town now and then for the purpose of enjoying!————Magistrates who encage little boys for playing at chuck-farthing, and wink at Crockfords,—senators who vote for the suppression of fairs, and spend half their lives at horse-races,—serious families, which eschew the dancing-master, but replace his services by those of a drill-serjeant of the guards,—or others keep holy the Sabbath by sending their servants to bed at ten o'clock on Sunday nights, after keeping them up till two, after the opera, on



derived from the arch-humming of having stationed his empty carriage, day after day, before certain houses in the fashionable streets and squares. The coachman had orders to stop, wherever Sir Walter Farquhar's carriage was seen stopping; and supposed to be in perpetual consultation; wherever a consulting physician was wanted, he was called in. There was something of the humorist however in *this* way of humming his way to celebrity.

Nothing more diverting to those behind the scenes than the manœuvres by which certain county members manage to obtain audiences of the home-secretary, or the colonial secretary, or the chairman of the board of trade,—to talk about chalk and cheese;—in order that their country constituents may admire in half-a-dozen morning and evening papers, "Yesterday, Mr. Thingumajee, M.P., had an audience of Lord Plausible, in Downing-street."

The hum of public dinners, by way of bellows, to blow up a prodigious furnace of popularity, is now but as the conjuring trick of a fair compared with those of the Wizard of the North. Certain dandies, when they are going to dine at their club, write themselves little *billet-doux* on coloured paper, which they cause to be brought in by the waiters during dinner, to give themselves the air of being immensely in request. We suspect that many a public dinner and testimonial is similarly concocted! We have certainly heard of an East Indian general, who subscribed a hundred pounds towards a sword for himself,—styling himself of course, in the subscription-list—"a friend to merit,"—as a testimonial of gratitude from his regiment "for the unequalled state of discipline into which it had been brought by his zeal!"

And why not? Many authors review their own books;—many painters criticise their own pictures;—many ladies write verses on their own portraits, in the "Book of Beauty." But on that point—mum! At present, we have only endeavoured to tickle off a few specimens of "the Hum of Men!"

"STORY OF A FEATHER," &c.—WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

This thoroughly English writer is still young enough to give promise of his waging a "thirty years' war" with Vice and Folly, yet a long period has elapsed since he first began to "cut his bright way" through the accumulating dulness of the stage, and to shower his sharp youthful opinions like needle-points about the tingling ears of the play-goer. He must have been but a mere boy when he commenced the war of jest, whim, and sarcasm, in the theatre, and as a dramatist (for we believe he never "adapted" a theatrical piece in his life) obtained frequent and wide popularity.

But in the earliest of his crude and careless stage-essays, there were strong home-points that told with the audience; the joke and the pathos came direct from the spring that have yielded both so freely and effectually since; and the native spirit of an original writer was manifestly struggling to give expression to its own crowding thoughts and sensations in its own eager and inconsiderate way. There were nine parts wit, to one of wisdom—a large mixture of the obscure and erratic marring the most felicitous image; but there was an intellectual keenness in measuring all it looked upon in the world, and a moral

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...ing the whole scene. that ...repulsive
...erous and healthful purpose could
... to ally themselves with just as much
...struction of plots and the consistency
... ensure a more equal, agreeable and

... the "Housekeeper," the "Rent-day,"
... War;" though to our own taste more
... sweet though stern, the play of fancy
... ater, and the honest unaffected moralities
...es like the "Schoolfellows," and "Loves
... the humble dramas illustrative of a true
...on it.

... Mr. Jerrold's, is often worth watching.
... shells and crackers about the house. For
...s" of the world of pomps and vanities and
... cision of the sharp scorching joke is heard
...—and you will see people wince here and
... their mirth. While it affects a neighbour
... sweetness for them; but self-application
... avoid presently turns it to wormwood.
... animates so much of the dialogue of this
...ny critical quarters, partly for the reason
... a misanthropic spirit. No mistake can be
... truth (and her deepest waters, though
...es, are sometimes to the taste, yea, very
... to use a quill dipped in gall; to thrust a
... healing balm into the unsound places of a
...um, to say nothing of all his race! To
...ris only, to apply but the lash of laughter
... innocent, and play the misanthropist a
...

... consistently or constantly "do their spirit-
... science of heart. There is ever a large,
... sympathy for erring suffering humanity,
... it glows in the rosy jovial cheeks of his
... laughing eyes of wit like tears. His
... door to a smile, his caustic and apparently
... soured by a charity; and the sharp wind
... ever it blows can breathe lightly, and
... a mild May mood of its own.
... of the full intent and general spirit of
... we were to go further, and contend
... hatred of the wrong-doer, compassion
... intolerance of the excuses set up for it
... reasoners, have not on a hundred
... injustice to men and classes of men;
... imposture has not sometimes involved
... and wise judgment, a feeling venting
... and vehemently denouncing one pre-
... many a drama, and many a storied
... up to memory and contradict us.
... sections of the over-rich and the very
... commiserates the privations and

sufferings of poverty, as to create a feeling that he is for carrying on a crusade against riches. "The rich," generally, are too roundly rated, as though they were a class of offenders.

In fact, this tendency to bitterness, and inconsiderate because unmeasured censure of "the world," was for a time acquiring a dangerous strength in this writer, who seeming to forget for a season the simple truth registered by L. E. L., that—

"Only by looking up can we see Heaven,"

appeared to find a better use for his far-seeing eyes by gazing downwards, and tracing the foot-prints of his fellow-men through the miriest paths of their varied travels. This habit prevails most in his "Men of Character," and least in his latest performances;—wherein we are at a loss to perceive any dash of acerbity—any gloominess or severity of view—any harsh repulsive doctrines, undiscoverable in those great masters of the heart's philosophy, whom it is plain he passionately admires. It is but in a small portion of his pages that his hatred of vice seems stronger than his love of virtue, and that his experience of the sunny growth of the one withers and nips his blossoming faith in the other, instead of warming it into renewed life and endowing it with quickened action.

But a habit detrimental to the best of his pieces, dramatic or otherwise, may be more fairly remarked upon, as a consequence, either of his resolution to let fly over the house-top every arrow that came to hand, though it should graze the harmless by-stander while it pierced the evil-doer, or (as it may be) of his utter inability to keep his strong-bow unbent for an instant. One of the best uses of a repute for brilliancy is when it operates in averting a morbid fear of being dull; but this "sweet use" Mr. Jerrold was long in discovering. He seemed to think that, not being the wicked child, he must necessarily be the good one in the tale—that he must always utter diamonds when he spoke, the rather that people said they were toads. In fact, he was nothing if not witty and sententious. The habit of sarcasm and repartee grew as he wrote. The characters he invented, and gave names to, lost their identity, and emulated each other in phraseological accomplishment—in the neatness of their points and the adroitness of their exercises. His lamplighters would deign to discourse of nothing lower than the stars, and his fishermen would pick up shells by the great ocean of truth, like a Newton. His very cross-sweeper would have something fine and cutting to say of King, Lords, or Commons. The dullest people would become epigrammatic in tone, in purpose sarcastic or sentimental. All his characters were clever; but that was little—all were in turn wits and philosophers, however far from their nature joke or sentiment might be; and when some "necessary action of the play," some portion of the narrative most essential to be understood, came to be entertained, plain explanatory words seemed to the writer tame, flat, and unprofitable. They were spared accordingly; the very explanation was entrusted to an aphorism, or a *double entendre;* and the audience, or the reader, as it might happen, retired to bed in the dark, complaining, not unreasonably, of the obscurity of the tale. This, we venture to suspect, is the simple cause why more than one otherwise excellent production of this writer has either totally or partially failed on the stage.

The objection applies most strongly to his dramas; but then his

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me with it, through a chequered
e incidents, easily enough con-
ring of characters in the great
truth of the farcical effects of
the characters, whether in their
ngenital depravity, are not far re-
Good and Evil Spirits in society.
the humour of this story: the
in his wit. Patty, the drooping,
inflexible amidst bewilderment,
delicate, makes bright the very
and draws us in more loving
seems to fling her like a weed

esser, with the happy contrasts
and enduring beauty: and the
curacy, and life, as if they had
green-room of a past age.
form, evinces, in many ways, a
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ss to such themes, but is a com-
at is passing around us. If so,
a command. But gratitude for a
, whether in a serious or a laugh-
, when he would take up the pen.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH OF COLONEL STANLEY.—A MAN'S ENEMY MAY LAMENT HIS FALL MORE THAN A FRIEND.—CHESTERFIELDIAN MORALS.—THE MORAVIAN.—HUGH IN CUSTODY.

A SAD and turbulent scene did the moon that night look down on: Manesty, the murderer, flying for his life from the pursuit of Oglethorpe, Hibblethwaite, and others; and Stanley stretched on the earth with features deformed by agony, while every gasp forced a red stream from his wound. Young Manesty and the earl seemed paralysed at the death-struggle before their eyes; but Brooksbank viewed the scene with perfect *sang-froid:* he had come to the ground to see the shedding of blood, and to him it was indifferent who was the sufferer. Strange to say, the knowledge that his friend had fallen, not in combat, but by the hand of an assassin, failed to arouse his sympathies; to be a man of feeling was beneath the stern dignity of a soldier.

Differently, indeed, was Hugh affected by this event. His implacable enemy was destroyed; but in what manner! Could he have reinstated himself in the position he held when he arose in the morning —could he again have enjoyed the honourable estimation of his brother merchants—a flourishing property, and a sweet hope of an alliance with Mary Stanley, he would have forfeited all to restore his persecutor to life. The groans, the convulsed visage, and the gushing blood of that wretched man, tortured him beyond endurance. He had borne his own afflictions proudly; but this last and horrible addition to his misery made the burden too heavy, and his heart sank under it.

"Captain Brooksbank!" ejaculated he, "your friend will die, unless instant aid is procured. O God, that it should come to this! Drive, I beseech you, to Liverpool, for a surgeon. I will not for one instant leave Colonel Stanley."

"To take any trouble about it would be useless," returned Brooksbank. "Stanley can't live ten minutes; before the expiration of which time, we shall all be in custody if we stay here. A man's first duty is to take care of himself. I'm off. You and his lordship may do as you like."

Having said this, he hastened to the post-chaise, which had brought him and Stanley to Wavertree, and drove away at a rapid pace.

This selfish cold-heartedness opened a new source of bewilderment to Hugh, whose knowledge of the world was too confined to permit even a suspicion of the monstrous cruelty of self-interest. Stanley could do nothing more for Brooksbank—why should Brooksbank care for Stanley? Pity was not given us to be cast away for nothing. Why should we sow where we cannot hope to reap? Commiseration is a ledger affair. How much profit may be cleared by investing it? "That is the question."

> "Kindness is subtle, covetous,
> If not a usuring kindness; as rich men deal gifts,
> Expecting in return twenty for one."

Young Manesty, however, was not hardened into this sordid depravation. Seeing that the dying man was left without a friend, he resolved, as far as in him lay, to supply that deficiency. Bending by the side of Stanley, he raised his head, supported it on his knee, and wiped away the death-perspiration that hung on his forehead and cheek.

"Here will I stay till all is over," said Hugh, to the earl. "Meanwhile, let me beseech you, for Heaven's sake, to fetch a surgeon from Liverpool."

Lord Silverstick seemed for awhile undetermined how to act. "I do not altogether approve," at length observed he, "the callous desertion of his principal by Captain Brooksbank. Still, prudence is a great virtue. Without it, our lives would be excessively miserable. Lord Chesterfield has many excellent remarks on this head; and it behoves every man of quality to bear them in mind. His morals are profitable. I recollect his saying, 'Nothing could be more perfectly foolish in any one than to suffer his feelings to lead him away from expediency.' This I call practicable wisdom, Hugh; it is pretty generally acted on, I assure you; and I think you will admit that, to say the least, it would be extremely inconvenient for one in my station to be taken before a magistrate, as having been present at a murder. I came here with you to assist at a gentlemanly arbitrement. That it should have terminated in assassination is not my fault nor yours. I shall depart from Liverpool with all speed. Will you come with me?"

"And leave this unhappy victim to die alone? Never!" exclaimed young Manesty.

"Then, my dear friend, until I have the happiness to see you again, accept *mes adieux*."

The earl disappeared as quickly as Captain Brooksbank had done, and Hugh was left alone with the dying man. The rattle of Lord Silverstick's coach-wheels soon died away in the distance. Silence returned, investing the scene with additional solemnity. Hugh bound his handkerchief over Stanley's wound with an endeavour to stanch the oozing blood. What would he not have given for some restorative which might mitigate the sufferer's fierce agonies—for even a cup of water to moisten his parched tongue!

Hugh looked around him—all was vacant. He listened intently, hoping to catch some distant sound of footsteps. In vain. Nothing could be heard but Stanley's heavy groans. Thus, supporting the head of his ghastly companion, did he remain a weary space of time. At length, he shouted aloud for help twice or thrice. The last shout was answered; and Ozias Rheinenberger appeared.

Having sorrowfully gazed at Stanley, the Moravian spoke; and his measured enunciation sounded dismally in the night air.

"This is a dreadful sight, Hugh Manesty! I know that thy hands are innocent of blood in fact, but not in intention. Thou camest here on a senseless, and a wicked, and a savage errand. The fatal business is beginning to be known in Liverpool. The moment I heard of it, I hastened to the spot to find, and, if possible, comfort thee; for of a surety none can so grievously need comfort as he who hath offended against the ordinances of the Most High. Lo, here will I abide with thee. Others will soon be in the place—ministers of justice."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Hugh; "then something may yet be [illegible] this unfortunate man."

"[illegible]" answered Ozias. "Thy uncle—how have I been

deceived in him!—is indeed a fearful man of blood. Like unto Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal, he hath made slaughter the road to power; and even as Abimelech perished, so will he. And yet, would I could save him, and cause him to repent, for I owe much to the name of Manesty; but it may not be!"

Poor Hugh groaned in bitterness of heart.

"I wonder not to see thee so troubled in spirit," resumed the Moravian. "In the eye of worldly law, thy crime is not great. Thou shalt not lack my counsel and company. Wherever they take thee, I will be by thy side."

"My heart thanks you, Mr. Rheinenberger!" ejaculated young Manesty.

"But thy uncle," continued Ozias. "What is to become of him? Alas! I fear he is lost, body and soul. Avenging men are hotly on his track; among whom is Richard Hibblethwaite, who (so I hear) is mad with rage at something he has recently discovered. I tremble to think John Manesty's speedy death may not be averted. My heart yearns to save him *after* death. He hath tempted Satan to tempt him. O God!" added the Moravian, with uplifted eyes, "be merciful, even unto him, a desperate sinner!"

Further discourse was prevented, by the arrival of four persons, three of whom were constables, bearing a litter; the other was a medical man.

It appeared, that though the pursuit of Manesty was the chief object of Oglethorpe and his followers, one of the latter was nevertheless dispatched to the public office of Liverpool with news of Manesty's fresh atrocity, which Oglethorpe had witnessed on approaching the group, and with a requisition for assistance on the spot. This astounding news was buzzed about, and reached the ears of the Moravian.

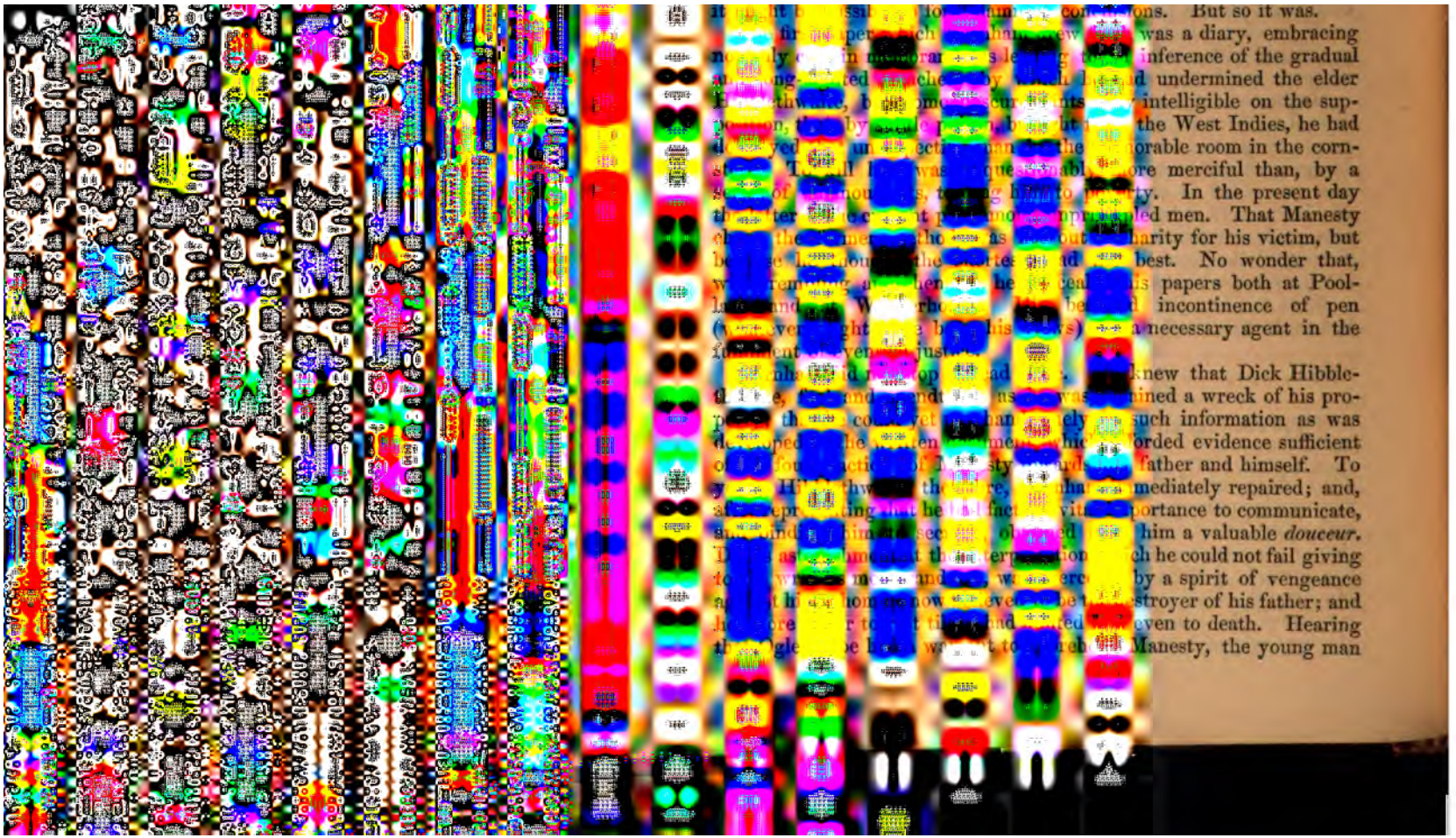
Hugh was immediately taken into custody; and the surgeon having, as well as he was able, examined Colonel Stanley's wound, ordered him to be placed in the litter, and conveyed to his own house. Young Manesty, the officer who had charge of him, and Ozias Rheinenberger, then proceeded to the magistrate's office, where, after examination, Hugh was held to bail to appear, should any charge be made against him. His sureties were the Moravian, and another of the "Unitas Fratrum;" the former of whom took the afflicted young man to his (Rheinenberger's) own house.

News was brought to them, in the course of the night, that Stanley had expired on the litter, as they were carrying him home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAWYER VARNHAM'S PERFIDY AND ITS RESULTS.—MRS. YARINGTON AND MARY STANLEY.

JOHN MANESTY had not long left Varnham's house before that respectable attorney, having sent away the constables in the passage, took counsel with himself how far he might be able to obtain possession of the secrets contained in the portmanteau, and yet secure the five hundred pounds for delivering it to the person authorized by Manesty to receive it. In this interesting and all-absorbing contemplation, he was oblivious of Mr. Mott in his narrow prison. Having ordered his clerk to deny him to any applicant, the lawyer



attached himself to the pursuing party—provided horses for every member of it, and was himself mounted on his blood-mare, Jessy.

On returning to his house, and again secluding himself in his room, with a view to a further examination of the portmanteau, Varnham was startled by a low knocking, seemingly against the wainscot. Guilt starts at trifles. Ezekiel looked round in dismay; but no one was in the apartment except himself. Again the knocking was heard, and for a moment the lawyer underwent a tremor at the idea that some invisible agent was rebuking his treachery. "Let me out!" cried a voice; and then, though not till then, did the lawyer recollect that Mott was locked in the parlour closet. Hurrying the portmanteau out of sight, Varnham released the prisoner, who, staggering forward, sank exhausted into a chair.

"Why, you look ill, my friend," said Ezekiel, opening the window, and admitting air.

"Enough to make a man look ill, and feel ill, too," returned Mott. "I've been jammed upright in that infernal cupboard two hours at least. Why didn't you let me out before you went out yourself?"

"I was called away by pressing business, and actually forgot you, Mott," replied Varnham. "Shall I order you some refreshment?"

"No," said Mr. Mott, sulkily. "To speak upright and downright, Mr. Varnham, I am able to prove that you've took and compounded felony. If you hadn't opened that closet door, I should have took John Manesty upon a charge of murder, as sure as eggs is eggs."

"Not you," responded the lawyer. "I mean no offence to you, Mott, but *two* better men than you would have been required to secure the merchant. Talk no more nonsense, man; but be thankful that by providing you with a retreat, I prevented the blowing out of your brains by John Manesty's pistol."

"When an officer's on service," observed Mott, with a dogged air, "ain't it his duty to expose his precious life to all hazards? Though I'm a husband and a father, Mr. Varnham, and have three small babbies and a wife to provide for, yet my body belongs to our sovereign lord the king, in the execution of the statutes as by law——"

"I know all about that," interrupted Varnham. "Say no more. Here are a couple of guineas for you."

"I don't think it's altogether agreeable to my duty to take 'em," returned Mott, handling the money. "I never, in all my life, took a bribe, especially on service."

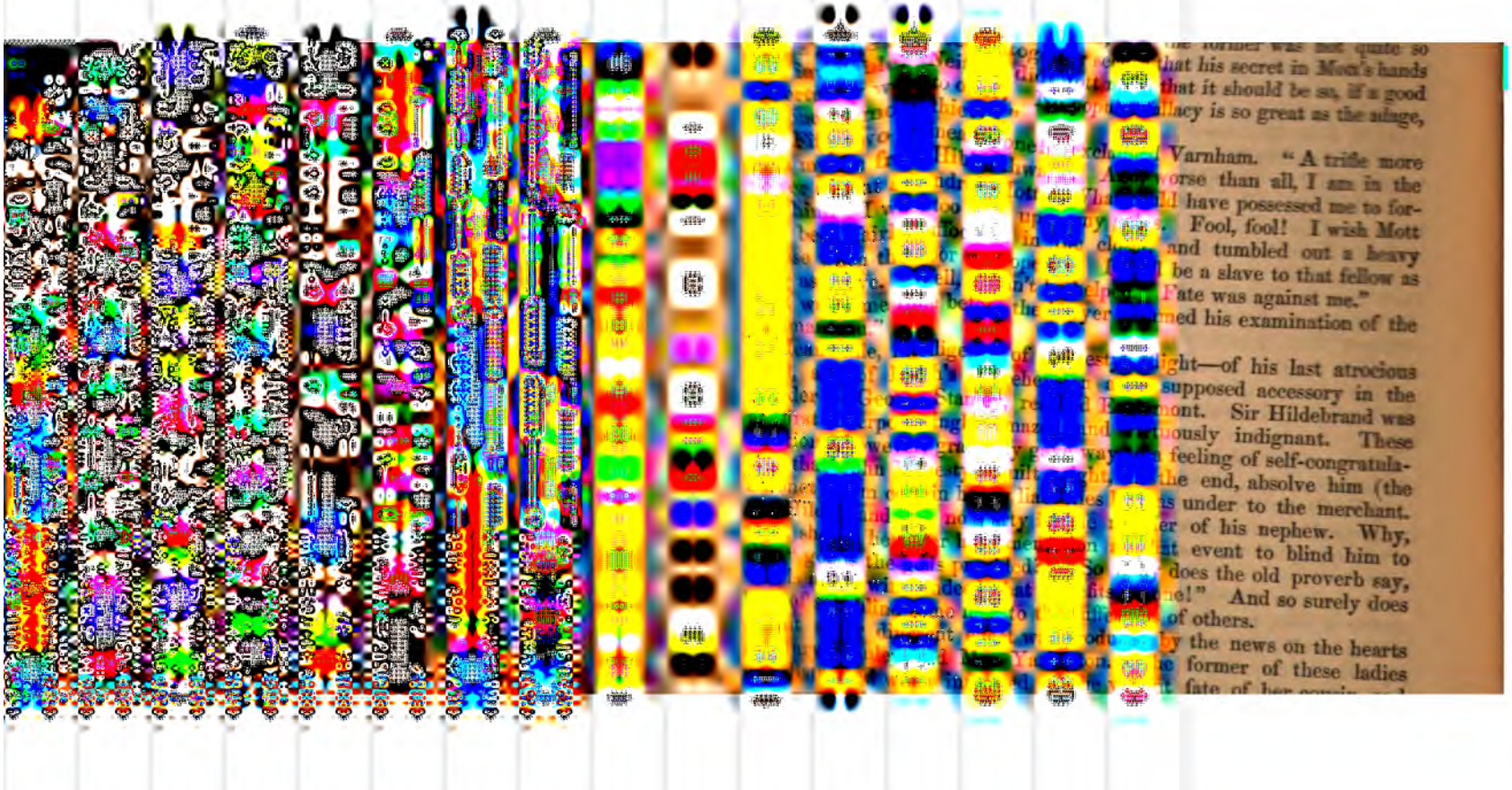
"But you are not on service now," observed the lawyer. "Besides, you know you can trust *me*. Put the coin in your pocket, Mott, and say no more about it."

The constable did as he was bidden. Then assuming a very grave and important face, he said—

"There's another thing, Mr. Varnham, which you and I must just understand one another about, afore I leave this room."

"Why, what's the matter now?" demanded Ezekiel, in a trembling voice.

"I see you through the key-hole," pursued Mr. Mott, "a taking moulds of seals, and drawing out of rivets from a lock to a portmantel. It *may* be all right, you know, or it mayn't; but if any question about papers in a portmantel should ever come up, and I should be put upon my bodily oath as to what I see when I was locked into the cupboard,



heard the voice of Fate, after long silence, announcing a terrible consummation.

"A long and fearful tragedy has passed before my eyes," said the widow, to Mary Stanley; "but I feel that the catastrophe is fast approaching. John Manesty will never be taken alive, depend on that. He cannot, however, escape—he cannot escape! His last journey has come. He is flying, with whirlwind speed, to death. Dreadful reprobate as he is, I cannot help pitying him. My heart is overladen. Bear with me, Mary!" continued she, bursting into a passionate flood of tears.

The deepening mystery which hung over Mrs. Yarington drew Mary Stanley from her own sorrows, for not even these could hinder the strong emotion of curiosity. She burned with impatience to learn the strange facts concealed in the widow's bosom. But so bitter seemed the sufferings of the latter, that Mary viewed them with silent respect; and Mrs. Yarington, after endeavouring without success to regain her composure, retired to the solitude of her own room. Her meditations there are known only to herself and Heaven.

In the morning, she appeared more calm and collected, though something in her deameanour seemed to indicate that her serenity was forced. She inquired of the servants if any fresh news had been heard of Manesty. On their answering in the negative, she expressed surprise, adding, "He cannot escape: the world is not wide enough to afford him a hiding-place. Wretched man! he will never sleep again, unless it be the final sleep."

"And Hugh," said Mary Stanley—"surely Hugh can be in no danger? He is too good—too honourable to be implicated in the deeds of his father."

"His father!" echoed Mrs. Yarington. "Why do you call John Manesty his father?"

"Alas!" responded Mary, "perhaps I have betrayed his confidence. You, dear Mrs. Yarington, will not, I am sure, take advantage of my want of caution."

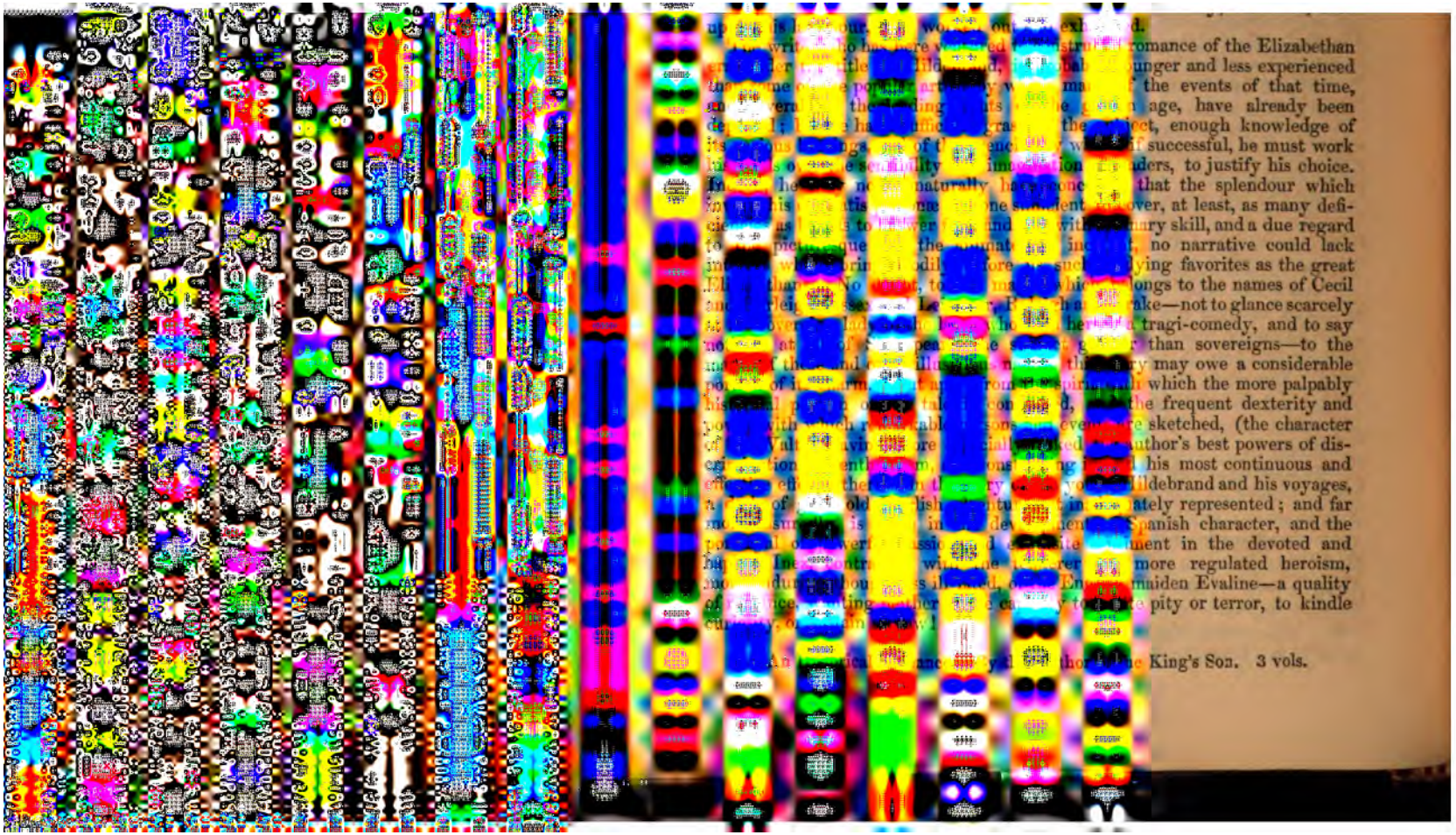
"Did he tell you this himself?" asked the widow.

"Yes."

"Poor Hugh! What must be his agony!" ejaculated Mrs. Yarington. "For many years," continued she, "the great longing of my heart has been to visit Wolsterholme Castle. This could not be gratified, because the place had fallen, by purchase, into the hands of John Manesty, and because I heard he visited it frequently. I have already told you, that not for worlds would I stand in presence of that man. But when his career shall be over—when the grave has closed on him—I would fain again see Wolsterholme. It was the haunt of my youth, Mary. Will you go thither with me?"

"Willingly," responded Miss Stanley.

"And Hugh shall go with us too," said Mrs. Yarington. "The place is deserted, vacant, and in ruins; but I am told its quaint and formal garden still exists; and one of the rooms, called the garden-room, has been kept in repair by John Manesty. That he should go to this room once a-year, and seclude himself in it, is the only good thing I know of the ruthless merchant. God knows he had reason enough to make an annual vigil there! To stand once more in that room, with young Manesty and you, Mary, by my side, will indeed be balm to my heart."



THE PRUSSIAN PADDY GRENADIER.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

PART II.

It was a small, oddly-shaped chamber into which the Jew and the grenadier were introduced; on various shelves were placed crucibles. Seated at a furnace, in a corner of the room, was an aged Jew, of sallow complexion, intent in his employ over a melting-pot, and he was with a large blow-pipe increasing the heat of his fire. He started and trembled on perceiving a tall soldier in uniform. A word, however, in Hebrew, from Shadrach, restored him to composure.

Shadrach now inspected the pearl necklace, and made Pat Doyle an offer of a sum about the twentieth part of its value. As that sum exceeded the amount of rent due by Charlotte Baumer to her landlord, he readily agreed to take it. The two Jews exchanged glances that plainly intimated that Mr. Doyle had stolen the pearls. Shadrach, however, paid him the stipulated sum.

"Now, while your hand is in," said Patrick, "what will you give me for this?" and he drew out the silver candlestick. A price was immediately offered, and accepted, when, to the Irishman's surprise, Shadrach took up a strong hammer, and in a trice beat the candlestick to pieces, and in five minutes the whole of them were in the melting-pot, and the sallow old Jew was puffing out his lanky cheeks with more energy than ever with the blow-pipe, at the same time holding his beard away from the fire, for fear of singeing that worshipful appendage.

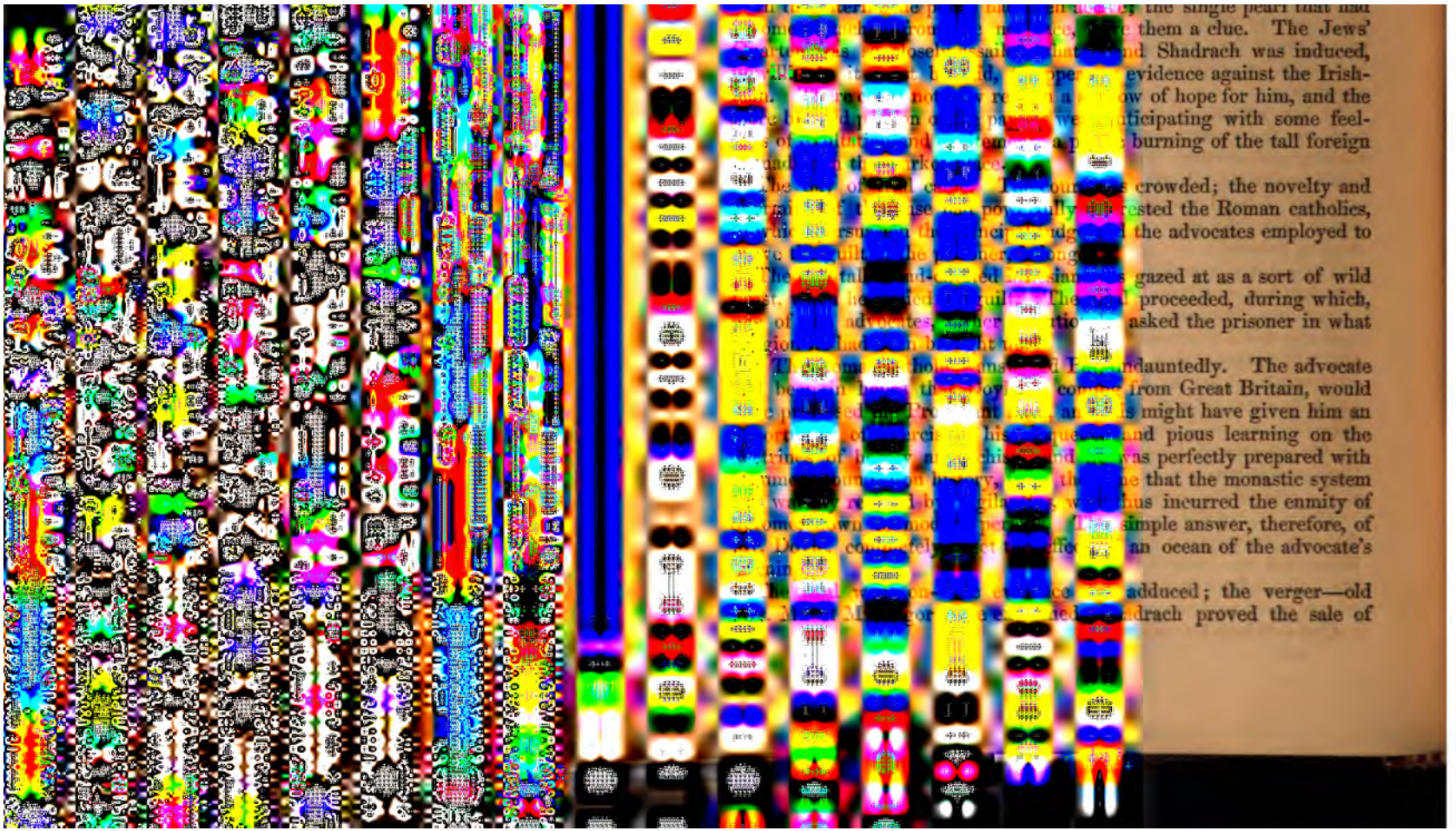
In the meantime, one of the priests, accompanied by the verger, went to the commissary of police, and made a deposition as to the robbery and sacrilege that had been committed, as it was conjectured, by an exceeding tall grenadier; a police spy was sent instantly to the entrance of the Jews' suburb, and a second to the barracks, and there posted near the gate to watch the soldiers on their return for the evening parade.

The substance of the observations of the two police-officers to their principal was as follows, and entered on the minute-book:—

Ferdinand Buncker deposed, that he saw a tall grenadier emerge from the Jews' Quarter; that the grenadier occasionally looked behind him as if to notice whether he was observed; that he then entered a small *café*, where he drank two glasses of brandy, in payment for which he tendered a florin; he then hastily made his way to the River-street, where he ascended the staircase of the house No. 28; that shortly afterwards he came forth accompanied by a female, by name Charlotte Baumer, mender and cleaner of lace, who walked with him to the gate of the barracks.

The major of the regiment on guard had placed Corporal Muller at the gate, the moment he heard of the robbery, and each grenadier as he entered was ordered to file to the right into the guard-room, where the police-officer was stationed, who had directions of the major to search every soldier minutely and individually.

Claus Schroeder, police-officer, deposed that he, by the orders of



the pearl necklace and the candlestick. There was not a doubt on the matter to a single person in the whole court.

The prisoner was called on for his defence, when Pat Doyle, drawing himself up with astonishing self-possession, denied the commission of any theft, saying, that the Holy Virgin, from pity to his poverty, HAD PRESENTED HIM WITH THE OFFERINGS!

Mrs. M'Gregor had certainly deposed that she heard the prisoner ejaculate, as in prayer, the words, "BLESSED VIRGIN, HELP MY POVERTY."

As this was the only defence Pat Doyle had to offer, the court, affecting some little deliberation, doomed him to death as a sacrilegious robber.

Just at this time, Frederic the Second was personally superintending, with his accustomed activity, an inspection of all his regiments in quarters, rapidly travelling from place to place.

In a brief report from Count Ferhbellin, the colonel of the regiment to which the Irishman belonged, the colonel minutely detailed this singular case, to his majesty. On the king making some further inquiry, with the very extraordinary memory (which he and other crowned heads have possessed) he recollected the tall, finely-formed grenadier, whom he had previously noticed at Berlin.

In Prussia, in 1784, (and it may be the law of the present time,) whatever number of sons a peasant had, they were all liable to be taken into the military service, except one who was left to assist in the management of the farm. The rest were decorated with badges from their childhood, to mark that they were destined to be shot at, whenever honourably called upon by their country. The army of Frederic the Second amounted to 220,000 men, including 40,000 cavalry. The maintaining so large a body of troops in a country naturally unequal to it, occasioned such a drain from the population, and such a withdrawal of strength from the tillage of the earth, that Frederic the Second endeavoured to save his own peasantry by bringing as many recruits as he could from other countries.

These foreign recruits remained continually in the regiments in which they were placed; but the native Prussians had every year some months furlough, during which they returned to the houses of their parents or brothers, and worked at the business of the farm, or in any handicraft in which they might have been brought up. Every foreign recruit was, therefore, of value in the eyes of the government.

His Majesty Frederic the Second, reigned absolute through all his dominions; he was a little jealous of the increase of catholicism, although all religions were tolerated. And as the Bishop of Posen and a conclave of popish divines had decidedly made up their minds that this despoiler of their church should become a terrible example, so his majesty of Prussia secretly determined that he would thwart their mild intentions.

To strengthen their case, the Roman-catholic clergy pressed his majesty to confirm the sentence of the court as a public warning. Frederic appointed a day, when he received the bishop and the most influential of the priesthood. His majesty listened with laudable patience to the facts and the arguments; but when it came to the point of defence which the prisoner had set up, that the Madonna had presented him with the offerings, the sagacity of his majesty predominated,

and he asked the bishop and other divines, whether, according to their religion, the miracle was impossible?

They replied, that the case was extraordinary, but *not impossible.*

"Then," said Frederic, "the culprit cannot be put to death; because he denies the theft, and because the divines of his own religion allow the miracle of the gift of the articles in question, not to be impossible." The bishop turned pale—the clergy stared at each other. The king calmly proceeded, "But, gentlemen, it must be perfectly understood, that we strictly forbid this grenadier, or any other of our soldiers, under pain of death, henceforward *to receive any present from the Virgin Mary, or any saint whatever.*"

His majesty then broke up the conference, greatly to the mortification of the church dignitaries, who now upbraided themselves for having admitted the *possibility*, which gave their intended victim the benefit of the *doubt.*

Patrick Doyle, to his infinite surprise, was rescued from the punishment he merited; he had received a sufficient warning, and he vowed for the remainder of his life (of which he had so narrow an escape) never more to place it in danger, excepting in the service of the monarch whose pay he received.

We have not yet quite done with Frederic the Second and the Irish grenadier. Doyle returned to the duties of his regiment, and submitted without a murmur to all the petty annoyances and sarcasms of Corporal Muller, whose jealousy still continued, because Pat was the taller man by two inches.

The following year, the king had been suffering from gout and asthma, which it must be owned were not a little aggravated by the pleasures of the table, for his majesty, like his loyal subjects in Berlin, was attached to good feeding. The Berlin cookery is remarkable for its great variety. What must Berlin cookery have been to an Irishman, when it was deemed essential that the cook should be competent to make from *potatoes* twelve various dishes! But we digress: we must come to our concluding anecdote. Frederic the Second having partially recovered, recommenced his usual solitary rides in the neighbourhood of his capital, dressed in the plainest manner, and one day sallied forth from the celebrated Brandenburgh Gate, (erected a few years previously,) and rode into the country unattended.

When about eight miles from Berlin, he saw a young woman of gigantic stature digging in the fields. This young person was but nineteen years of age; but she stood seven feet and two inches in her shoes. She was so tall, that it was positively an inconvenience to her. If, during the holiday or carnival time, she came to Berlin, a rabble followed her in the streets;—if she accompanied her friends to a theatre, there was always an outcry from the persons behind her that she was to sit down, though, poor thing, she was already seated;—if she visited the public gardens to see the fireworks, some in the crowd were always sure to exclaim, that one solitary female was standing on a chair, and that it was unfair to the others. People who did not like to be overlooked, complained that she peeped in at their first-floor windows. The poor girl had once to travel from Berlin to Magdeburgh, and she was compelled to ride with her head out at the window of the Diligence, the whole journey, for she could not sit upright in the carriage. She had also to undergo many other minor inconve-

niences—if she wanted her hair cut, the barber was obliged to mount a pair of steps to accomplish the business;—there were no stockings ever manufactured that were long enough for her leg;—and if she wanted new articles of clothing, there was as much linen, &c. required as would furnish a bedstead. In short, she was too long.

But not so thought the King of Prussia. We have before alluded to his predilection for tall soldiers, and he imagined on looking at this splendid female specimen, that if she was mated with an equally tall person of the other sex, that a couple of the kind must produce very large children.

The regiment in which Pat Doyle served was now again quartered in Berlin.

Frederic viewed this young peasant with almost as much delight as King Arthur beheld *Glumdalca*, in the tragedy of "Tom Thumb;" so he dismounted, and entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear that she was a single woman, and that her father was so poor that she was compelled to work in the fields. The king, who was never to be driven out of any project he had once formed, mounted his horse and rode to the nearest house, where, procuring pen, paper, and sealing-wax, he wrote as follows to Colonel Ferhbellin:—

"COLONEL,—You are to marry the bearer of this note to the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care that the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order: it is absolute; and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight.

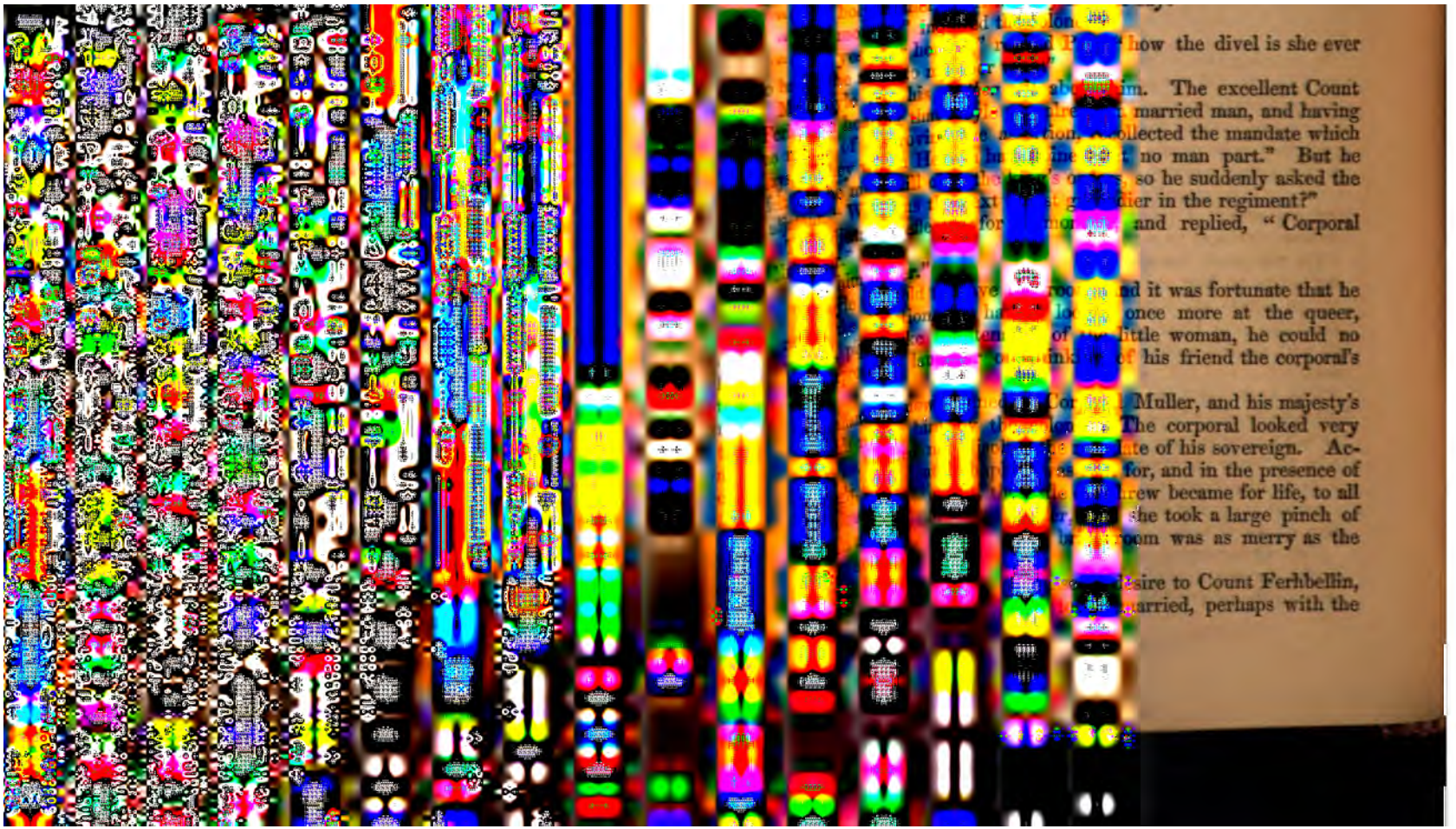
"FREDERIC."

In penning this billet his majesty had the fortunes of Mr. Doyle in view; but he did not particularize, that he might not cause any unnecessary jealousy amongst the grenadiers of Colonel Ferhbellin's regiment. After he had sealed this epistle, he rode back to the field to the tall young lady, who wondered at the reason of being thus accosted, and gave her the letter, without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver it punctually according to the directions, and not to fail, as it was an affair of great consequence. His majesty then made her a handsome present in money, and continued his route.

The tall young woman, who had not the least idea that it was the king who spoke to her, returned home when her work was over. In the cottage where she lived lodged her aunt, a little old shrew, with a turned-up nose, blear-eyed, and smoke-dried, of a pestilent temper, but with no bad opinion of her looks, good sense, and genteel deportment.

The next day there was some hay to be stacked; and as the stack had already risen beyond the pitch of the usual run of men labourers, the tall young woman had undertaken to fork it up, and believing it to be perfectly indifferent whether the letter was delivered by another, so as it came safe to hand, she charged her brisk old aunt with the commission, laying express injunctions on her to say that she had it from a man of such a garb and mien.

The old termagant aunt was delighted at the prospect of her trip to Berlin, for she wanted to see the fashions, and to replenish her snuff-box; so she adorned herself in her bright holiday clothes, partook of a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notion of ascertaining how his experiment for obtaining a stock of giants was proceeding, when Corporal Muller and his bride were presented to his majesty. The king lost his usual serenity of temper, and delivered his sentiments of disappointment in no measured terms to the colonel. He was implacable until the little old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to Heaven, and thanking Providence for conferring on her benefit the more signal and acceptable to her as unexpected.

Frederic, though mortified, could not resist laughing immoderately; but to make some amends to Muller, he promoted him. The promotion, however, did not add to the domestic happiness of Muller; for his wife led him a life of petty annoyances more galling than he had ever inflicted on Pat Doyle, or any of the recruits under drill.

Up to this point there is no moral conveyed in our tale.

Patrick Doyle continued in the Prussian service, and was in the army that was sent by Frederic-William the Second (successor to Frederic the Second) to Holland, to obtain satisfaction of the (so-called) patriots who refused to recognise the rights of the Stadtholder, and insulted his wife (the King of Prussia's sister) on her way to the Hague. Here Doyle had an opportunity of exhibiting his bravery, and soldierlike qualities. He gradually gained promotion, and in the war against France, in 1792, he held the rank of serjeant-major.

At a subsequent period, he annually and secretly slipped into the box, which was placed in the catholic chapel at Posen, for the contributions of the charitable, in aid of the poor, a sum far exceeding the amount of his delinquency.

THE TRAPPER.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

BY JOHN MILLS.

On the shores of the Hudson, in times long since passed away, an isolated being lived, bearing the name of Nick Wolsey. His solitary home was in a valley of the highlands, about a mile from the river's bank, and his occupation consisted in hunting and trapping, and trading for furs with the Indians. He was tall and gaunt, with a peculiarly stern and even melancholy expression of feature, and, from his lonely gloomy habits, seemed to claim no kith nor kindred with any living creature. The only companion of his hours was a grizzly deerhound, whose speed and strength often o'ermatched the fleetest buck; and once he closed with a silver panther, and, despite the monster's furious struggles, tore the windpipe from his throat. Crouched before the fire in the log-cabin, he would watch each move and gesture of his master, and be as ready as his shadow to obey the beck and look.

Thus years had come and gone, and still found no change in the trapper's home.

One day, a party of Indians, of the Penobscot tribe, approached his dwelling, and proffered skins, in exchange for the white man's fire-water and gunpowder. Among them was a girl of singular beauty,

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returning from examining his traps, late one evening, he was somewhat astonished, and not a little vexed, at his wife's neglecting to meet him, according to her wonted custom, some short distance from the log-cabin.

"Where is Minamee, I wonder?" said he, striding towards the door; and as he reached the threshold, he stumbled heavily against something laid across it. Upon stooping to ascertain the cause, he discovered the lifeless body of his faithful deerhound.

"Minamee!" he shouted, with Stentorian lungs. "Sea and earth! how did this happen? Minamee, I say!"

"Hush!" exclaimed a voice, in a whisper. "Hush, you'll wake my child."

"Wake your child!" repeated he, hearing his wife nestling her infant to her bosom, as he threw open the door. "Wake your—" the sentence was unfinished. Fell horror petrified him with the sight that presented itself; his lower jaw dropped, and his eyes seemed ready to start from their strained sockets; the warm blood curdled in his veins, and the checked pulse ceased its throbbing. Sitting before the hearth, upon the floor, there was the young mother, bearing marks of cruel violence in her gashed features and disordered dress, and pressing to her breast the headless trunk of her infant. Pale was her countenance; and the fixed, glassy stare betokened madness in all its horrid form.

"Say," screamed the trapper, rushing to the side of his demented wife—"say how—who has done this?"

"Hush!" replied Minamee. "Do you not see he sleeps?"

"God of heaven!" exclaimed he—"she's daft—gone wild—mad!" and, scarcely less so himself, the strong, bold hunter howled in his misery.

For days he was unable to learn the particulars of the terrible catastrophe. At length, a change took place in the benighted reason of his wife; but, like the remaining spark in the charred ember, it was the last effort of the mind ere death expunged its miseries.

It appeared that at sunset Minamee was preparing to set out to meet her husband, after rolling her little charge in a robe of buffalo-skin, and placing him on his bed of straw, when the long shadow of a man was cast suddenly into the entrance, and as quickly disappeared. The deerhound sprung from the floor, on which he had been lying, and, as he leaped to the doorway, followed by his mistress, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the noble animal fell dead at her feet. In an instant afterwards, the form of an Indian, whom Minamee at once recognised as the foiled assassin at her marriage, bounded into the cabin, and, despite the mother's furious struggles, clutched her child from his little couch, and brandishing his knife with savage yells, severed the head from its body.

"There," said he, pitching the corpse towards the frantic mother, "is my revenge. Blood to the red man's wrong is as water to fire. I am satisfied. Farewell!" and turning upon his heel, he quitted the spot, like one who had accomplished a noble deed, with a slow and haughty footfall.

The hitherto happy and contented home of the trapper was now desolated. It was a long, long time since tears had fallen from Nick Wolsey's eyes; but as he watched the sinking moments of his dying wife, they chased each other down his furrowed cheeks in streams, and

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no groan escaped his lips.
of his soul; still he would not

speak. In a few minutes the living and the dead were lashed together. The breathing man and putrid corpse, festering in corruption, were as one. When so much of the horrid work was finished, the trapper stood with folded arms, and, with a fiendish smile, surveyed the advancement of his task.

"And now to complete it," said he, lifting the load lightly in his arms, and placing it longways on the back of his horse tethered on the greensward. The animal sniffed the air, and would have plunged from his burthen had not the well-known voice of his master soothed and quieted him. Still he stood with fiery eyeballs and dilated nostrils, ready to fly from his own shadow as he smelt the offensive stench issuing from the cradle. Girding it, in the same fashion as the bodies were bound together, round the loins, ribs, and neck of the horse, he so contrived to fix it that neither jolt nor jar could move it from the firm position.

"Now, my eagle of the rock," said the trapper, addressing his horse—"my untamed unicorn, you shall, for the first time since ye left the prairie-grass, feel the effects of the lash;" and taking a punishing switch in his hand, he struck the animal sharply until wrought to a pitch of fury and pain. Flakes of foam flew from his mouth, and streams of perspiration rolled from every pore in his skin. Leaping in the air, like a stricken stag, he strove to snap the bond which held him, and at length, with one terrific plunge and cry of terror, broke away with the speed of thought, and swept through forest, swamp, and wild, with madness in every stride. On, on he went. The flood was passed, the prairie gained; still on he went. A wild, piercing shriek broke on the unbounded waste, and lent new fear to the maddened horse. On, on he went. The noontide sun darted his rays, unbroken by leaf or bough, upon the fleeing o'erloaded steed; but still his gallop was unslackened. His skimming shadow became gigantic in the falling light; and still he continued on. The pale moon tipped the thin fleecy clouds with her silver light; and yet his speed was unabated.

'Tis said—but ever in a whisper—by the hunters of the far west, that the horse may still be seen scouring the plains, where the footfall of man is seldom heard, with his load of the living and the dead.

LOVE IN HATE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Once I thought I could adore him,
Rich or poor, beloved the same;
Now I hate him, and abhor him—
Now I loathe his very name—
Spurn'd at, when I sued for pity—
Robb'd of peace and virgin fame.

If my hatred could consume him,
Soul and body, heart and brain;—
If my will had power to doom him
To eternity of pain;
I would strike, and die, confessing
That I had not lived in vain.

Oh, if in my bosom lying,
I could work him deadly scathe!
Oh, if I could clasp him, dying,
And receive his parting breath—
In one burst of burning passion
I would kiss him into death

I would cover with embraces
Lips, that once his love confess'd,
And that falsest of false faces,
Mad, enraptured, unrepress'd.
Then in agony of pity
I would die upon his breast!

MY HOUSE IN CECIL STREET.

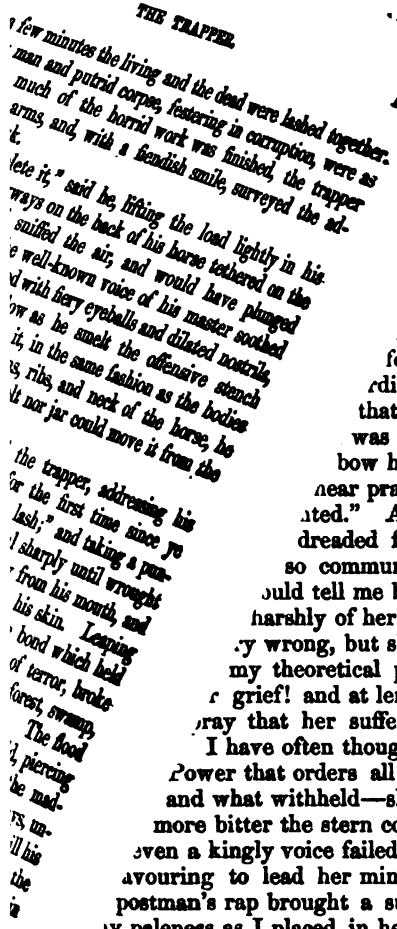
BY MRS. WHITE.

THE REPRIEVE.—PART II.

Hour after hour wore on, and still the same suffocating sobs—the same bitter cries broke from the chamber beside me. What would I not have given for the means of comforting her unhappy spirit; but unconscious of the cause of her mental suffering, I knew not what anodyne to apply. One moment, the recollection of her father's friendship, of her own youth, and my maternity, seemed to give me a right to share with her such consolation as one heart (that has itself passed through the fiery furnace of many-shaped affliction) can offer to another; but there was such a mystery in her distress—a beloved daughter—an adored wife—(for I had heard from her father that she was happily and unexceptionably married)—I knew not what to think, and dreaded something wrong—some story of woman's frailness, and inconsistency, and late remorse. Oh, how I wronged her! Little did I surmise that the high and holy purpose of her mission—the secret of her urgent agony at the footstool of her God, was the forfeit life of her husband! Oh, Earth—Earth! which of thy children can count on the seeming fairness of his destiny? But I anticipate.

These fears prevented my obtruding my sympathy; but I prayed heartily for her; and then again endeavoured to obtain the rest that my daily duties rendered necessary for me; but my state of mind made it impossible for me to sleep, though I occasionally fell into perturbed snatches of repose, as people in fever do; and as often as I woke up from these confused and unrefreshing slumbers, though I could not hear her footstep, I could tell by the recurring shadow that kept darkening the glimpse of light through the door, in her passage to and fro the room, that the poor young creature did not even endeavour at obtaining rest. No, all night long—all night long—she kept her melancholy vigil; perhaps the hours that to me appeared interminable all too short for her engrossing supplication. But, oh, it was a solemn thing to lie awake through those dismal hours, hearing, amidst the buffetings of the storm and plashing rains, the sadder dissonance of a mind in suffering, which no human hand could alleviate.

Never did I feel more grateful for the dawn of a new day than when the glare of the stormy clouds told me the shadows of the night had vanished; and then, too, either overcome with natural weariness, or fearful that the ears she had imagined sealed in the darkness of night should become cognizant of her distress, the poor lady's voice died away, and I trusted that for a time unconsciousness brought her a temporary relief from her affliction. She had desired to be called by a certain hour; and I took care that breakfast, in its most inviting form, should meet her upon leaving her apartment. But the full heart has no appetite; and though (in order to save the presence of servants) —for the night she had passed was deeply evidenced in her worn and pallid aspect—I made breakfast for her myself (an attention she felt, and thanked me for), she did nothing but trifle with a morsel of dry toast; and after two or three ineffectual attempts to swallow it, pushed aside the cup, into which her tears had fallen, and, with a look that seemed to say, "You see I try to do as you wish me, and I thank you


THE TRAPPER.

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y wrong, but she could not help it.
my theoretical philosophy gave way before the strong
r grief! and at length I could only mingle my tears with
pray that her sufferings, whatever their nature, might be
I have often thought since, how sadly her story evidenced
Power that orders all things knows best what is good to be
and what withheld—she gained her prayer, only to render
more bitter the stern course of retributive justice, that, in this
even a kingly voice failed to turn aside. While I still sat, vainly
avouring to lead her mind from the distresses that absorbed it,
postman's rap brought a sudden hectic to her cheek that faded to
ay paleness as I placed in her hand a letter bearing an official seal.
saw that its contents, though probably expected, very much excited
ner, for her hands shook while reading it, and a sort of nervous tremor
was in her voice when, a moment or two afterwards, she begged my
assistance in making some slight alterations in her dress, already, I
thought, unusually elegant for the time of day.

Two hours, perhaps, passed away—no doubt to her of the most restless anxiety, for I could hear her ceaseless footsteps to and fro the apartment, as she sought, by activity of motion, to relieve the perturbation of her mind—and then a superb equipage drew up at the door, and a gentleman, who did not give his name, alighted, and a moment after, came down stairs with the lady on his arm, and they drove off at a rapid rate. I never saw her after: hour after hour passed by—night came back—but the lady did not return, nor the next day, nor the next.

I am afraid I must plead guilty to a large share of that innate love of scandal that is generally attributed to my sex. I thought over the affair in every point of view that my poor worldly imagination could devise, and I blush to say, I arrived at a very Mrs. Candour-like conclusion. There was something so inexplicable in her being alone, and unat-

tended—in her exceeding mental distress—in the anxiety she had evidenced about the coming of that letter (for she asked frequently at what hours letters were delivered)—her emotion at receiving it—her anxiousness about her appearance—and more than all, the hurried way in which she had gone off with her anonymous visitor—I began to think that my first fears were correct,—that the lady had eloped, and that I was, in a measure, a party concerned. Then, too, it first occurred to me that I was not sure of her identity; for though she had introduced herself as the daughter of my friend, she had never mentioned her husband's name, nor was there any address on her trunk to enable me to advise with him on the subject. I knew not what to do; there was her travelling dress, and watch, and other trinkets, and to address the colonel on the affair was a very delicate and unpleasant task; besides, I felt convinced, that, if anything of this kind had occurred, on his part, at least, some attempt would have been made to recover her, so I determined to wait patiently for time to unravel the apparent incongruities of the affair. Alas! all too soon I learnt the melancholy story.

Not much more than a fortnight after the circumstances I have described—at all events, while they were still fresh in all their inexplicableness—I was told that a person from Scotland desired to see me; and a respectable-looking old man, whom I at once recognised as the confidential servant of Colonel Singleton many years before, followed my intimation for him to be shewn in. I cannot say that I felt any surprise at the subdued air, and dejected manner of the poor old man, for I had fully made up my mind to the story of his young lady's disgrace, and I knew it would fall as heavily upon the faithful servant as if she had been his own child. Never can I sufficiently hate the uncharitable judgment of my illiberal heart, or forgive myself the injustice of my suspicion. It is one of those stories that occasionally gives to the page of truth the romance of fiction, and one to which I feel it impossible to do justice. It is the heart alone that can fill up such recitals. Poor Forbes told it to me with a bowed down head, and with accents broken by emotion.

Without entering into details that filled the papers of the period, and the lips of every one, it is merely necessary to state, that an after-dinner quarrel had occurred between Major Cameron, the husband of the unfortunate lady, and a brother officer, with whom he was dining; some objectionable expression had been used, which the major insisted on his friend's retracting, but which the other as pertinaciously refused to withdraw. Heated by wine and anger—for it is but charitable to believe that neither party was sensible at the time—a challenge ensued, which the major insisted on putting to the issue on the spot; and they fought with closed doors, and without seconds, although his antagonist was heard to say—"This is not fair, Cameron; let us have witnesses." But the vindictive feeling of the moment usurped the place of every other consideration in the breast of the angry man, and their conflict went on. It has escaped me now whether they made use of swords or pistols, but whatever the weapon, only a few moments elapsed, till the major came forth alone, sobered, and a murderer!

In those times, when duelling was an everyday occurrence, it must have been the peculiar atrociousness of this case that induced the rigorous measures that followed. Major Cameron was immediately apprehended, and at the then sitting assizes, convicted of the murder,

and sentenced to death—a sentence so unlooked for by his friends, that his wife and father-in-law were in court ready to receive him on his acquittal. Only a few days, and these the result of instant and important interest, intervened between his condemnation and the period of execution, for the law was not then so merciful as at present, if, indeed, it be a mercy to lengthen the terrors of death by days and nights of agonizing anticipation, but these were sufficient to enable the devoted wife to plan and execute her intrepid effort to redeem him.

Tearing herself from his embrace, and without even trusting her relatives with her design, lest their hopelessness and timidity should overrule it, she wrote to secure the aid of powerful friends at the court of St. James's, to procure her an audience of her then majesty, Queen Charlotte, and strong in the courage of despairing love, unprotected and unattended, set off for London.

And this was the mystery my narrow heart had so grossly interpreted! How well I could now understand the bitterness of her sorrow—the passionate agony of her supplications! But to continue my story. Introduced to the presence of her majesty, to cast herself at her feet, to pour forth the strong and affecting expression that the emergency of the occasion, and the anguish of her soul dictated, was the natural action of impulse; her youth—her earnestness—and the sight of her distress, so wrought upon the royal wife, that though she refused to interfere with the king's decision, as regarded her husband's fate, she herself led the unhappy lady to the door of the royal closet, and commanded the page in waiting to admit her, satisfied that no influence was so likely to affect his majesty's determinations as the natural eloquence of such a pleader. Roused by this solecism in courtly etiquette, the king turned to the intruder, who, with the instinctive action of supplication, was already kneeling at his feet; and, regardless of the royal mandate to rise, her woman's heart supplying her with the strong and affecting fluency of grief, she maintained her humble attitude—her unconnected, but heart-stirring appeal—till the resolution of the monarch merged in the compassion of the man, and he granted to her persevering devotion the mercy that a strict sense of justice had hitherto denied. She rose, enriched by the gift of a life a thousand times more precious than her own.

Timanthes, when he hid the countenance of Agamemnon—to the expression of which he felt his inability to do justice—only copied the expedient of nature, who throws the veil of tears and silence over all emotions in excess. What words could have expressed to the sympathizing sovereign the joy of those streaming tears—the passionate gratitude that hovered, but found no voice, on the uplifted and trembling lips—or the touching homage of her woman's form, bowing itself more lowly to bless than it had done to supplicate! Moved, almost, as painfully by the sight of her scarcely-supportable happiness as he had been by her excessive grief, the king hurried her from the apartment, and placing in her hand the instrument of her husband's safety, bade her remember, that till it was presented, her object was not achieved. With this sentence sobering her imagination, and quickening her resolves, without a moment's delay, or even making the necessary alterations in her attire, the anxious wife stepped into the carriage that had been prepared for her, and, accompanied by the friend who had taken her from my house, set off for Scotland. Relays of horses had been ordered at the different inns along the road, and the

douceur of a guinea promised to the postillions for every mile effected in the hour above the ordinary rate of travelling. Yet uncalculated impediments seemed to throw themselves in the way; and as the foaming horses dashed into Edinburgh, on the morning appointed for her husband's execution, the sullen tolling of the death-bell was the first sound that met her agonized ear, and she knew that the very moments of his life were counted.

On, on, the carriage struggled through the crowded streets, where every moment fresh obstacles occurred to retard its progress—now, a line of vehicles already blocked the road, and there, an unseen barrier effectually prevented its entrance; throngs of people filled every avenue to the place of execution; and, for the first time, the half-frantic woman began to feel that even yet he might be lost to her. Throwing down the glasses, she implored the people, with the most piteous accents, to make way; but some, coarsely conceiving her object was to obtain a better view of the awful exhibition, only closed more completely the approach, while others, judging by the spattered state of the postillions and carriage, and the patches of froth on the chests of the panting horses, that the unfortunate lady was some relative hurrying to obtain a parting interview with the miserable prisoner, assured her that the attempt was useless—there was no forcing a way through the crowd. Maddened by her fears, she sprang from the carriage, and uttering the word "Reprieve!" in the most thrilling accents, with the document of her husband's deliverance in her uplifted hands, ran through the dense throng, who instinctively separated, right and left, to admit her a passage. Her youth, the strange elegance of her appearance, just as she had quitted the presence of royalty, and more than all, the vehement anguish expressed in her countenance, affected even the rugged hearts that composed that curious assemblage; and the feelings of the mob, ever in extreme, suddenly became as interested in the safety of the condemned as they had been anxious for his execution. The cry of "Reprieve!" was caught up, and shouted as with one voice by the hoarse-throated multitude; but it was met by the frightened shriek of women; and died away in one huge groan as the figure of a man was suddenly seen to dangle from the gibbet; and after one frightful drawing up of the limbs, remained lax and motionless, except for the oscillation of the fatal rope. Still the miserable wife rushed on. Now she is at the foot of the scaffold, forcing her way, by means of the useless mandate, through the armed and intercepting soldiery—now she is tottering up its rude steps, and now beside the group of witnessing functionaries, and the ruffian-looking executioner, in his hideous mask and revolting habit. Can consciousness maintain that rigid composure a thousand times more terrible than the wildest outbreak of despair—that ghastly aspect—that stony silence! See, the executioner hastens to detach his victim—but, ah! too late, the heart is yet warm, but the cistern is broken at the wheel—the life of her life quenched!

"Yes, madam," said the old man, in conclusion, when he could again trust his voice to speak, "I took her away without a tear or groan, and apparently unconscious of all she witnessed; nor is there a hope of her recovery. It is the doctor's opinion that she will pass away in this state of mental lethargy. And my poor old master has never lifted up his head since."

THE TWO FRONTIERSMEN; OR, LYNCH LAW.

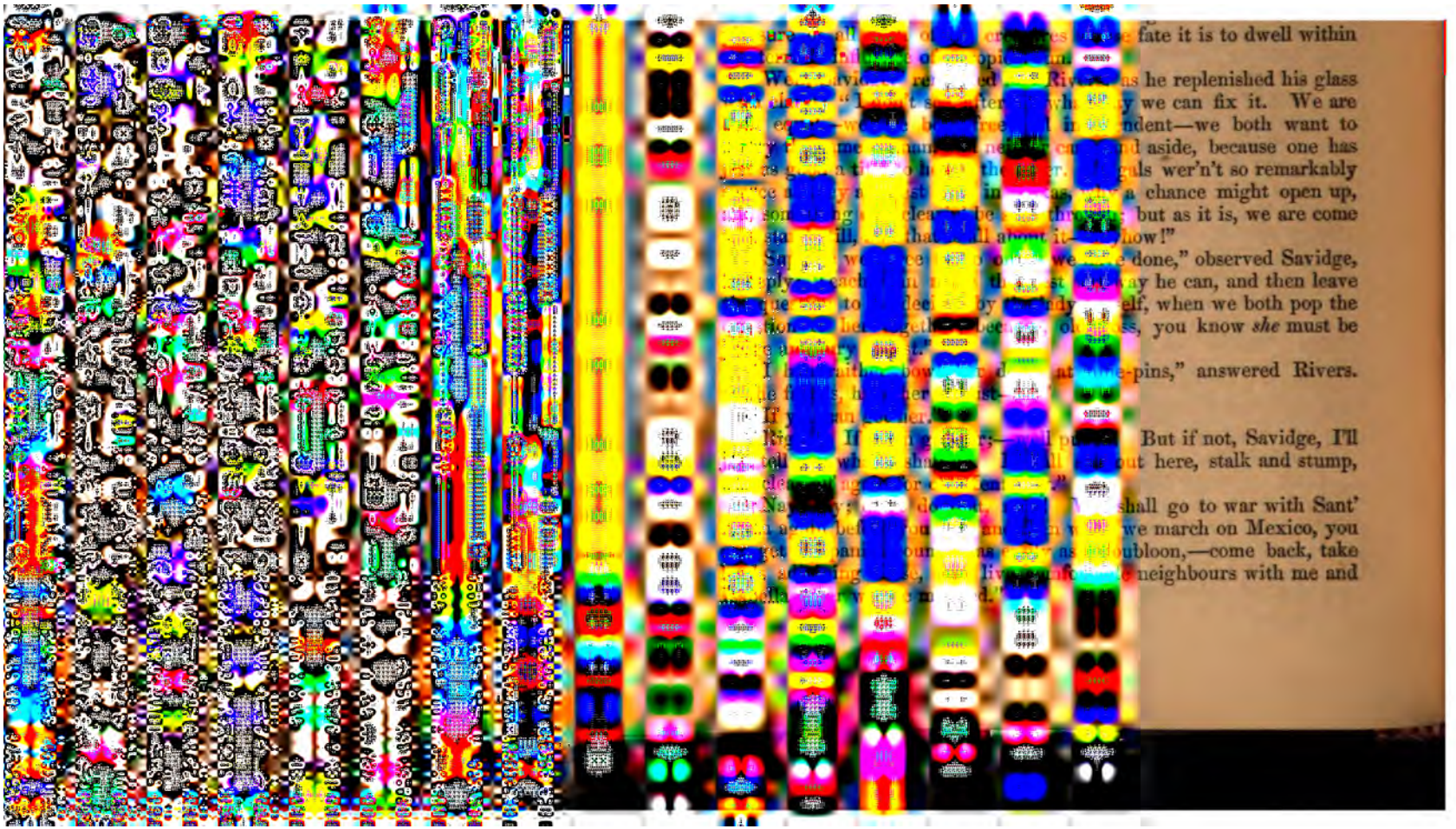
BY CHARLES HOOTON.

The Dice.

Six years have now passed since two young and enterprising citizens of one of the Southern American States, left their homes together, for the purpose of settling in the then newly declared republic of Texas. Their names, respectively, were Rivers and Savidge. They were born neighbours—they had been friends from childhood—not one solitary disagreement had ever occurred between them up to that time; and now were they banded together for the purpose of carrying out a speculative enterprise, in a new land, of the highest worldly importance to each. They purchased lands on the banks of the beautiful Guadaloupe—each paying an equal share of all expenses; built a log-house thereon, cultivated their wild domain, and dwelt together in all respects as brothers. The only agreement made between them was, that if, at any future period, either should desire to separate from the other, and go elsewhere, he should either *accept* such a reasonable sum for his half of the location as might be offered by the remaining party, or *give* as much himself for his companion's share.

The burning suns of three seasons had scarcely travelled over their heads, before a flourishing homestead and a fertile plantation rewarded their industry; and by the contrast they afforded to the wild vast tracts around, seemed to mark with a degree of emphasis not to be mistaken, the beautiful triumphs of man over nature, and to point with unerring finger to the delights which, in a land of liberty, where man toils for himself and not for others, well-directed industry and perseverance, aided by a small capital, are capable of placing within the reach of those who properly exercise them.

Assuredly there was one *dark* feature amidst all this natural brightness. Slavery was there. Ten coloured people called up the productions of that soil. For though slavery is virtually repudiated by the laws of the country, practically it is as common as in the native State which our friends had left behind. With them, however, slavery was little other than a name. The chains were metaphorical; the lash a mere pedagogue's cane, and as seldom used; the labour lighter than that which is borne by millions in the very land whose sensitive blood turns chill, and whose face grows pale with ire, only at the name of slave. The life of these coloured people was one of absolute liberty and independence, when put in opposition to that dreary mass of misery, called life, which is passed by thousands in our own coal-pits; and which can scarcely be exceeded in horror by the existences of the banished in the mines of Siberia. Happily or unhappily, however—whichever the reader pleases—the English are a *long-sighted* people. Their telescopic eyes can reach across an ocean, and pick out every detail of wretchedness that the opposite land may present, while the same organs, or instruments, applied to objects within arm's length, very naturally fail to define a single limb of the same monster that is worthy of being crippled by a national exertion. As a nation we preach long and loudly against slavery under the open heavens—slavery beneath the bright material eye of the universe—



"I shall never give her up except on her own refusal," rejoined Rivers, somewhat sternly.

"Nor I, either!" said the other, in a similar tone. And then for a while the two friends sat mute, slicing melons and sipping wine, by way of proving to each other that they were not exactly automatons.

Savidge was the first to renew the discourse.

"What fools we both are!" he exclaimed.

"Do you think so?" carelessly observed Rivers.

"I do—I'd swear it. Here we sit, a couple of friends like two young trees run up together—never had a difficulty before in all our lives, and now at six or seven and twenty, we are to split about a woman!"

"A woman," answered Rivers, "may be to a man a more important consideration than any other in the world; more vital to him than the very means of his existence, so at least *I* think, and therefore a woman is no trifling source of difference. For myself, I would give a thousand dollars that the difficulty were about *anything else* but that!"

"Is it not worse than useless," continued Savidge, "to stand in one another's way? What shall we come to think of each other? What is it all likely to end in?"

"That's beyond my calculation," coolly rejoined Rivers.

"But not beyond mine," added the other; "I have seen—you have seen—many a man before now has seen, blood as good as his own spilled on the ground like water, for a difference ninety-nine cents in a dollar less in the beginning than is this now between us. I do not fear what *is* at the present time, but what may be in the future. Let us stop in time—let the difficulty be settled now and for ever."

"How?" demanded Rivers. "Who can settle it?"

"You and I."

"In what manner?"

"Will you agree to my proposition?"

"Name it; but no lead—no knife!"

"Rather than that, Rivers, I will at once give up to you frankly—though you are the younger of the two—and make a willing sacrifice of my love, such as it is, before the God of that everlasting friendship which—may no bloody finger ever divide!"

"No!" exclaimed Rivers, "you shall not do it. I wont accept the offer, if you make it. What I cannot give I shall not accept."

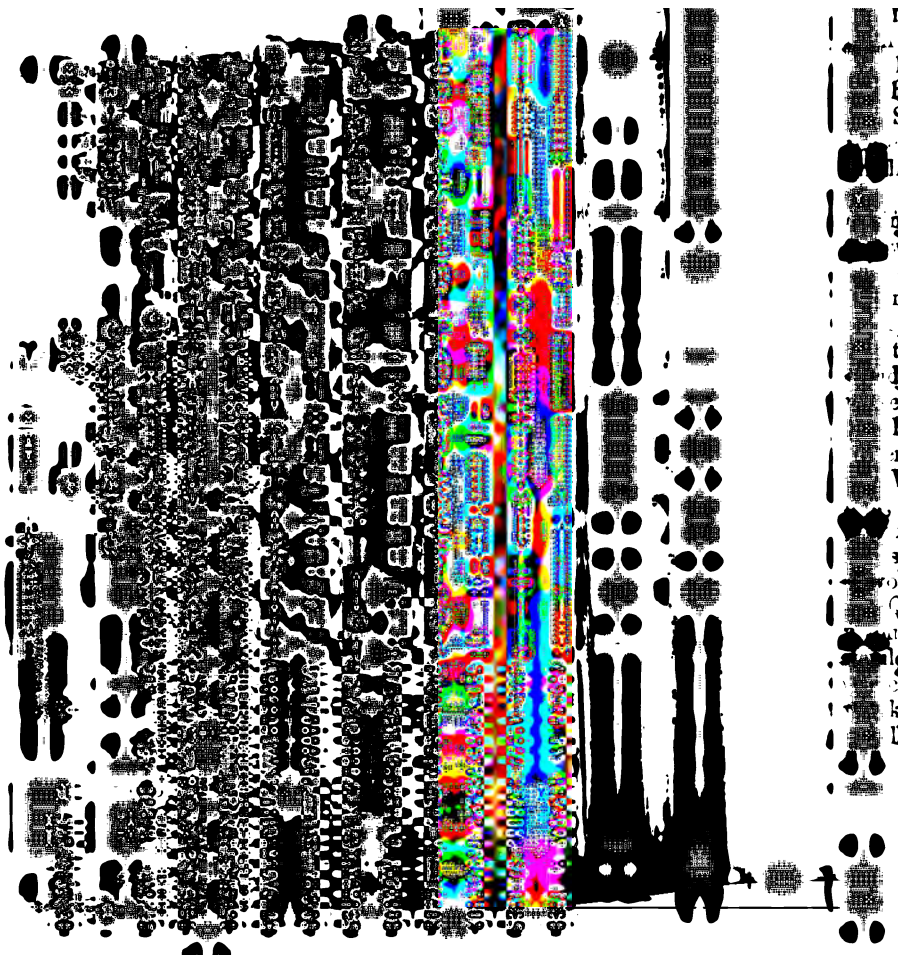
"Then my proposition is simply this:—That now, before we quit this table, the difference between us shall be finally settled by THE DICE. Each having pledged his honour previously that, in the event of his proving the loser, he shall resign all pretensions to the hand of Isabel for ever, and so leave the other free, UNLESS—mark this—*unless she shall herself afterwards positively reject him*: in which case, upon his own admission of the fact, the other shall be again liberated from this agreement."

"Very well;—done!" answered Rivers. "I'll agree, anyhow you can fix it."

The dice-box was placed upon the table.

"Three throws each, double dies, and the highest number is the winner," said Savidge.

"Agreed!" answered his companion; "but before we proceed to business, jest let us also agree to make a complete work of it. If I



ting at a melon as though it had
ves fixed upon the spot where the
t never be withdrawn again.
nseen *fate* fell.
And as Rivers literally shrieked
ir, and hurled the dice-box wildly

ome minutes' duration followed,
ê statues, neither even so much as
It might seem as though both were
lfsame question—"Are we any
re before? or than we should have

rose to recommend the play, and
of the two should become entire

st at present?" mildly suggested

ion! I suppose you are satisfied
ou are. No, no, my friend; fair
ld Country."
rit of chance—I cannot tell which
and Rivers two.
s his countenance brightened up;
But, I say, Rivers, what if she
ou have nothing left? My turn
to agreement; and then, my boy,
dy as well as the location, and live

The natural jealousy of the young lover made him redden deeply on hearing these speculative suggestions, although he replied with a forced assumption of confidence, in which he did not really feel sufficiently warranted.

"I have too much faith in woman to believe that for a moment possible."

"Faith can believe in miracles," responded Savidge; "but it often gets pretty considerably deceived."

Here the conversation ended.

But it is perhaps time we ascertained who was

The Lady

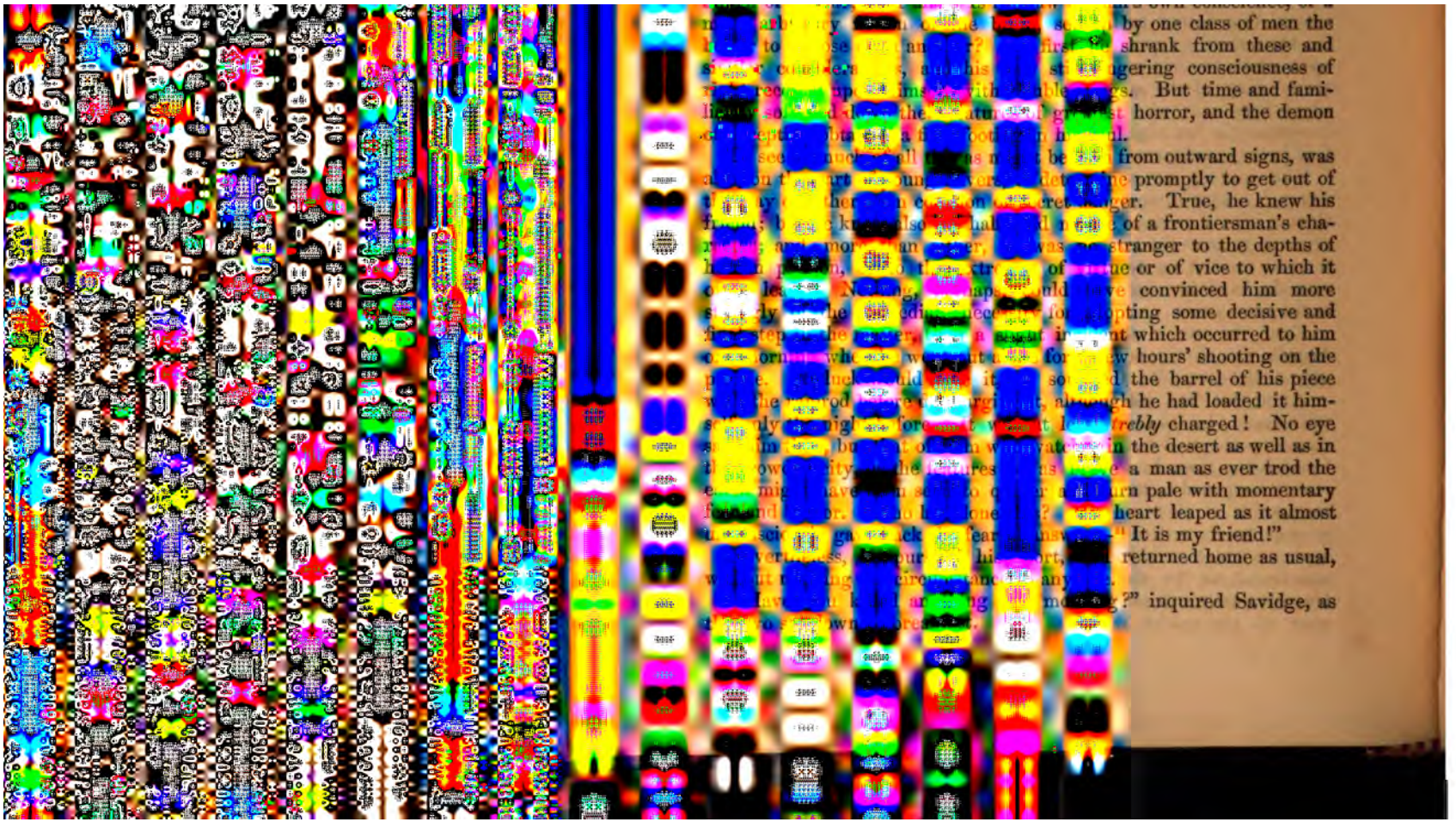
concerning whom these events had taken place.

Some two or three miles lower down the River Guadaloupe, and upon the opposite side of the river, stood a house of considerable size, formerly the residence of Nicholas Lamar,—a descendant of one of the ancient Spanish families who settled in the Mexican territory before that country's independence of Old Spain was achieved. But at the time of which this story treats, Lamar had been several years dead; and, save in the hearts of his widow and her daughter Isabella, "the beautiful creole," as she was commonly termed, nothing remained to mark that he had ever been, except a rude tomb of wood erected in his own garden, where, according to the custom of the frontier settlers, his body had been buried. Numerous China trees, the mournful boughs of which hang down like those of our weeping willows, were planted around that sacred though unconsecrated spot; and near the head of the tomb stood a rustic seat composed of crooked roots and branches, upon which the widow and daughter of the buried husband and father spent many of the sultry idle hours of noon, though more of those silent holy ones which bid the day's adieu to the departing sun, or accompany in her nightly course of glory that magnificent moon whose face in such a climate seldom wears even the slightest veil of cloud.

This solitary spot was commonly known under the name of "The Ferry;" Lamar having, during his lifetime, established and maintained there a boat of passage for the convenience of such travellers as had occasion to cross the river. Indeed, it was during a journey into the western prairies together, that our two friends had called at the Ferry, seen the handsome Spanish creole, and conceived an affection for her at the same time.

From the use of the term "creole," it must not be supposed that Isabella was of mixed blood. The word is truly and properly applied only to the descendants of foreigners born in the country.

After this first interview, neither Rivers nor Savidge were very unfrequent visitors at the Ferry. Either business or something else—chance, perhaps—led one or the other much more frequently across the Guadaloupe than heretofore; and, singular enough, those occasions always happened to each when alone. Madame Lamar early suspected the motive of these visits, although up to the very day on which the strange scene between the friends above described took place, not a sentence which could have been construed into an open expression of attachment to her daughter had ever been uttered by either. But love soon knows its own without a name; and pretty Isabella felt far wiser in the matter than her mother. To her it seemed that she



"*I might have done,*" replied Rivers, "had I not missed the *first* shot."

"It will happen so sometimes," ejaculated the other, as though half out of breath, and at the same moment turning white as ashes. Rivers marked this, but made no further observation.

That day he spent at the Ferry. On the way thither, he firmly resolved no longer to keep Isabella in ignorance (as he had hitherto done) of the events which had led to Mr. Savidge's continued and unusual absence, to his own more frequent visits, and of the imperative duty now, as he believed pressing upon him, to demand her final decision with respect to himself. But when he arrived, he found the young lady so light-hearted, so happy, so unsuspicious of any possible coming anxiety—such a living joy, as it were, within herself, that he could not do otherwise than procrastinate from hour to hour, until he verily began to feel the possibility of returning without having achieved the most important part of his errand.

Evening came at length, and the tale was yet untold. The two lovers walked out into the garden, and when the flowers and fruits and leaves could be no longer seen, sat down upon the rustic seat beneath the China trees.

"Isabel!" said Rivers mournfully, "I have something serious to say to you before we part to-night."

"Do so then, sir," replied she; "and remember that we are upon solemn ground."

Her gentle hand was extended towards the rude tomb of her father, which stood like a tangible mass of darkness beside them.

"I must very soon quit this country. I am going back to my native place," continued he.

"Indeed, sir! This must be a new thought, as you have never mentioned it before."

"Not very, Isabel; but I have striven to make and keep you happy until it is no longer possible; the truth must come at last."

"Do not regard me," answered she, hesitatingly. "I have been too happy of late, considering that my mother is alone, and my father buried. It is fitting that we should be wakened from our dreams sometimes."

Rivers could easily tell, from the failing voice and the downcast features, that by those few words he had called into life the worm of bitterness and sorrow at a heart which only, one short hour ago, looked upon the world as a place of peace, and linked the days of life into one bright chain of happiness, whose termination was only in the adamant of the tomb.

"I believe," he continued, "I have loved you as a man ought to love—honestly, openly, and with a sense of honour unscathed by the remotest thought of evil."

Poor Isabel burst into a flood of tears.

"That course will be mine to the end—you shall be deceived in nothing."

And here Mr. Rivers briefly related to the young lady how he and his friend had disposed—not of her, but of each other—at a game of hazard — how he had played away his half of the estate, and left himself comparatively poor—and also the grounds of his suspicions that the growing jealousy of Mr. Savidge was daily rendering his life

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man putting off in a
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Put back—put back!"
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shing in the water close
He hesitated a moment,
posite shore. A third
rs saw him fall over the
or side to the stream,

, Mr. Rivers found, to
(perhaps accidentally)
the pistol-ball having

only cut through the fleshy portion of the left arm. When he had related the result of his out-door adventure—

"What a pity it is," remarked Isabel, "that a man should have lost his life for such as this. But who do you think it was, Mr. Rivers?"

"It was impossible for me, at that distance, and in the night-time, to distinguish one man from another; but I suppose it was *my friend*, Mr. Savidge."

"Indeed; I hope not; for if it were, we shall have '*The Regulators*' here, and YOU will be the next, to a certainty."

"I have no fear," replied he; "my own cause is my justification."

No wedding was talked upon or dreamed about that night; and, under all the circumstances of the case, both Madame Lamar and her daughter joined in soliciting Mr. Rivers to remain under their roof until further information could be obtained. But he determinedly refused their kindness, on the plea that if it did so happen that Mr. Savidge lay at the bottom of the stream, his own presence upon the plantation was indispensable. Accordingly, he recrossed the water, under the guidance of Juan, the boatman, and mounting his horse, with the rifle laid across his saddle, rode off at a speed which brought him home within a quarter of an hour.

On entering the house, a thrill of gratification passed over him—the like of which he had long since ceased to feel, save when his eyes beheld anew the form of Isabel—when he saw Mr. Savidge sitting quietly by the side of a pleasant fire of logs, and half enveloped in curling clouds of undisturbed smoke from that pipe which the poetical Indian of the wild has long since dedicated to the beautiful Spirit of Peace.

Next morning, however, Rivers discovered that one of the slaves was missing from the establishment. He mentioned the circumstance to Savidge, who accounted for it by remarking, with an air of the most perfect indifference, that he had sent him out fishing on the previous day, and from the fact of his not having returned, he supposed he must have upset his canoe and got drowned.

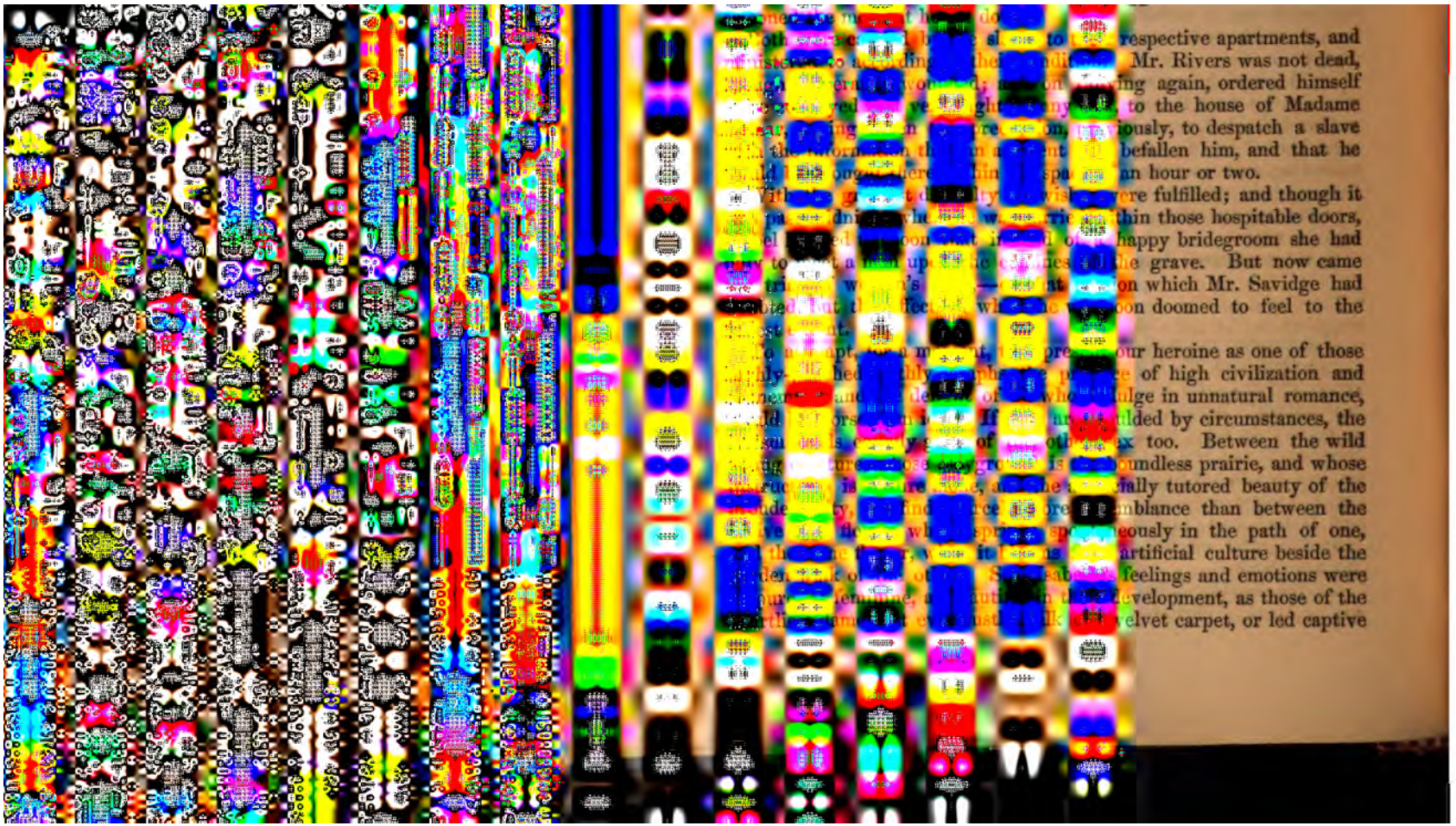
"Perhaps he misunderstood you, and went to the wrong *Rivers*," was the reply.

Savidge coloured deeply, but said nothing.

Lynch Law.

Time passed on; matters were finally arranged between Miss Lamar, her mother, and Mr. Rivers; and the very day on which the handsome creole and her lover were to set out for the nearest city to be married, was named. Arrangements had been effected for the young couple to occupy the ferry location; it wanted a master, and Madame looked forwards to but few years between then and the time when she should be laid beside her husband. In consequence of all this, Mr. Rivers had of course abandoned his original intention of leaving the country, and instead, had purchased additional lands, to the extent of nearly a thousand acres, adjoining those already owned by the mother of his intended bride.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Savidge let slip no opportunity of giving his old friend such offence and provocation, as was calculated to



...in the most gallant of cavaliers. But she was more open-...ed, more bold (if you will have it so);—she was such a woman as ... makes in all purity, and whom the petty artifices and idle forms ... crowded societies never reach to unmake or mar.

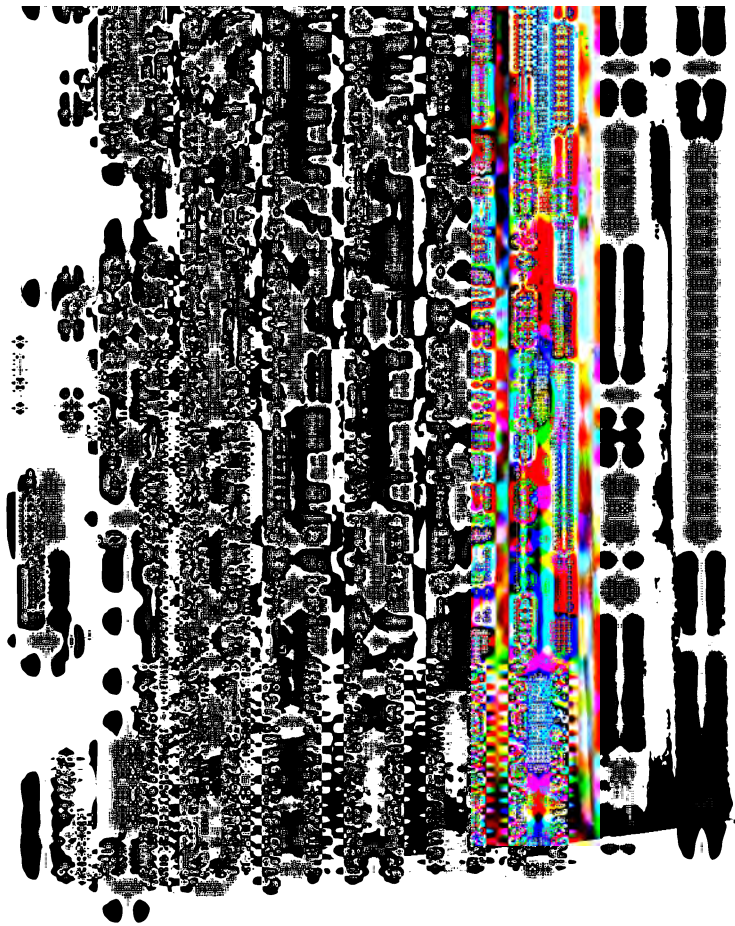
That such a creature should deeply feel the injury done to the one ...ved best on earth,—the only one indeed whom, in that sense, ...e ever loved, can readily be conceived. That she had, also, spirit and determination to resent it, no one will feel surprised. Her feelings ... wounded bitterly by these repeated atrocities of Mr. Savidge's; and bitterly, though justly, did she make him suffer for it.

Mr. Rivers had scarcely so far recovered as to be considered well out ...danger, when Isabel proposed to her mother to take a journey of a ...w days' duration, for the double purpose of visiting their neighbours ...nd acquaintance, and relieving the anxiety and weariness of her own ...ind. No material objection was raised on the part of that worthy ...ady; and accordingly she set out, accompanied by the female slave, whose duty it was to attend her, and Juan, the Spanish boatman, as at once a guard and guide. Isabel was mounted on a beautiful reclaimed wild horse (or mustang) of the desert, fancifully decorated with coloured trappings and mountings of gold, while the heavy Spanish bit, and the shoe that hung at the saddle, were, according to the prevailing taste of the Mexicans, of solid silver. Juan adorned himself with all the finery he could command, added an eagle's feather to his high conical hat, brightened up his buttons, and with a glittering rifle in one hand, and a whip, the lash of which was at least two yards long, in the other, bestrode his mule with all the grace and ease of a Camanche chief, and capered and cracked up and down the prairie around his young mistress with the serious yet boyish glee of a newly made knight-errant; while, to complete the party, Margaret, the slave, elevated upon the back of a second mule, flaunted in the gaudiest of coloured dresses, and displayed upon her head a brilliantly striped scarf, tied up like a turban, but with the ends streaming from behind some ten or fifteen inches in the air.

On the afternoon of the third day, Miss Isabel returned home with a considerable addition to her train of attendants, consisting of five armed and mounted gentlemen wearing masks. To see them was at once to know their errand, without question or inquiry—they were the embodiment of the law, such as it is in these parts—they were "The Regulators!" Isabel had made known her story at every plantation where she had visited, and aroused these wild ministers of justice to punish the unlucky Mr. Savidge. They were all either respectable planters, or the sons of such, from the surrounding country. No man removed his mask during the evening; but drunk, played, and chatted agreeably with the inmates of the Ferry, unrecognised until the time for retiring to rest.

An hour before daybreak, the five strangers were again stirring. Leaving their horses behind, they crossed the ferry, rifle in hand; and before the cold light of morning shewed itself in the eastern sky, had taken possession of one of Mr. Savidge's stables.

A negro boy, whose early duty it was to fetch out the cattle at sunrise, was the first person who discovered them. He cried out, for the purpose of giving an alarm, the instant he opened the stable-door. The sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and a corpse lay upon the threshold



it himself, returned to the victim
companions, and then presented
the following remarks—

"Y will allo six yards' start. You may then run for
and use upon as you please. If you attempt
for be will put into your body. Now, take sixty
d. six , will fire and follow you."

Saw had him to obey. He slowly counted sixty,
d dr we ineffectually, threw it to the ground,
tch wan ered his feet, and ran forwards with
the ter con ld to a by no means inactive body.
ree nts ntly sed , one only wounding him on the
er or righ b sufficiently to offer any impediment
his se. ar e ese human hounds behind him; and
sho ne sh qu succession, he felt that every succeed-
g ma ut tre of the act of dying—a painful delay
tha uin at ce from which was next to impossible.
Sca kn g w rd. d, the victim of Lynch law made off
the ct a of y ground that lay between his own
use th r, hou stinctively seeking that same covert
ich ure s to th ted and harassed beast of the field;
t th she be the protected him; and being thickly
er ed w th though dangerous plant, the prickly
ar, e l s ve ith millions of venomous points as
rp inv as sti f bees, his feet were wounded beyond
ma ul , in Guadaloupe not far before him, at a

· v more last desperate bounds, he leaped headlong from the high bank ·f the stream, and, for the space of a minute or two, was buried be·eath the shining waters. When his head again appeared upon the surface, the regulators were standing upon the heights above, anxiously watching for his whereabout. Quick as the momentary sight, five balls were despatched to the mark; and with that volley closed the life of a man whom passion had made mad, and dishonour a premeditated murderer.

The five masked men—at once judges, jurymen, and executioners—returned to the Ferry by the hour of breakfast. When that meal was over, one of the disguised party thus addressed Mr. Rivers:—

"Robert Rivers, the sentence of death, passed by his Honour Judge Lynch upon the body of James Savidge, has been duly executed. He died this morning, no doubt full of repentance for his crimes, and deeply sensible of the justice of that verdict of his countrymen, under which he suffered. If his body should chance to be found in the river, give it decent burial; for, although the law be severe, it decrees, that all animosities shall die upon the edge of the grave, and the weeds of hatred shall be plucked up and buried beneath the same sod with him who nurtured them. All his offences are now expiated, and from this time you will recollect nothing of Mr. Savidge but that he once was your friend.

"The court have also consulted respecting the disposal of the property lately belonging to him. Under all the circumstances of the case, his honour the judge decrees, that the whole thereof shall be restored to you, without let or hindrance, charge or cost of any kind; and the same is hereby put into your possession, by a right and title conferred and confirmed to you and your heirs for ever, by and from Judge Lynch, whose decision is final and irrevocable, and shall not be called in question by any man or body of men, save at his or their most extreme and utter peril. So help us God in keeping the peace henceforth as now, and defending the rights of our neighbour."

They then swore him, upon a Spanish Bible, never to betray, or raise his hand against the Regulators, but to support and protect that body so long as the exigencies of the country required their services, and until legitimate laws could be, by legal processes, carried into execution, and justice secured. After this, each of the party, separately, wished the young couple every happiness that life could afford, and mounting their horses, rode off in different directions across the prairie.

During the course of the morning, Mr. Rivers ordered the Guadaloupe to be searched for the body of his friend, but as it could never be found, he came to the probable conclusion that it had fallen a prey to the alligators.

Subsequently, he took full possession of the old location; and upon his perfect recovery, the beautiful creole became his bride. Besides other friends invited on the occasion, there were present, at the marriage feast, five gentlemen, with their wives and sisters, who appeared to enjoy the festivities with more than ordinary delight. The toast of "Honour and Justice!" was proposed by one of them, and drunk in a bumper; but not a single word escaped any tongue on the subject of Lynch Law.

ertainly died,
lberry-tree.

ng by this—
a kiss,
ulberry-tree.

LEICESTER (MR. COKE
AWRENCE.

deeds,
spent—
e'er hath bent
e steeds
lit track speeds
warmth and light
birds of night
clear day dreads.
st, best!
d wise!
serene
sets attest
long shall prize
orks has seen.

low ways of Syria
ns of early Chris-
Maltese.—Ferocity

atre of rocks, from
ts into life, is a gap
vale of Antioch into
as through this rocky
slowly tracking my way
l less occupied with the
rrounded me, than filled
er, and luxury which had
spot I had just passed by,
ns to tell of past times. It
which, however inconvenient,
s. Glad was I then, when
ate, hilly, and wooded country,

ness to one who finds subject for
and every living thing met with
ay, the broken, hilly districts of
ing to a naturalist, were rather
view, and a notion of the exceeding
scenery, will be sufficiently obtained
ed concerning Casius and its slopes,

the village of Sheïkh Gui, where I was
bly entertained, by the Sheïkh, without
ration. After a repast, instead of availing
a siesta, which was afforded in a most polite
the natives retiring from the room, I pro-
evening, and its short twilight, forced us to
up a narrow pathway, carried like a snake
and at the summit of which was a goodly
sant entertainment, rendered not the less
enerously proffered.

turned eastward up the valley of the Nahr el
river," and fording it at a distance of about ten
of Ládhikíyeh, we advanced into the country of
Ansarians, at one of whose villages we stopped for
rning whom I have already written. The journey
hilly districts of the Jebel-el-Akrád, which connect
Ansarian hills on the one side, with Anti Casius on
ist these hills, the Nahr el Kebir forces its way
which is about thirty yards in depth, and scarcely
ith. A legend, too absurd to be worthy relating, is
e natives with this natural phenomenon.

ways" of Syria and of
plain and wilderness, over-
, and saline plants, watered
dern travellers and poets,
led-in gardens, and groves
al patches of greensward,
l'leyâts, and still more, by
nd the double mountains of
les of the castellated Seli
stand out of the horizon in
sky.
elo-Syria at once attest to
d not history shewed that
were perpetually fighting
with its gorgeous temple,

AVIENUS, 1083 ;)

ture, and then the episco-
the royal Haras, and great
ese, a multitude of towns
even unto Antioch, now

rting into life at the foot of

standing in lonely and widowed pride, and to Seleucia, with her kingly tombs.

It is easy to understand why this valley, favoured by nature, being so long a land of contention, and always the great military road between Northern and Southern Syria, has undergone many changes, and often witnessed the prosperity of years overwhelmed by the devastations of a day. Not a city but has seen a combat before its walls; not a lake but has had its limpid waters stained with blood.

Hence it was, also, that, with a few exceptions, the early Christians did not abide within this valley, preferring the rocky wastes on the eastern side of Mount Belus. Here abundant springs of pure water flow from the foot of the hills; on the other side, the rain of heaven was with difficulty preserved in tanks, hewn at vast expense of labour out of the solid rock. Here every inch of ground is ready to produce at the bidding of industry; on the other side, there is nothing but a continuous pavement of stone, like a province marked out on a marble slab; but in such a region, the frequent invasions, and the perpetual persecutions so rife in the "Hollow-way," were, to a certain extent, avoided.

I was glad, when on reaching the small stream of Hawash, with its neighbouring village of same name, the muleteer proposed to rest there for the night, for my quotidian attack of ague was just coming on; and having made a usual bed of carpet and saddle bags on the greensward, the rest of the evening was taken up by involuntary and ridiculous shakings and cramps, followed by still more unwelcome heats and a leaden and death-like feeling, which crept over the frame, and was accompanied by strange wanderings of the imagination, in which I was often inclined to think of myself as of two persons, one of whom was sick, while the other was quite well, and extremely indignant at the proceedings of the insane portion of my humanity.

A short ride from Hawash, the next morning, past the lake Aïn Taka, celebrated for its black fish (*macropteronotus niger*), so much prized by the Romans as an aristological luxury, brought us to where the valley of a small rivulet, apparently corresponding to the ancient Marsyas, opened into Mount Belus to the eastward, and was in part obstructed at its entrance by a conical hill about four hundred feet in elevation, on which was a modern mud-walled, hut-encumbered, and ruinous-looking castle, called that "of the defile" (Kal'at el Mudik), and which probably formerly bore the Acropolis of the Macedonian Apamea, and whence it was sometimes also called Chersonesus.

There was a caravanserai, and a mosque with minaret attached to it in the valley; but not caring to stop there, we wound slowly up the tortuous pathway which led to the castellated dwelling-houses above, and entered the sombre-looking portals, without seeing any available gates or any guard to question admission. The sheikh of the castle received me hospitably, but could afford little local or traditionary information.

At Apamea, as elsewhere in the East, it is with the past rather than the present that we have to do. At every step the traveller takes, the naturally more exciting interest he feels in the phases of a living humanity and the communion of fellow-creatures, is stayed by the sad dulness of a prostrate intellect, or warded off by the suspicious credulity of a savage wisdom, and which the pride of ignorance, and

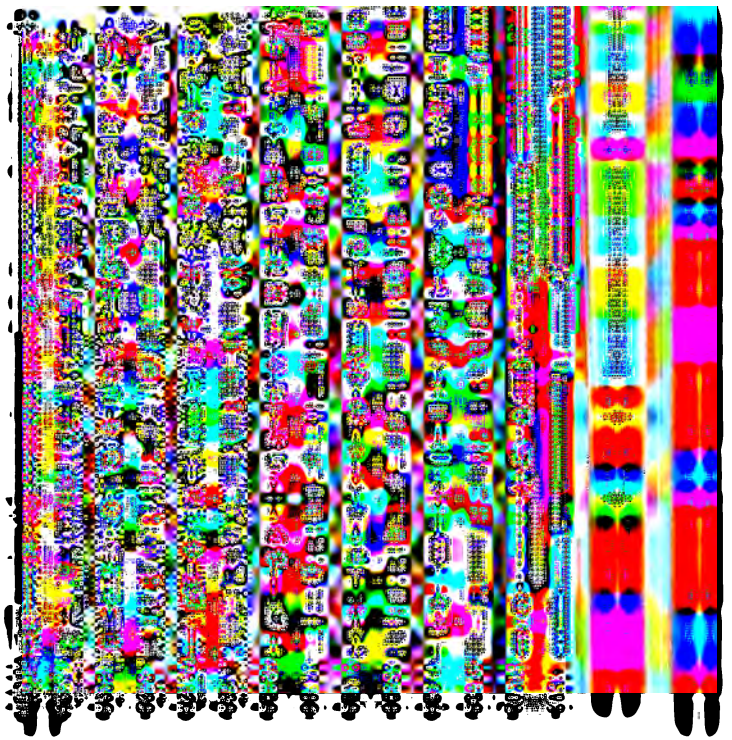
of whom there were two—one, the wife of Seleucus Nicator, the other the wife of Magas; but Bochart (Phaleg, p. 94) derives the name from a Syrian word, signifying the confluence of waters. Certain it is, that the Shepham of Scriptures, at which, in the time of the Macedonian invasion, a great many Greeks stopped, was first called by them Pella, after the native city of Philip; and Bochart's opinion derives a remarkable confirmation from the fact, that the Apamea of Mesene was at the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris, Apamea of Sitacene at that of the Royal River and the Tigris, and Apamea Cibotos at the confluence of the Marsyas and the Meander, and it appears almost beyond a doubt, that it was from this circumstance of the junction here of the rivulet of Apamene with the Orontes, that the latter became recognised by classical geographers as the Marsyas of Cœlo-Syria, and afterwards gave its name to a district. These simple facts admitted, they would explain away many difficulties which present themselves in reading Strabo (lib. xvi., p. 519), Pliny (lib. v., cap. 23), and Cellarius (p. 420).

The peculiarity in the positioning of Apamea is best felt on coming from the south. Thence it is perceived as a stronghold, placed in a defile advantageous for purposes of resistance, and at the same time commanding any further progress, whether by the vale of Cœlo-Syria, or through Chalcidene and by the Campus Marsyas into the interior and central northern districts. It was on this account that in the rebellion of Cæcilius Bassus, the relief of its siege by Cassius, decided the termination of the war.

From this point I advanced upon the borders of the great Syrian plain or desert, in the centre of which stood Tadmor, and on its limits Chalcis, or "the white city." We all form to ourselves more or less accurate ideas of the great wildernesses of the earth's surface, as conveyed to us by repeated descriptions; but such conceptions do not take away, but rather add, to the zest for contemplating the reality; and it was not without deep emotion that my eyes now wandered over the wide and boundless expanse of barren undulating territory before me. The results of my first impressions can, however, be reduced to a few words—an arid and sun-burnt waste of chalky and sandy soil, without water, with little or no vegetation, but more unequal than I anticipated, and without the slightest sand-drift.

We met on our ride some of the pashá's irregular cavalry, who, to the great amusement of my muleteer, greeted the infidel with sundry jests and jokes, the point of which were lost upon him, for want of familiarity with the language. The shades of evening overtook us on the confines of the desert, and we were obliged to seek refuge at a neighbouring tel or eminence, called Zorai, where, in the darkness, I spread my carpet, as I found out the next morning, at the mouth of a dark and damp cave, from which myriads of musquitoes issued forth to attack me with such earnestness, that I was glad to beat a retreat, and seek repose on a higher and more exposed part of the hill.

About noon next day, we broke our fast at Mar'ah, a village with a few huts and guard-house, on the caravan route from Aleppo to Damascus. This spot appears to correspond to the Macra of Strabo, on the border of Chalcidene, or Chalcidice, and of the plain of the Marsyas; for the water shed here still flows to the rivulet of Apamea. This territory corresponds to the Zobah of Scriptures, whose king was



ness and comparative perfection, of construction, in which respect buildings in the same country. re grouped in what might be de- s, situate about half a mile from on of the buildings consisted of stones, in large squares, and of dwelling-houses were so extensive nged to communities, and consti- Christians. Amid these edifices buildings, with aisles and double closed with masonry behind, and pilasters on the sides, and win- inted roofs of large slabs of stone, amented with windows.

and solid, and yet light and har- earance of the architrave, which e antique style, was removed by meet the pressure of the super- sters also remove the dissonance pports on which it exists, so also upward motion of the columns, place of the architrave in a more lf, being raised up and supported in any way out of proportion to

rd afterwards to be characteristic.

of Mount Saint Simon, as well as in the present once populous locality. It appears to be a very mixed order of architecture—Roman with the general simplicity and character of the Grecian-Doric. The windows have a Tuscan character, and the capitals of the columns appear to be copied from those of the temple of Apamea; but the whole is less exact in its proportions than any other order of buildings—the columns are divested of flutes, and the entablature is not well brought out, and is void of all ornaments. In the interior of the churches the altars were not raised, but were level with the floor, and were not placed in a sanctuary, as in the Greek and Chaldean churches.

Remarkable and interesting subjects of contemplation presented themselves in exploring these tenantless cities, to consider how a land long reckoned as a desert and blank in most modern maps, was in reality covered with that multitude of cities and towns which the historical Scriptures have defined to it, and which from lack of knowledge have been denied to it by many, but which every day's additional examination serves to disclose to an unanticipated and undreamed-of extent.

There is another subject of consideration even still more remarkable, that, like the cities of Israel and of Judea, the homes of the early Christians should be also thus forsaken and deserted, even when not ruined; and that houses, and monasteries, and churches by hundreds, are still standing in peopled districts, yet that "the cities are desolate without inhabitants, and the houses without man."

A feeling of wonder naturally arises, on thinking that houses, which are still so much superior to any existing dwellings, and from which the lapse of time and the tinge of age have not removed the freshness which strength and solidity give to them, should be without possessors, without claimants, and without tenants, or any one to dwell within them, while a poor poverty-stricken and depressed population is harboured in mud huts close by, and wandering herdsmen around have no better shelter than a tent or a tree.

Some are content to look upon such ruins as "the broken fragments of the once numerous churches that have now seen their seed time, and have yielded up their harvest to the last and final day," (the Rev. Mr. Formby's "Visit to the East," p. 36;) but there are others who, like Dr. Keith, ("The Land of Israel," &c.) relying on the perpetuity of the covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, still cherish confident hopes of the coming restoration, both of the land and people; be this as it may, the multitude of sacred edifices—the thousands of ecclesiastical structures of North Syria—appear to have been spared, and to have saved towns and cities, while the church, strictly speaking, and the citizens are gone.*

In front of these buildings were large and deep tanks or cisterns for preserving water, which had stairs to descend into them; and as in these rocky and dreary situations, where the buildings stand on a

* These districts, it may be observed, come within the promised land, as described by the Jewish lawgiver (Numbers, chap. 34), the north border of which comprised Zedad, or Zobad (Chalcidene), and went down to the coast from Shepham (Apamea) to Riblah (Antioch), on the east side of Ain, "the spring," (Daphne,) unto the entrance of Hamath (Bay of Antioch). These are identifications admitted in the Chaldean, and by Hieronymus, Jonathan, Bochart, and other writers on sacred geography.

at war with Toi, King of ...
South of Kínisrín (Chalcis) the ...
ruins of ancient Androna, now ...
at the foot of the basaltic range ...
the Valley of Salt (2 Sam. viii ...
yet unvisited ruins of Seriane.

Evening brought us to ... near to a Mohammedan to... provisions. A crowd of peas... around me, and I endeavo... getting tired of their im... delay succeeded in finding ... appetite, apparently very ... to pass over to me wh... lagers were, however, civ... in a house; but for want ... my carpet on tilled grou... in gathering as many ... boil a cup of coffee, an... small copper vessel ... and was a great conv...

Passing the villag... arrived early next d... which, although in p... remarkable not onl... but also for their s... they differed totally ...

These stately-l... signated as two s... one another, and ... dwelling-houses ... finished masonry. ... that they must ... tuted the mona... were several ch... colonnades, and ... supporting arc... dows in front: ... the gable end...

Everything ... monious. T... was straight ... the rows of ... incumbent ... between th... they remov... just as the ... refined ar... by pilast... the suppo...

The st... in all th... particular...

...ivate anything in the ...r position, and to the ...a not country, that we ...g untenanted, but it is ...s individuality or sepa-

...arly Christianity, the ...ace, most of the houses ...g joined him at the khan,

...nto the hilly range, to the ...narrow ravine, in the rocky ...s of horses and mules, had ...nd more in depth, and suc-...ace of the animal's step. I ...epudiate such a break-leg ...a which presented itself be-...emed accustomed to, and al-...nged away at each successive

...age in the mountains, called ...st day, gaining the valley of ...ein; and after keeping along ...e wooded and hilly districts ...e night, in a field near to a ...day (July 16th) we gained ...remarkable narrow pass which ...behind the town, and up and ...s are carried in so skilful and

...t in active progress, and that ...nam, where he was organizing ...ness had, however began to ...nose engaged in the transport. ...noch averaged 86°, but in the ...ames lay at the Pretty Tower, ...e sun; and Eden was brought ...e head of the lake, in a low ...A young sailor of the name of ...labouring under acute inflam-...mortly afterwards, while I was ...ardy movements was much in-...t the Messrs. Staunton was at ...; and I had often to ride the ...Pretty Tower, and the head ...depot, and back again. The ...ed me; and I was, when thus ...e way-side till the obnoxious ...horse browsed in the neigh-

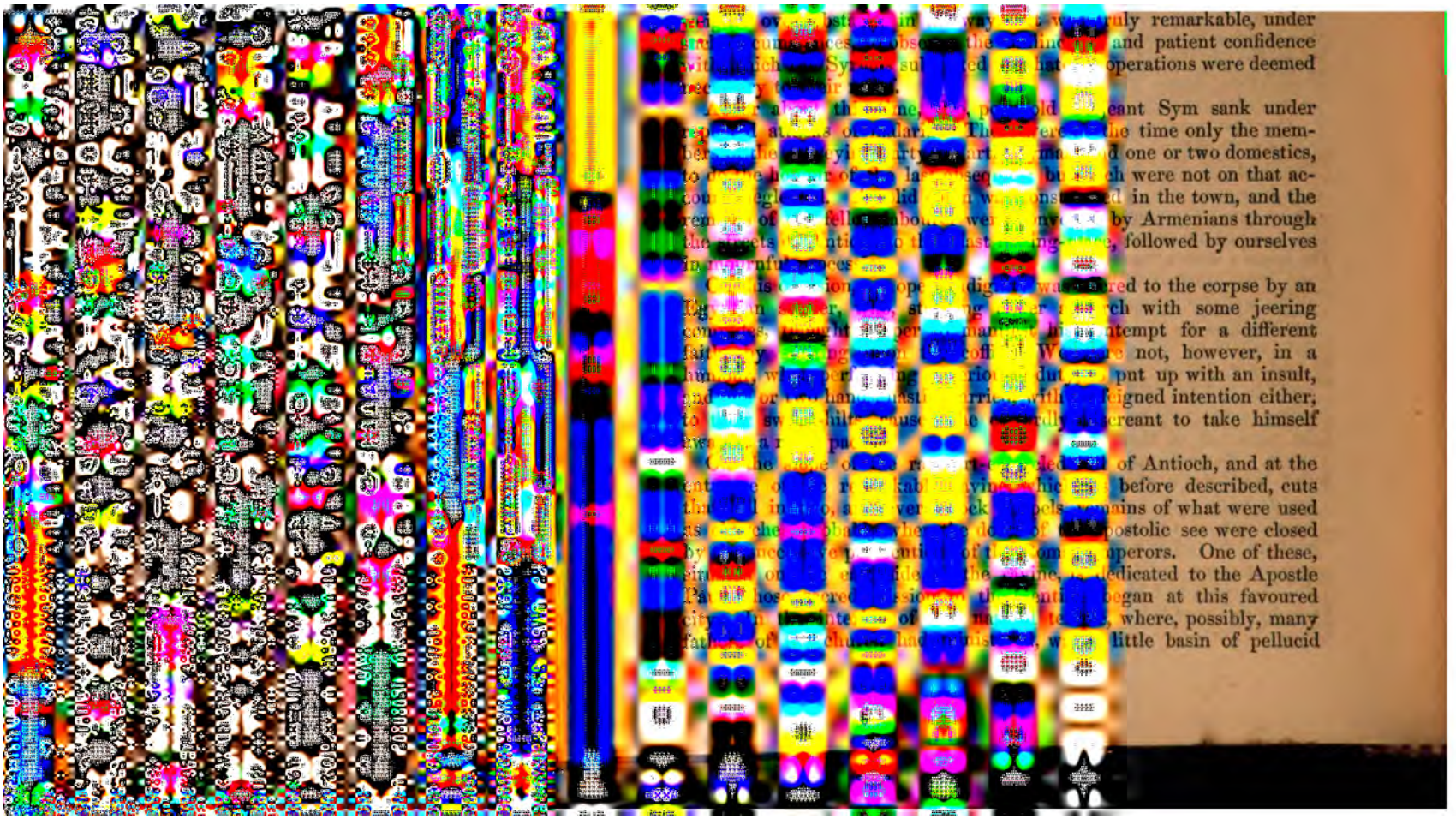
...ching by moonlight the wind-...Hill when I perceived at the ...lowers of the steam ships, but

.ithout any one to guard it, and although I gave a shout of recogni-
on, it remained unanswered. Surprised at such an unusual occur-
ence, I rode up to the boiler, and, peering into the interior, quickly espied two Maltese sailors, coiled up like reptiles, and somewhat ashamed at being thus found neglecting their watch. To a rather sharp questioning, as to the reason of their thus secreting themselves, the only answer was, "Oh, sir! oh, sir! there has been such a strange figure walking about on the hill-side—a thing all in white, and so tall!" I could not help laughing, as I rode away, at the superstitions of the Maltese, following them wherever they went; for it was evident, although they did not acknowledge it, that it was St. Simon himself, whom they believed had been paying them a nocturnal visit.

These Maltese, with the exception of two or three, who became useful as cooks, turned out, generally speaking, very useless fellows, and they soon got disgusted with the labours and privations of the transport, and terrified by the prevalent sickness, and one after another, they hurried away to the seaports, from whence they worked their way home to their patron saints.

Opportunities, however, presented themselves, amidst these occupations, of more minutely exploring the district of Casiotis, and more especially of carrying on researches for fossils, illustrative of the country. On one of these occasions, Thomson and myself had gone out to an abrupt and desolate valley, a few miles south of Antioch, where a naked terrace of rock offered us a great variety of shells. Busily engaged in extricating these from their matrix, evening overtook us in our employment, when we were suddenly interrupted by the barking of jackals close by. Turning round, our surprise may be imagined, at observing the valley below peopled by a troop of these frolicksome beasts, who were alternating their contemplations of ourselves with rude gambols, and still more uncouth howls.

Our first concern, having no arms, was to effect a safe retreat, and in order to do this, we laid aside the fossils, and taking up more available fragments of rock, began to pelt the enemy. The wily jackals were not, however, to be easily driven away, for, coiling up their backs like angry cats, they crept behind large fallen masses of rock, still closer to us, and yet out of reach of our missiles. We were obliged, therefore, to make a dash at them, and clearing a way, we hurried into a deeper and more wooded valley, making with a sharp pace towards town. What was our horror, however, before we had gained half a mile upon our antagonists, to hear them coming after us in full cry. Had all the jackals of the country been assembled for one grand chase, we could not, in our terror, have imagined that a more numerous pack could have been collected. On and on they came, sweeping down the valley, every rock re-echoing their wild cries, above which the dreadful pattering of their feet was heard, like the sound of rain amidst a storm. Thomson and I looked at one another like devoted beings, and large drops trickled down our foreheads as we awaited their attack, with only a few stones for our defence. But as the fiendish crew came on, the leaders, after a look and a snarl, swept by, making a slight deviation to the right, and followed by the whole pack. A moment more, and they had passed like a hurricane, and we breathed like men who had just escaped an imminent peril. This adventure taught us to act like the natives, and never to go about unarmed.



...tismal lake, with the creeping path of stone purifi-
...Helio-Arkite mysteries, and in front, there was a very
... piece of ground covered with greensward. In this,
...grave dug, to which, after reading the prayers of our
...committed the mortal remains of the serjeant. It was a
...utiful evening; and never did we look down upon Antioch,
...ty, with feelings of such sad solemnity, or when our hearts
...ch in harmony with her desolation.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

(From the German of Karl Simrock.)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

In Hamel all the mice and rats
In open day defy the cats;
An awful famine is in view—
What can the learned council do?
By their command,
Through all the land
'Tis said, that he
Who sets them free
From foes so many and so dread,
The burgomaster's child may wed.

Three days have pass'd—a sound is ringing,
Like swallows in the spring-time singing,
And lo! the rat-catcher appears;
See what a motley coat he wears!
His looks are wild,
His song is mild,
The rats all leap
In many a heap—
They must pursue the wondrous sound,
Till in the Weser they are drown'd.

The bells to thankful worship call;
To church proceed the burghers all:
The daughter of their magistrate
Seems doom'd to have a lowly mate.
Shall it be so?
Her sire says, "No!
With song and fife
To be his wife,
No rat-catcher gets child of mine—
Such lofty honours I decline."

The fifer, in his motley raiment,
Before the council comes for payment.
All in the selfsame language speak,
And all alike the contract break.
"The maid to thee!
It cannot be.
No; hunter brave
Thy trouble save.
Thy piping somewhat smacks of evil,
And came most likely from the deyil."

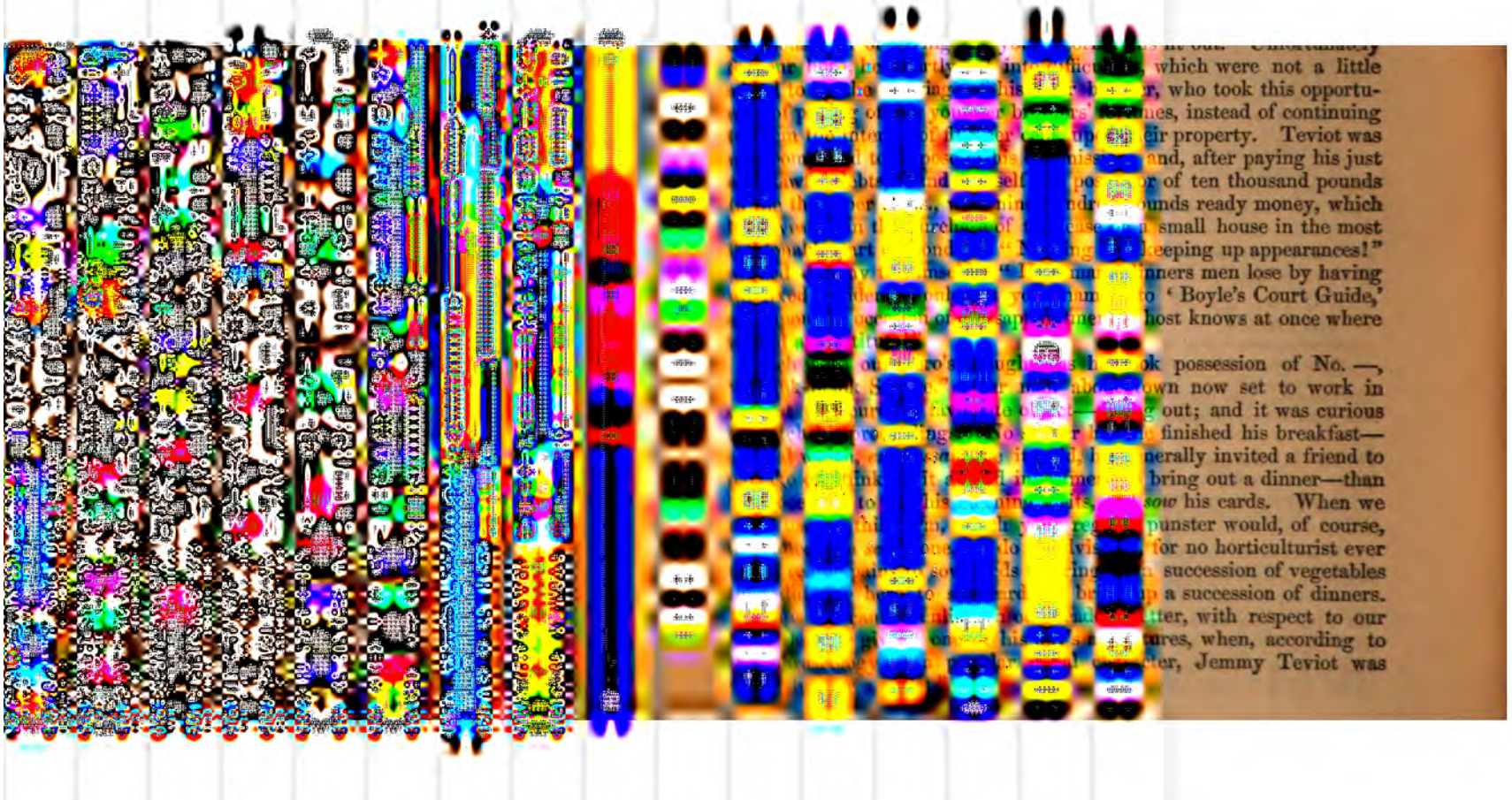
Next morning dawns—a sound is ringing,
As when the nightingales are singing;
The tones of song and flute beginning,
Dwell on the ear, so softly winning.
Again, again
He comes, 'tis plain,
The vermin-slayer—
The wondrous player.
The children—boys and maidens, too—
Must follow him, a motley crew.

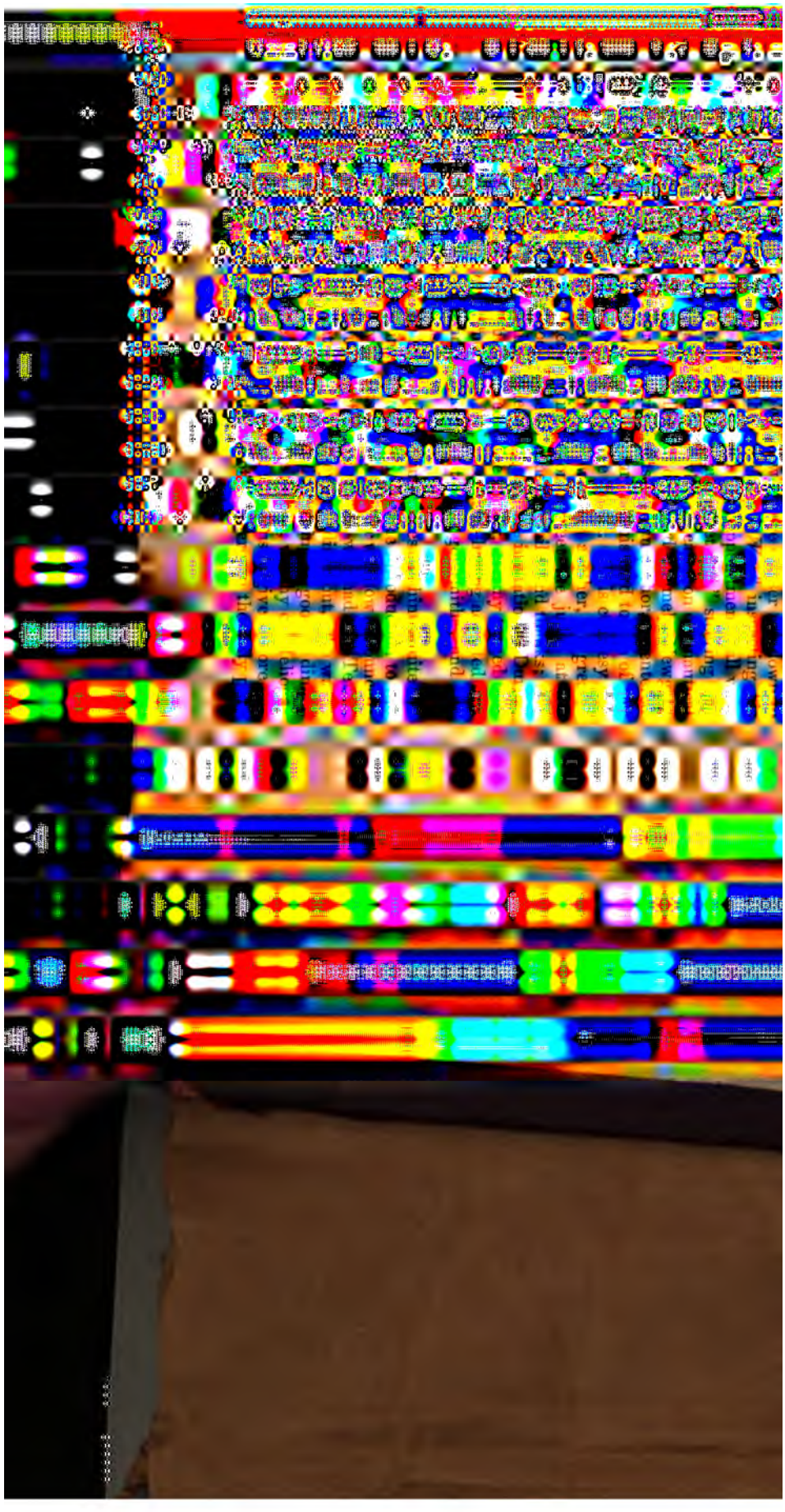
And now still sweeter sounds are ringing,
As when the heav'nly choir is singing;
Out comes the burgomaster's daughter,
The music to the door has brought her.
She flies along,
With all the throng;
The mice, too, leap,
In many a heap—
All must pursue that wondrous sound,
Till in the Weser they are drown'd.

Now to the gates the parents haste,
But not a footstep can be traced.
No trusty Eckart† comes to save them,
The hunter in his toils must have them.
But two return,
And nought we learn;
For they have come,
One blind—one dumb.
The mothers must in anguish wail;
The man's revenged—thus ends the tale.

* To Karl Simrock, those who have a taste for the German literature of the Middle Ages, and at the same time have not courage to attack the old language, are immensely indebted for his translations of the "Nibelungenlied," and the works of "Wolfram von Eschenbach."—J. O.

† According to another story, many people were lured to the Hill of Venus by a dwarf, who employed means similar to those used by the rat-catcher. This "Hill of Venus" was much such a place as the "Hall of Eblis" in "Vathek." An old trusty knight, named Eckart, was rewarded, after his death, with the office of warning the heedless against these allurements, and his ghost always appeared to those who were on the road to the hill, as a sort of guardian angel. The tale of "Trusty Eckart" is one of the most beautiful in Tieck's "Phantasus," and has been translated by Mr. Carlyle.—J. O.





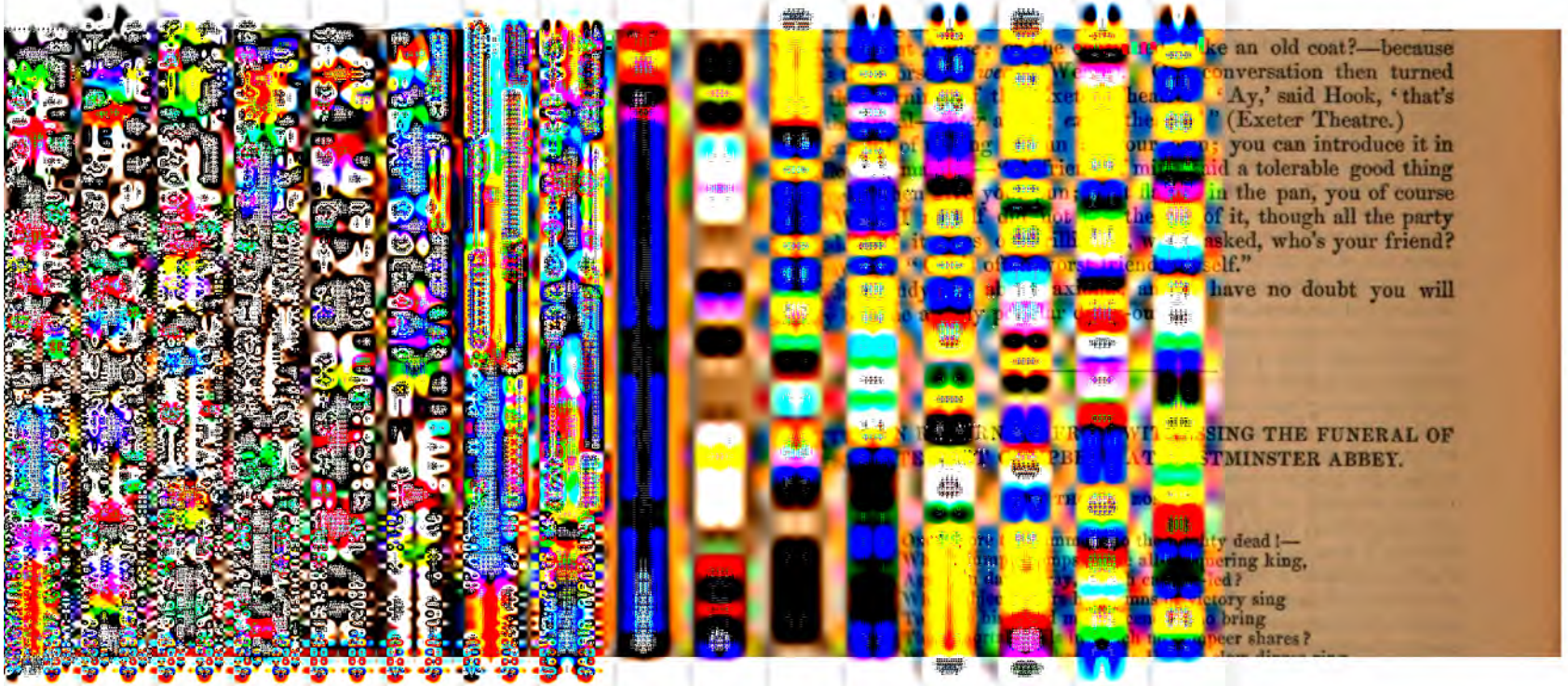
James's anecdotes; and as
d as some time has elapsed
ion in giving them, for the
h public.

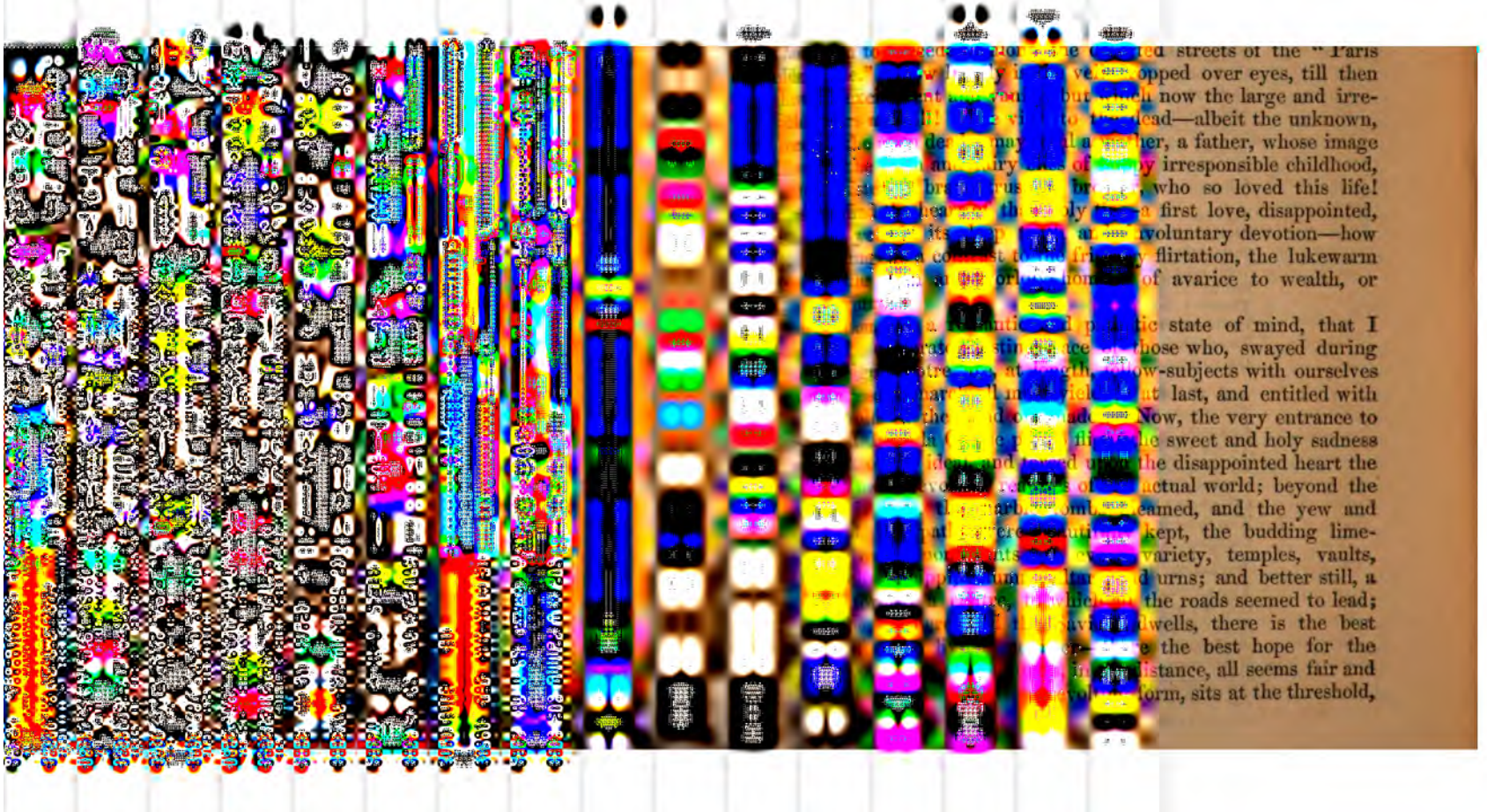
UT.

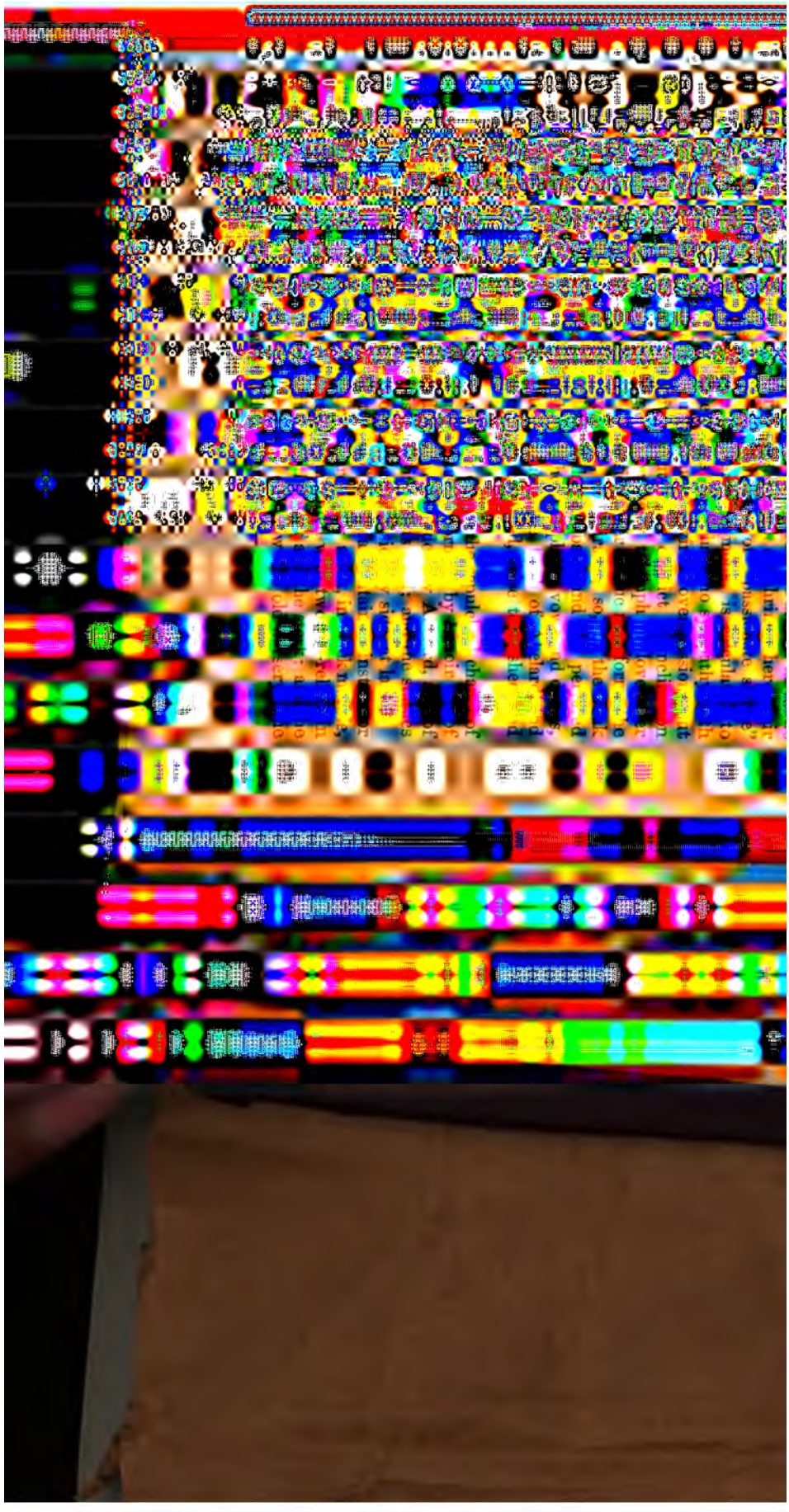
ur host and hostess are apt
nner being spoilt, and will
As a matter of course,
re, not forgetting a consi-
ss in praise of her "lovely
and occupations of all the
w in an appropriate word
If an antiquated damsel,
chedness), talk of the folly
rdity of being taken from
changes upon "childish
n minds," and "marry in
tess, author or authoress,
ntence, if possible, of their
nlented productions of the
ch will draw forth a reply
o their unpretending vo-
r the right-minded public
snarling critics may say.

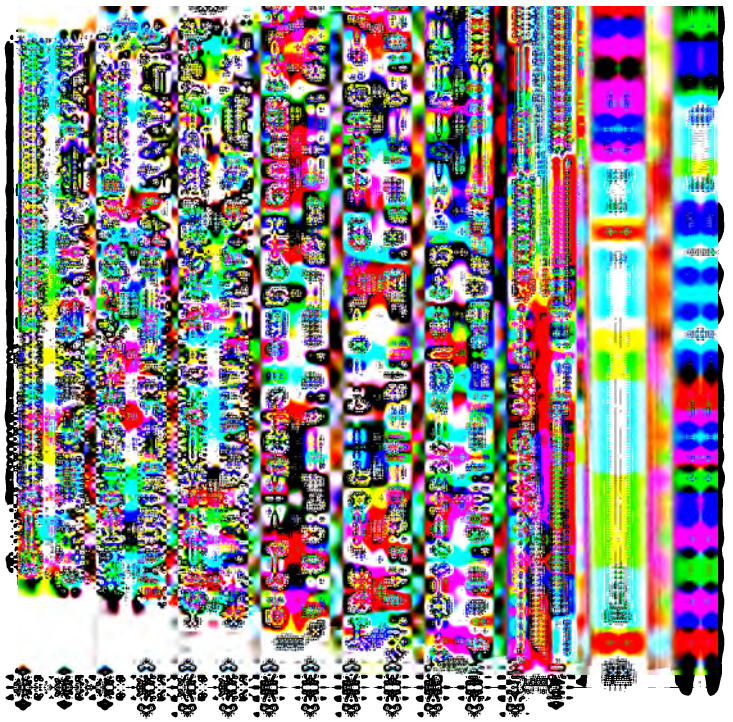
If the author has been guilty of "plagiarism," give him or her a catalogue raisonnée of noble and talented plagiarists, throwing in the reply of Charles the Second, who, when urged not to patronise one of Dryden's plays, as having been stolen from other works, replied, "Steal me such another, and I'll patronise it as much as I do honest John's." If you find yourself next to a youthful poetess, you may say of her work what Sir James Mackintosh said of Corinne, "I swallow it slowly, that I may taste every drop." If chance places a military man next to you, lead him on to talk of drills and pipe-clay—*the* duke and the peninsula, of course pronouncing the corps to which your neighbour belongs to be one of the finest in her majesty's service. If a naval hero is your neighbour, talk of Nelson, Howe, and Collingwood, and listen to his yarns of the sea, and dangers of the deep. If a traveller is placed next to you, journey with him over his beaten track, and urge him to publish his journals. With a lawyer, be *brief;* they are more accustomed to talk than to listen. With a tuft-hunter, drop in accidentally that you thought you saw him the day before in the park, which will give him a cue, to commence his narrations of high-bred dames and nobles with whom he is on the most intimate terms. In short, suit your conversation to your company. Respecting anecdotes, have a certain number stored up in your memory, ready to do their duty when called upon; but be particularly careful never to lug in one of them out of place, but be equally prompt, whenever an opportunity occurs, to avail yourself of it. Thus, the conversation turns upon Wellington, you immediately begin—"I heard a most characteristic anecdote of the great man lately: Commander Hall of her majesty's yacht, who had 'done the state some service' in China, was anxious to be presented to the hero of a hundred fights, upon an occasion in which the duke went on board the Victoria and Albert. The name of the commander was mentioned to the duke, who said he should be delighted to be introduced to the gallant officer. The *vainqueur des vainqueurs* went through the yacht, and was about to leave it, when he turned round to the captain, and said, introduce me to your commander. The ceremony took place. 'Happy to know you, Commander Hall. You are a brave fellow; fought like a hero in the Nemesis, in China. Gallant, gallant. God bless you,' holding out his hand at the same time. The son of Neptune warmly grasped the veteran warrior's hand, exclaiming, 'I would rather have that blessing than that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all the bishops put together.'"

After telling your story, wait (as the professed actors do) for the applause, and do not be carried away by it, or be led to tell another story, until an equally favourable opportunity occurs. If the subject turns upon politics, quote Sheridan and the pure elector of that immaculate borough of Stafford. "So, Mr. Sheridan, you are about to give us reform; that's right, only think, in some towns there are poor fellows, I hear say, that get nothing at all for their votes; that an't right, and wants reforming altogether. Talking of reform," you may continue, "I must tell you a most extraordinary circumstance that occurred during the last reign. Lord ——— paid a visit to Bedlam; among the inmates was a poor woman, who happened to ask his lordship his name, 'Oh,' replied the latter, 'I'm Mr. Smith,' giving a travelling name. Nothing more occurred until a few months after-





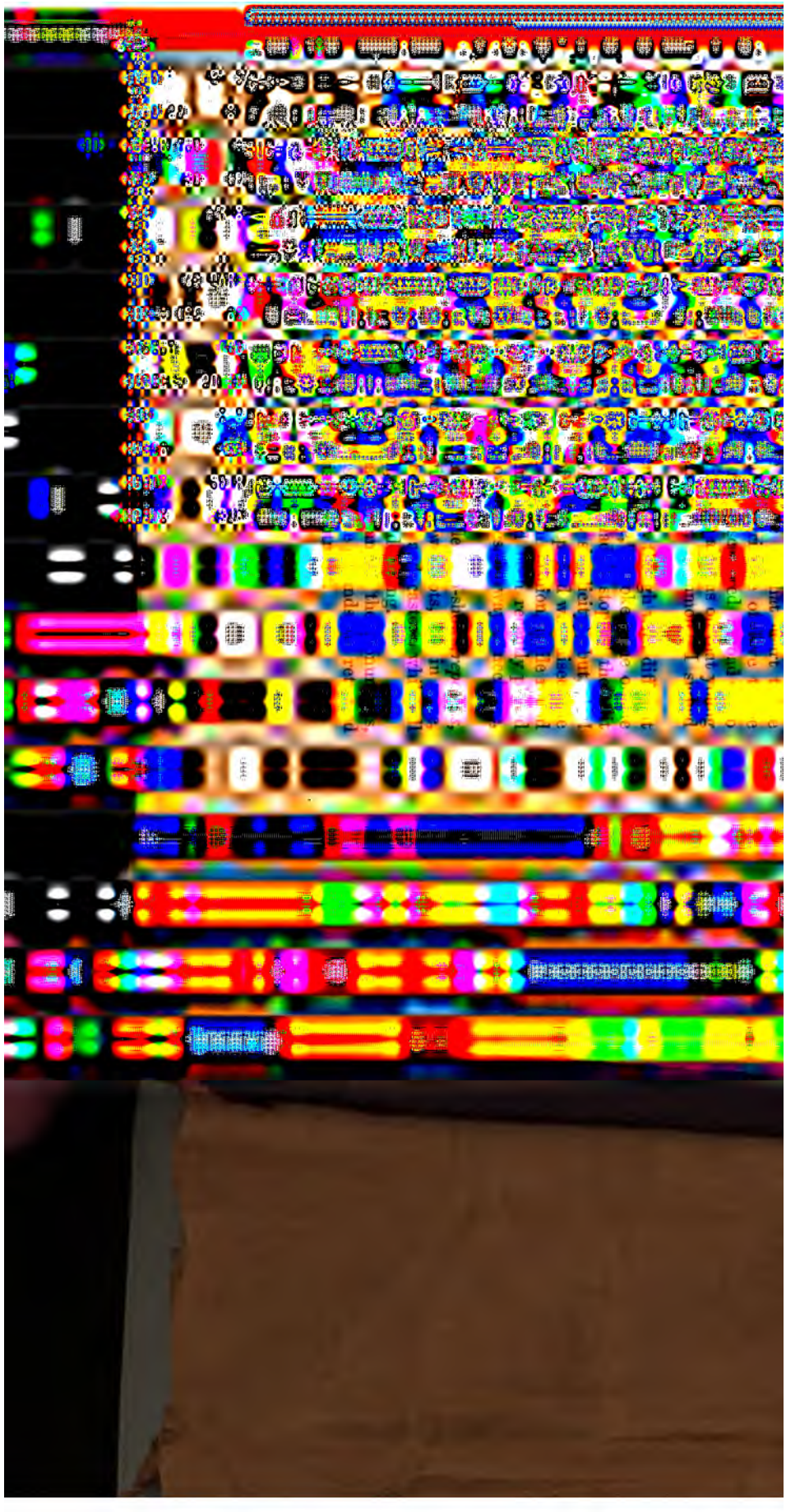




…n La Place, with thee they are

…world of thought, who have
…he realms of time, a few turnings
…ascent, brings one among those
…s were bathed in the blood of the
…d the orphan. The marshals of
…e! What are they now? The
…rgiven; for they were *the brave.*
…ille, from a rising ground to the
…ly view over Vincennes.
…ds the end of March, the distant
… Nature wore her calm eternal
…around, the new-made graves
… of the perishing and the last-
…me would not suffice to describe
…orthy of note; suffice it then to
… wealth, rank, philanthropy, and
…dered remarkable in Paris, are
…toried urn and animated bust,
…nt obelisks, as if in mockery of

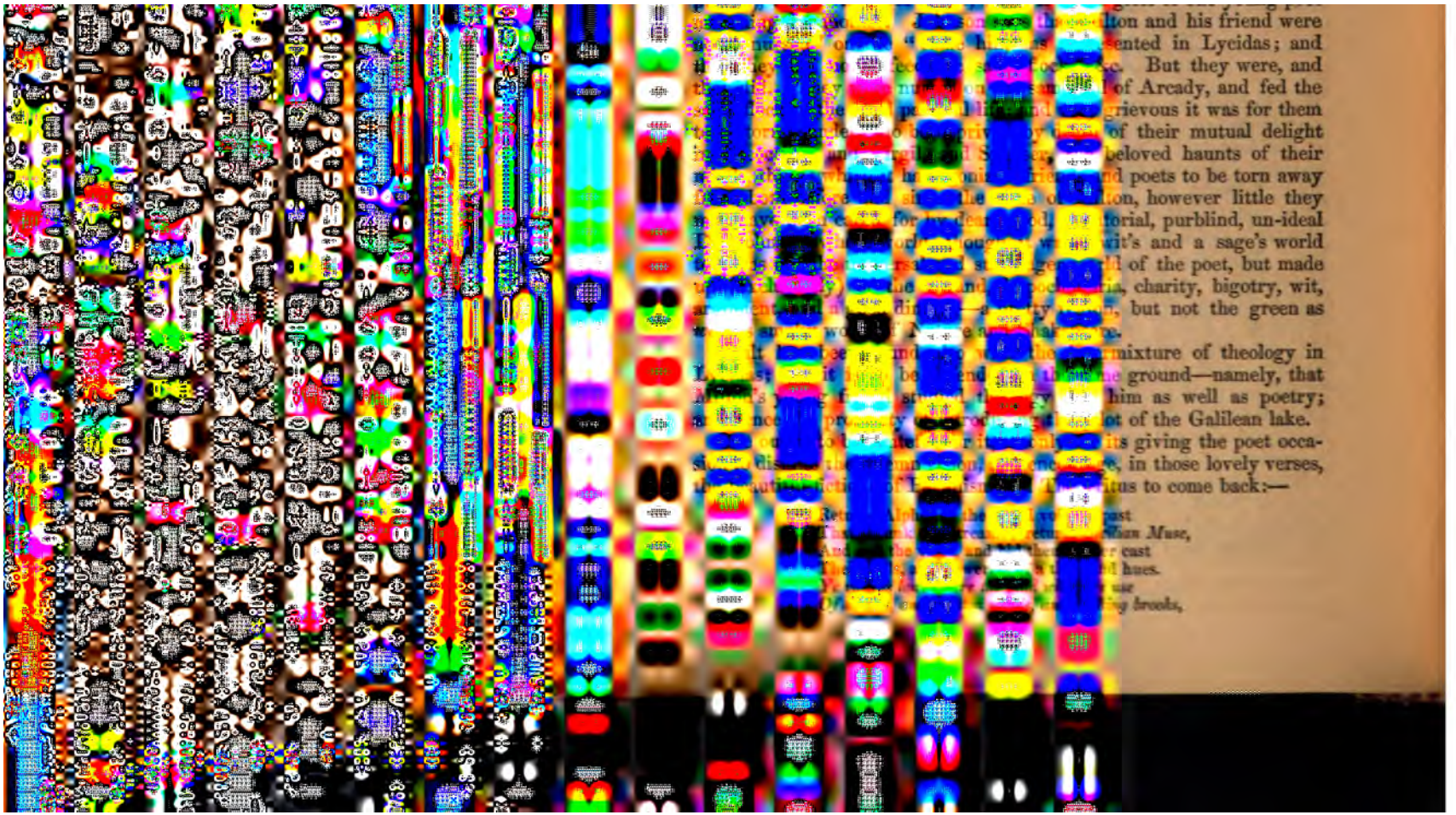
…ll surely seek his tomb, for the
… is pleasant to dwell on the rest-
…le themselves immortal! Near
…hmaker; for him, Time (the



made such a paragon of
the self-denial, that the
that the author had very
t that this was the cause
rtling fact,) and not the
t and Ben Jonson indig-
ot reconcile such painful,
pocritical contradictions;
ave been to find that he
tical tone of mind in the
le sex, which refused to
ng on a graver face, and
hose to assume. The
who is always talking of
d her lover Thenot is so
she were to give up the
ats her at once to "hear
what the audience could
ssages in the "Faithful
We are never tired of

ove,
hose eyes

ch night,
ight,

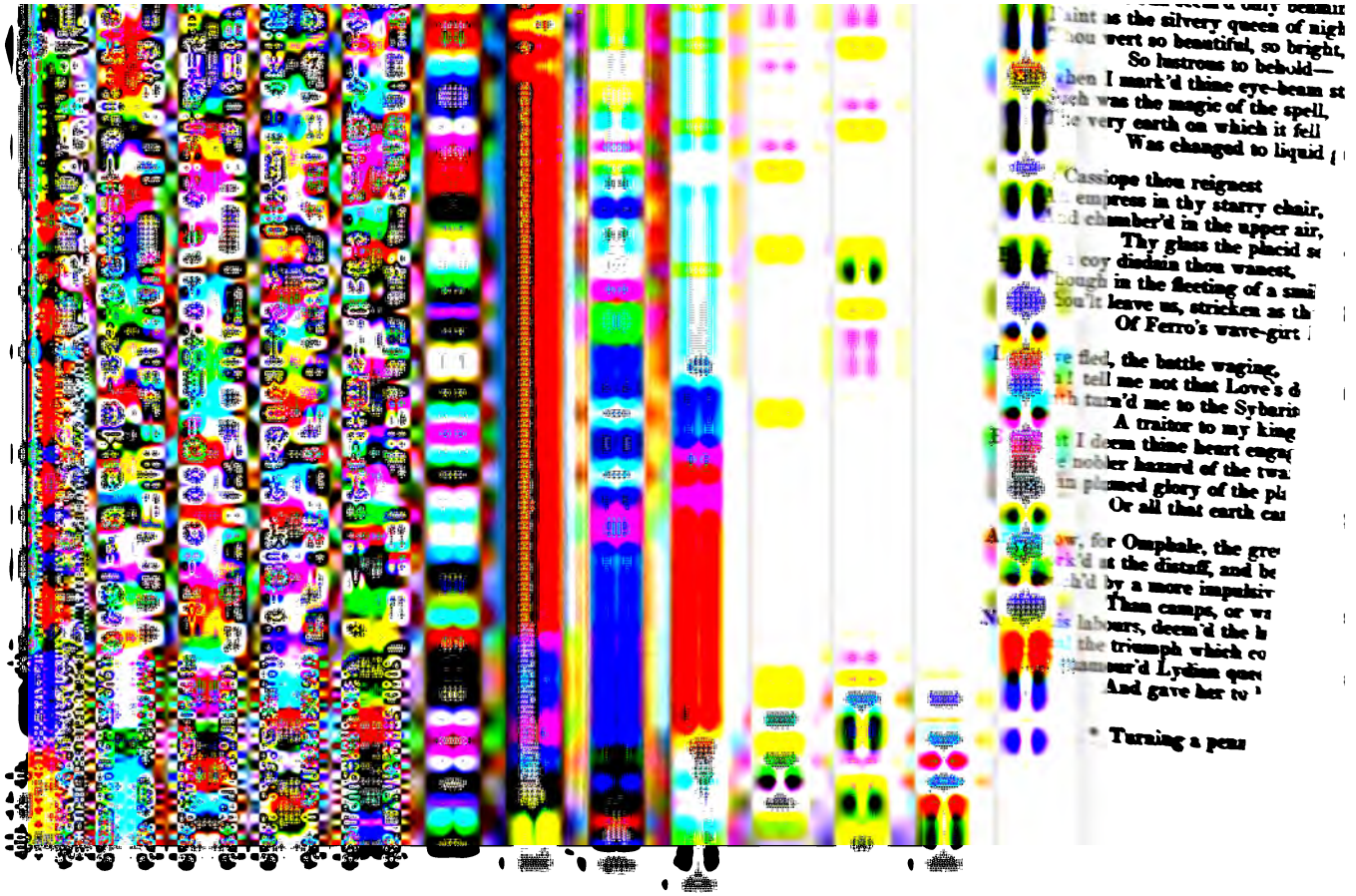

ion and his friend were
ented in Lycidas; and
But they were, and
of Arcady, and fed the
grievous it was for them
of their mutual delight
beloved haunts of their
d poets to be torn away
ion, however little they
torial, purblind, un-ideal
it's and a sage's world
l of the poet, but made
ia, charity, bigotry, wit,
, but not the green as
mixture of theology in
ground—namely, that
him as well as poetry;
t of the Galilean lake.
its giving the poet occa-
, in those lovely verses,
us to come back:—
ast
an Muse,
cast
l hues.
y brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf *such the honeyed showers*,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy, *freak'd* with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.

* * * * *

Thus sang the swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey."

These are the chief pastoral writers in the language, of the ideal class. Pope professed to be a classical pastoral writer, and split, accordingly, on the hard rock of Latin imitation. Even Gay's burlesque pastoral was better, for it went to the real fields for its imagery; and Phillips would have surpassed both, if he had not been full of affectation. His verses from Copenhagen, describing a northern winter, are fresh from Nature. Of Allan Ramsay, the prince of the homely pastoral drama, we have already spoken. Burns was pastoral poetry itself, in the shape of an actual, glorious peasant, vigorous as if Homer had written him, and tender as generous strength, or as memories of the grave. Ramsay and he have helped Scotland for ever to take pride in its heather, and its braes, and its bonny rivers, and be ashamed of no beauty or honest truth, in high estate or in low;—an incalculable blessing. Yet Ramsay, though he wrote an entire and excellent dramatic pastoral, in five legitimate acts, is but a small part of Burns;—is but a field in a corner compared with the whole Scots pastoral reigns. He has none of Burns's pathos; none of his grandeur; none of his burning energy; none of his craving after universal good. How universal is Burns! What mirth in his cups! What softness in his tears! What sympathy in his very satire! What manhood in everything! If Theocritus, the inventor of a loving and affecting Polyphemus, could have foreseen the verses on the "Mouse" and the "Daisy," turned up with plough, the "Tam o' Shanter," "O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," "Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon," &c., (not to mention a hundred others, which have less to do with our subject,) tears of admiration would have rushed into his eyes, not unmixed with a generous self-pity at being surpassed on his own grounds of rustical feeling and enjoyment, of popular witchcraft and universal passion. In the course of a few days, on the 6th of the present month, a festival is to take place in Ayrshire, to the honour and glory of Burns and his sons, who are to be welcomed to the Banks of the Doon. Would that we could be there, to add the mite of our respects; to listen to all that will be said in gratitude to their father, by noble and poetic lips; and to come away, warm with the grasps of the hands of our own Scottish friends, whom his example has helped to link with mankind in universal brotherhood. We seem to hear the spirit of the Poet crying out in his own words, on this sixth of August, first, to such as hesitate to attend his Festival for fear of the expense, though they can well afford it; and next, to the generous visitors who come jovially pouring in:—



aint as the silvery queen of nigh
ou wert so beautiful, so bright,
So lustrous to behold—
hen I mark'd thine eye-beam st
ch was the magic of the spell,
e very earth on which it fell
Was changed to liquid

Cassiope thou reignest
empress in thy starry chair,
d chamber'd in the upper air,
Thy glass the placid st
coy disdain thou wanest,
ough in the fleeting of a smi
ou'lt leave us, stricken as th
Of Ferro's wave-girt

e fled, the battle waging,
t tell me not that Love's d
h turn'd me to the Sybaris
A traitor to my king
t I deem thine heart engag
e nobler hazard of the twa
m planned glory of the pl
Or all that earth ca

w, for Omphale, the gre
k'd at the distaff, and be
h'd by a more impulsiv
Than camps, or wa
s labours, deem'd the h
the triumph which co
mour'd Lydian quee
And gave her to

* Turning a pea

THE EMPIRE OF MOROCCO.*

The Moors, the degenerate race of noble ancestors, and the last remnant of that Mohammedanism which so long threatened Christianity from its strongholds in Granada, and afterwards from its piratical ports on the "sea of darkness," as they expressively call the Atlantic, are at length, it appears, threatened in their turn, by powers who proclaim themselves to be the daughters of Latin and Christian civilization.

The dependency of Tunis and Tripoli on the Sublime Porte has preserved them as yet from the almost unavoidable consequences which result from an inveterate barbarity being brought into close proximity with intelligence, industry, and ambition; but the empire of Morocco, isolated by the colonization of Algeria, and rendered as it were an intercepted and cast-off member of the Mohammedan family of nations, has fallen into a relationship with European powers, the results of which cannot be easily anticipated, and which leave for it a future of about as debatable a character as that which might belong to a carcass on its own plains, and for which stealthy crows and ravens quarrel with the vulture, and the latter again with sundry jackals and hyænas.

Two nations of the north, once deservedly famed for their sea-kings, and still possessed of gallant navies, have been the first to take advantage of this peculiar and crippled position of the old empire of the Moors, and to withhold that disgraceful tribute which they hitherto, through some curious policy, or out of veneration for olden customs, used to pay annually to the Moors, as if they were still the formidable toll-keepers of the Herculean Straits.

Sala, a name which has decorated many a plaintive ballad, and once the terror of the seas, is with its large suburb of Rabat, still the most populous port of the empire, boasting altogether of about 31,000 inhabitants; but its venerable and battlemented castles are falling into ruins, its circular batteries and round forts reveal only a few guns mounted on clumsy carriages, and which, to use an expression of Captain Washington's,† "would not stand fire for ten minutes." The Imperial dockyard at the mouth of the "father of ripples" (Abu Rakrak) only contains one corvette on the stocks, and according to Mr. Hay, the Imperial squadron itself consists in all of a corvette, two brigs, a schooner, with some few-gun boats, and these unfit for sea. Such is the sorry remnant of the naval force of Morocco, whose Sala rovers used to keep in constant alarm the peaceful merchantmen of Christendom, and to which, up to the present year, two Christian nations have continued to pay tribute.

Taking advantage of the same isolated and peculiar position, and probably urged also from without, Spain, which has in her time put up with many an affront from her barbarian neighbours, can now afford to avenge with the tone of superiority, followed by military demonstrations, the last insult offered to her flag. The regiments of Gallicia and of Baylen are on their way to reinforce the garrison of Ceuta; but, as with the French, prudence, reserve, and the utmost moderation, are proclaimed as the basis of all negotiations.

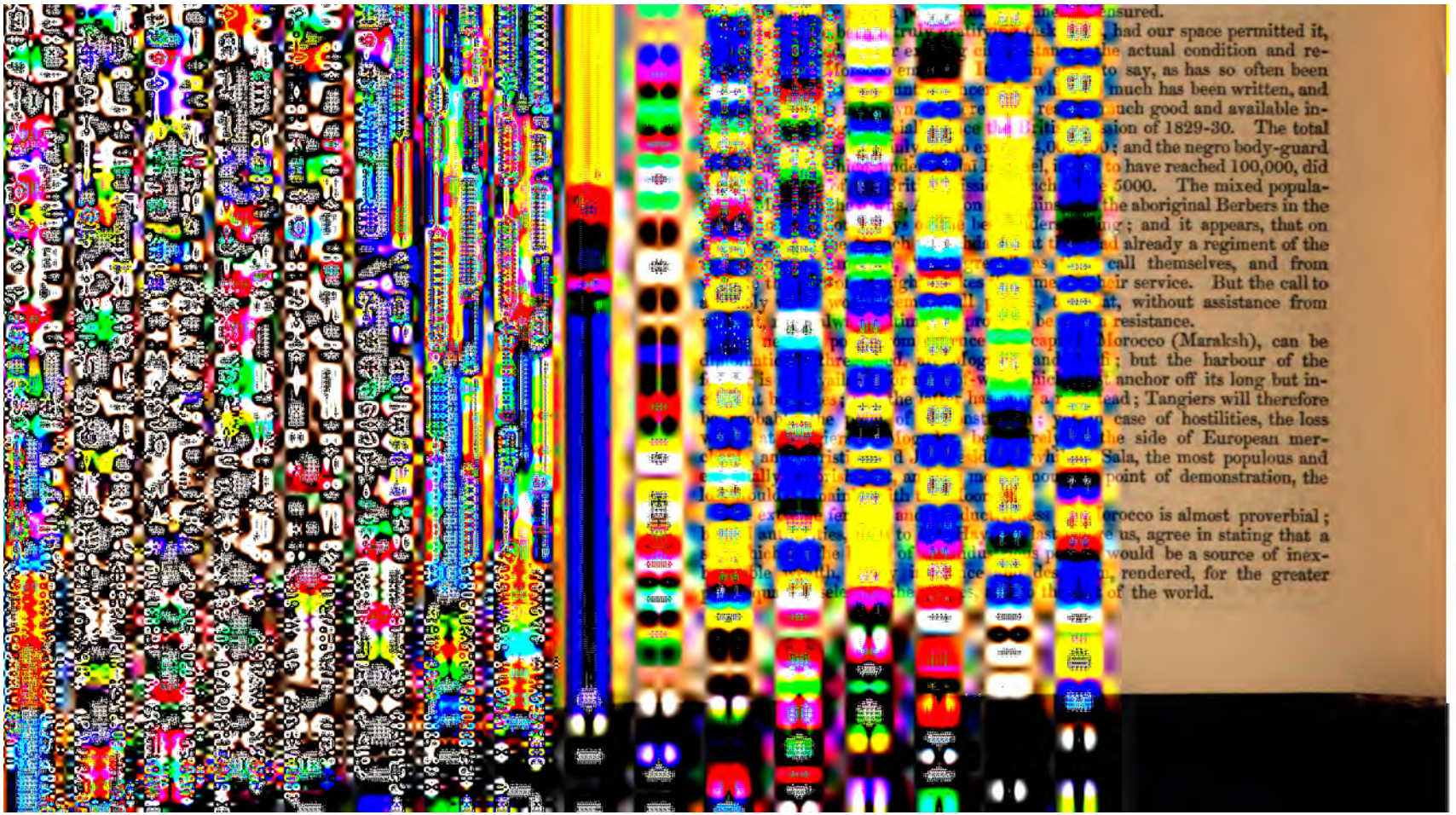
The complication with France is, if possible, of a still more serious complexion. The uncertainty of the limitrophal line may, to a certain extent, excuse past events. The French acknowledge the Tafnah as the boundary line, but they make the river of Lalla Maghrania, where their camp was, and the river of Uchdah (the Oushdah of the French) tributaries to the Tafnah, but which, in existing maps, are made tributaries to the Muluyah, "the winding river," and a river indisputably of the Morocco territory.‡ France, also, naturally feels herself aggrieved at the protection yielded, if not positive assistance granted,

* "Western Barbary;" its wild tribes and savage animals. By John H. Drummond Hay, Esq. London: J. Murray.

"A Map of the North Coast of Africa," including Morocco and Algiers. By James Wyld, Charing Cross East, London.

† Geographical Notice of the Empire of Morocco, Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. i. p. 123.

‡ Yet up the valley of which the French have since advanced in search of the fugitive Augades, and have met with some opposition.



We cannot but recommend this little work of Mr. Hay's as one of the most entertaining of its class. The picture of Morocco sports, and of the manners of the people, are most lively and amusing. At the same time, it is impossible, in reading these graphic and truly Oriental sketches, not to be reminded of the proverb, "There is nothing new," &c. The story of Ali, the robber, is almost, to a word, that of the notorious Veli Khan, of Farsistan, the cutting off the finger that pulled the trigger, the sheikh's mare, the story of the ancient vase, are all familiar in similar or proximate forms throughout the East; and what is equally curious, the incident of the robber Ali, surrounded by the flaming forest, launching himself on his jet-black steed, while supporting his beloved Rahmana in his arms, against his foe, is precisely similar to the flight of Herne the Hunter with Mabel into the burning woods, related in "Windsor Castle." In the superstitions of the Berbers and Arabs, the few relics of Mauro-Spanish times, the traditions of the Moors, and the well-told conversations with lions, boars, and hyænas, Mr. Hay's work contains many features of novel and great interest, such as are certain to ensure a very great popularity; and to those whose curiosity in these countries will be naturally awakened by the progress of events, we cannot do a better service than to recommend Mr. Wyld's excellent map as a guide.

THE POLITICAL MISSION TO THE EAST.*

A French political mission, especially when composed of one individual, is a thing *sui generis*. It is not a mission of peace, nor a mission of friendly alliance, nor one for commercial and other advantages, nor even of French interests,—it is a mission simply of hostility to England and the English, unflinching in its objects, and unscrupulous in its means.

Mr. Fontanier's especial mission was as a spy upon the proceedings of the Euphrates Expedition. "At the period of my nomination," he says, p. 2, "public attention was actively directed to the attempts made by the English to open more speedy communications with India." "The title of vice-consul," he elsewhere says, "if directly conferred upon me, would not have suited my views;" and at page 414, he says, "the experiments on the navigations of the Euphrates having terminated," his presence was no longer needed, and he took his departure.

It is not our intention to follow our author in his outward journey, and in his intermeddlings with Egyptian and Indian politics, there are plenty besides ourselves who can set him right upon those topics. We shall penetrate at once to the less frequented territories neighbouring the Persian Gulf, and to the new French vice-consulate at Basrah, for against his will the author was bound to decency by such a nomination.

Arrived at this ancient commercial city, Mr. Fontanier was received by the English agent, whose house was placed at his disposal, and who took every possible steps to get the consul established in his new position, and also received by the local authorities with respect, (pp. 169, 170.) This, however, did not suit so sensitive a disposition, and in a country, where he says (p. 182) the English "pass for a race of superior beings;" he considered that his position had an aspect of dependence, and hence he resolved to live apart, and to hoist a flag; but a difficulty occurred, that this demanded some outlay—a difficulty, however, by no means insuperable to the genius of a Frenchman, for there was at Basrah a French factory, in part of which the consul took up his abode, and the other part he pulled down, and sold the materials to meet the expenses of erecting a flag-staff, (p. 190.) This factory, it is to be remarked, had been a little previously repaired by the French Bishop of Baghdad, at an expense of 1200*l*.

"Once installed," says the author (p. 191), "I received frequent visits from

* Narrative of a Mission to India, and the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf, &c. Undertaken by order of the French Government. By V. Fontanier, Vice-Consul at Bassora. 1 vol. 8vo. R. Bentley, London.

political eyes saw strange
that Babylon was about to be
Colonel Taylor was to be the
espatches a threatening letter,
he territory, he would protest
he integrity of the Osmanli
after the colonel's intentions
d been dismissed, and were
expected others would arrive,
ed an army of British soldiers
observe that any military force
ed, by any one except the

om a British invasion, he be-
ents, he now states (p. 197),
influence;" and immediately
cial to the English," for "false
to the light."
took place in the transport of
with the vice-consulate, which
first of all getting up a quarrel
removed certain church pro-
taining any satisfaction from
roperty from Colonel Taylor,
gh agent in the country, had
itish resident, "that if he did
of the document which I then
ndia, with a request that the
might be made good from his

ch the author proclaims to be
rdinary daring," is heard of at
ledge of the origin and nature

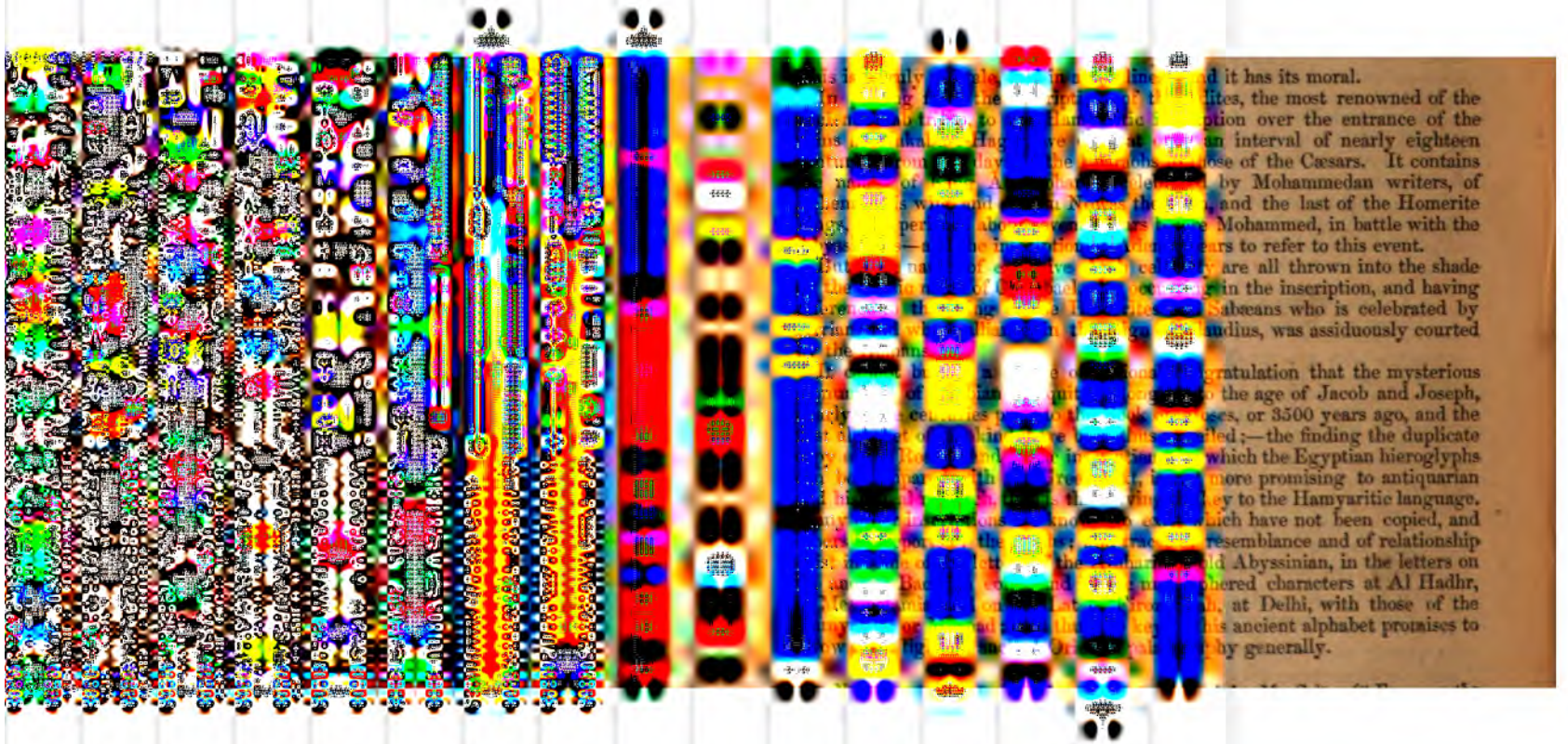
all those who disliked the authority of the English." This might
a rather strange proceeding by the uninitiated, on the part of the
tive of an allied and friendly power; but it is explained in otl
where the author's ideas as to the duties of a French consul are mo
stated, as being simply to keep the English consuls in check (p.
prevent the English depriving the French, "in Asiatic affairs, of
tages to which our geographical position and prior relations
entitle us," (p. 295.) Observations, which every one will allow,
inapplicable to the position of the two nations in China, Ind
Gulf, or the Red Sea—the wide fields of Mr. Fontanier's ambi

No sooner established than "a circumstance occurred," I
"which made it incumbent on me to check the influence of
was, in fact, boiling over with impatience to quarrel with th
at Baghdad; and the occasion which thus presented itself
nor less than a request made by the colonel to the pasha of
mission to establish coal depôts for the service of the Euphr
different stations on the river Euphrates. These coal depô
by Mr. Fontanier, "military posts and magazines;" and h
mission to construct these posts, and to establish a communi
by means of steam-boats, was neither more nor less tha
possession of the river," (p. 193.) Imagine the taking a
of a tract of country eleven hundred miles in extent,
millions of inhabitants, by five coal depots guarded by
each! But worse than this, Colonel Taylor, who, alt
resident at Baghdad, had never visited the ruins of
accomplishing that object, and at the same time of g
mony the arrival of the Euphrates Expedition, wisl
his guard of Sepoys being relieved, to detain for a whi
for this little excursion. Mr. Fontanier's sharp poli
designs in this arrangement; it was evident that I
converted into a British military post; in fact, Colon
modern Alexander, and off the irate consul despat
stating that if a single English soldier entered the t
at Constantinople against such a violation of the i
empire." This, it is to be observed, was written aft
were given up, and the additional Sepoys had
already on their way home. But Mr. Fontanier ex
and he takes credit to himself for having prevented
having marched on Baghdad. It is needless to obs
from India was neither asked for, nor expected
visionary vice-consul.

Mr. Fontanier having thus saved Turkey fro
comes a great man. Speaking of English ag
"My bare presence was a serious check to their
afterwards, "My residence at Basrah was prejudi
greatness no longer glitters when it is exposed t

This great affair concluded, the delay which
the material of the expedition, left a long leisure
was converted to the extraordinary purposes of
with the Abbé Trioche of Baghdad, for havin
perty from Basrah to that city, and failing in
that quarter, he amuses himself by claiming t
who, upon the representations of the former F.
assisted in their removal, and he warned the
not accede to my demand, I should send a co
transmitted him to the Governor-general
value of the articles thus irregularly remo
pay!"

At length the approach of the expedition,
a "bold enterprise," and "an example of e
Basrah. The author details at length his



d it has its moral.
lites, the most renowned of the
ption over the entrance of the
an interval of nearly eighteen
ose of the Cæsars. It contains
by Mohammedan writers, of
and the last of the Homerite
Mohammed, in battle with the
ars to refer to this event.
are all thrown into the shade
in the inscription, and having
Sabæans who is celebrated by
udius, was assiduously courted

gratulation that the mysterious
the age of Jacob and Joseph,
es, or 3500 years ago, and the
ded;—the finding the duplicate
which the Egyptian hieroglyphs
more promising to antiquarian
ey to the Hamyaritic language.
hich have not been copied, and
resemblance and of relationship
ld Abyssinian, in the letters on
hered characters at Al Hadhr,
at Delhi, with those of the
is ancient alphabet promises to
by generally.

N ANNE.

IRD.

ITH.

RELL; AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT.

James's and Whitehall were
minster were ordered to remain
posted in different quarters;
ented to the queen by the com-
eans might be taken to suppress
r recurrence, a proclamation was
ect, and a reward offered for the
abettors of the late disturbances.
igorous measures, Sacheverell was
umphal chariot, and content himself
as carried daily to Westminster Hall,
endants.

nued upwards of a week, and the counsel
plied to the different articles of impeach-
unced the address prepared for him by
, and Friend, under the advice and with
urt and Phipps. Delivered with the utmost
air of entire conviction, this masterly and
duced a strong impression on most of its
them was the queen herself, who appeared
. It mattered not that it was directly opposed
to the doctrines laid down in the discourse on
ution was grounded; it mattered not that its
re audacious, and its appeals startling; that it
little better than an artful recantation of the
r opinions; it answered the purpose admirably,
ive of the issue of the trial. The research and
ayed in it astonished the most critical, while its ex-
power and pathos electrified and enchained the inat-
he sterner position of the assemblage yielded it the
their applauses, the gentler that of their tears.

publication of this speech, which immediately followed
ry, the doctor's popularity reached its apogee, and the
fident anticipations of his honourable acquittal, or of a

" We dwelt in this castle seven years
Of good life—how difficult from memory its description !
Then came years barren and burnt up :
When one evil year had passed away, there came another
And we became as though we had never seen a glimpse
They died ; *and neither foot nor hoof remained.*"

The allusions here have a specific reference to an event
and fix the date of the poem to a given point in the patri
neither more nor less than an abridgment of the relatio
words printed in italics are used by Moses, and that i
" Our cattle also shall go with us : there shall not an ho

A very singular confirmation of this reference is ad
from Firazabaudi, after Ebn Hesham, who relates that
to view a sepulchre in Yemen, on which lay a wom
seven collars of pearls, and on her hands and her feet b
and armlets, seven on each ; and on every finger a
jewel of great price ; and at her head a coffer, filled
with this inscription :—

" In thy name, O God, the God of Hamyar,
I, Tajah, the daughter of Dzu Shefar, *sent my s*
And he delaying to return to me, I sent my h
With a measure of silver, to bring me back a
And not being able to procure it, I sent her w
And not being able to procure it, I sent her w
And not being able to procure it, I command
And finding no profit in them, I am shut up
Whosoever may hear of me, let them commi
And should any woman adorn herself with
From my ornaments, may she die by no ot

This is a truly sad tale, told in a few lines—an

In passing from the inscriptions of the A
ancient Arab tribes, to the Hamyaritic inscri
ruins at Nakabu-l-Hagar, we drop at once
centuries, from the days of the Pharaohs to
the names of King Ab Mohareb, celebrat
Behenna his wife, and of Dzu Nowas their
kings, who perished about seventy years be
Abyssinians—and the inscription at Aden

But these names of exclusive Arab cele
by the classic name of Charibael, also occu
reference to that king of the Homerites
Arrian, and whose alliance, in the reign
by the Romans.

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* Now ascertained to have been
Phonetic System." London, 1825.)

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'tance, were seized,
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'rough House, a large
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'een supplied them, and
'rell and the Tories, they
'nd prompted by some of
'th them, gave three groans
'e for the duchess.
red for the event, two men
'n-chair. Their object being
' them by the crowd, and they
edge of the fire. The chair
'he men, who appeared to be a
'thes, took forth a figure tricked
'erriwig, a tattered scarlet robe,
' a paper collar round its neck, and

of England, de Earl of Godolphin!"
'g French accent, which was supposed

'l, and several voices cried, "Into the
fire with him!"
'e fellow; "vait till you see his compa-

l the other man at the sedan-chair—a tall,
'rapped in a loose regimental great coat, and
'in like a pair of nutcrackers—"Here he is!"
'g up another figure, wearing an absurdly-
'oiled military coat, a laced hat, and a pair of

'nmander-in-sheaf—de great Marlbrook!" con-
'y man, with the hooked nose, shewing the effigy
'rs, who replied by shouts of laughter, ming[illegible]
'pressions of disapprobation. "Dese are de very
' at——"
'eech was cut short by a great stir amid the crowd,

and a loud voice exclaimed, "It's a lie!—an infernal lie! which none but a Frenchman would utter."

The next moment, Scales, followed by Proddy, rushed forward. Having seen what was going forward from the steps of Marlborough House, they had determined, in spite of every risk, to stop such disgraceful proceedings.

As soon as the serjeant got up to the chair, he snatched the figure from the grasp of the man who held it, and trampled it beneath his feet.

"Shame on you!" he cried, looking round. "Is it thus you treat the defender of your country, and the conqueror of its enemies? Is it thus you show honour to the victor of Blenheim and Ramilies?"

"Who are you that talk thus to us?" demanded a by-stander.

"Who am I?" rejoined the serjeant. "One who has a right to speak, because he has followed the duke in all his campaigns. One who has bled *with* him, and would willingly bleed *for* him. One who would rather have left his corpse on the field of Malplaquet than live to see his commander so grossly insulted by those who are bound to honour and respect him."

"If that don't touch your hearts they must be harder than stones," cried Proddy, passing his hand before his eyes. "Are you Englishmen, that you allow a couple of beggarly mounseers to insult your great general in this way—to say nothin' of his friend the lord-treasurer? If you don't blush for yourselves, I blush for you."

"Mounseers!" exclaimed a by-stander. "What, are these two ill-looking rascals, mounseers?"

"As sure as I'm her majesty's coachman!" said Proddy.

"It's Mr. Proddy himself!" cried several voices. "We know him very well."

"I wish you knew him better, and copied his manners," replied the coachman, "for then you'd never act as you have done. Look at these two tremblin' cowards! Are they men to be allowed to offer an insult to the Duke of Marlborough?"

"No—no," cried a hundred voices. "We didn't know they were mounseers. We ask your pardon, Mr. Proddy. We were wrong—quite wrong."

"Don't ask my pardon," rejoined Proddy; "ask the duke's. Show your sorrow by better conduct in future."

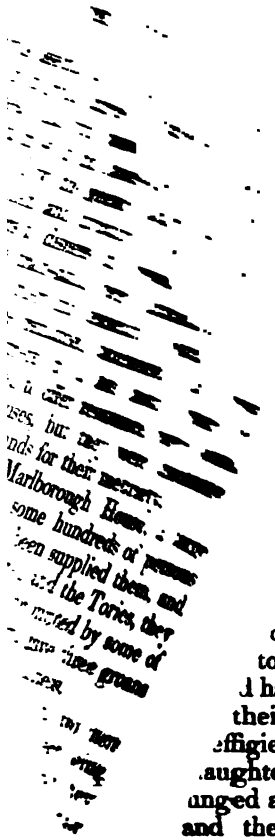
"We will, we will," replied those nearest him. "What shall we do to satisfy you?"

"Give three cheers for the duke, and then read these rascals a lesson," replied Proddy.

Three lusty cheers were then given, during which the two Frenchmen, almost frightened out of their senses at the change wrought in the temper of the mob, endeavoured to escape.

"Stop 'em!" roared the sergeant—"stop 'em!"

"Ay, ay!—here they are, safe enough," cried several of the by-standers, arresting them.



ught their captors to let them

ared Bimbelot, piteously; "I

a waterman. "We must be
him out sooner."
on, friend," replied Proddy.
?" cried a small-coal-man. "Throw

ried a butcher.
eat!" cried a baker.
yelled a tailor's apprentice.
de Dieu! pitié!" cried Sauvageon.
rgent!—my dear Mr. Proddy! do say a
ed Bimbelot.
turned away in disgust.
at to do with 'em," said Scales to the by-
the valet put on this tatterdemalion attire,"
ke's effigy, "and make the corporal put on t'other."
ghter followed this suggestion, and instant pre-
made to carry it into effect. The straw bolsters
of their covering, and the two Frenchmen, whose
torn from their backs, were compelled to put on
l habiliments of their dummies. The masks were then
their faces, and they looked more complete scare-crows
effigies themselves. Bimbelot's appearance occasioned
aughter. The old jack-boots into which his little legs
anged ascended to his hips; the coat covered him like a
and the hat thrust over his brows well nigh extinguished
Sauvageon looked scarcely less ridiculous. In this guise,
were hoisted upon the top of the sedan-chair, and exposed
the jeers and hootings of the rabble, who, after pelting them
th various missiles, threatened to throw them into the fire; and
would have done so, no doubt, but for the interference of the
serjeant and Proddy. In the end, crackers were tied to their
tails, and fired, after which they were allowed to run for their
lives, and, amidst a shower of squibs and blazing embers, which
were hurled at them, managed to escape.

Thus ended the trial of Doctor Sacheverell, which paved the way, as had been foreseen by its projectors, for the dissolution of the ministry. The Whigs never recovered the blow so successfully aimed at their popularity; and though they struggled on for some time, from this point their decline may be dated.

Six weeks after the termination of his trial, Doctor Sacheverell commenced a progress through the country, and was everywhere received with extraordinary rejoicing. At Oxford, he was magnificently entertained by the heads of the colleges, and after remaining there during a fortnight, proceeded to Bunbury and Warwick, where he was equally well received. But the greatest honour shewn him was at Bridgenorth. As he approached the

ly amicable terms, was
iving a letter from her,
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was promised him at the
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possessed entire control
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had voted for it were
; while the name of

Sacheverell served as the rallying word of their adversaries. The new parliament, therefore, placed a Tory ministry out of the reach of danger.

Prior to the elections, the ministerial appointments were completed. Mr. Saint-John was made secretary of state; the Duke of Ormond, lord-lieutenant of Ireland; the Earl of Rochester, president of the council; the Duke of Buckingham, lord-steward of the household; and other promotions occurred, not necessary to be particularized. So constructed, the new cabinet commenced its work; and, supported as it was by the queen, seemed to hold out a reasonable prospect of stability. Energy and unanimity at first marked its progress, and the fierce and unscrupulous opposition it encountered only added to its strength.

Disunions and jealousies, however, began ere long to arise in it, inspiring the displaced party with a hope that the combination which had proved fatal to them would be speedily disorganized.

Harley had not yet attained the goal of his ambition; and now, at the moment when he was about to put forth his hand to grasp the reward of his toils—the treasurer's staff, two rivals stepped forward, threatening to snatch it from him. These were, the Earl of Rochester and Saint-John. Between Harley and Rochester an old enmity had subsisted, which, though patched up for a time, had latterly been revived in all its ardour. Conceiving himself entitled, from his long experience, his tried attachment to the church, his relationship to the queen (he was her maternal uncle), to the chief office of the government, Rochester put in his claim for it, and Anne was too timid and indecisive to give him a positive refusal. Saint-John, on the other hand, conscious of his superior abilities, disdaining to be ruled, and master of the Jacobite and movement sections of the Tory party, was determined no longer to hold a subordinate place in the cabinet, and signified as much to Mrs. Masham, to whom he paid secret and assiduous court. Thus opposed, Harley seemed in danger of losing the prize for which he had laboured so hard, when an occurrence took place, which though at first apparently fraught with imminent peril, in the end proved the means of accomplishing his desires. To explain this, we must go back a short space in our history.

One night, about six months after Sacheverell's trial, a man suddenly darted out of Little Man's coffee-house—a notorious haunt of sharpers—with a drawn sword in his hand, and made off at a furious pace towards Pall Mall. He was pursued by half-a-dozen persons, armed like himself; but after chasing him as far as the Haymarket, they lost sight of him, and turned back.

"Well, let him go," said one of them; "we know where to find him, if the major's wounds prove mortal."

"The major has won above five hundred pounds from him," observed another; "so if he has got hurt, he can afford to buy plasters for his wounds."

"It has been diamond cut diamond throughout, but the

major has proved the sharper in more senses than one," observed a third, with a laugh; "but as the marquis has palmed, topped, knapped, and slurred the dice himself, he could not, in reason, blame the major for using fulhams."

"I shouldn't care if the marquis could keep his temper," said a fourth; "but his sword is out whenever he loses, and the major is not the first, by some score, that he has pinked."

"Defend me from the marquis!" said the first; "but I suppose we have done with him now. He's regularly cleaned out."

"Yet he's so clever a fellow, that it wont surprise me if he finds out a way to retrieve his fortunes," said the third.

"He'd sell himself to the devil to do it, I don't doubt," remarked the first; "but come! let's go back to the major. We must get him some assistance."

The Marquis de Guiscard, who had retreated into a small street near the Haymarket, finding his pursuers gone, issued from his place of concealment, and proceeded slowly homewards. His gait was unsteady, as if from intoxication; but this was not the case, and he uttered ever and anon a deep oath, smiting his forehead with his clenched hand.

On reaching his residence, the door was opened by Bimbelot, who started on beholding his wild and haggard looks. Snatching a light from the terrified valet, Guiscard rushed up stairs and entered a room, but presently returned to the landing, and called to Bimbelot, in a loud, angry voice,

"Where's your mistress, rascal? Is she not come home?"

"No, monseigneur," replied the valet, "she's gone to the masquerade, and you are aware it is seldom over before four or five o'clock in the morning."

Uttering an angry ejaculation, the marquis returned to the room, and flinging himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and was for some time lost in the bitterest and most painful reflection.

He then arose, and pacing to and fro, exclaimed—"Disgrace and ruin stare me in the face! What shall I do?—how relieve myself? Fool! madman that I was, to risk all I had against the foul play of those sharpers. They have fleeced me of everything; and to-morrow, my house, and all within it, will be seized by the merciless Jew, Solomons, who has hunted me down like a beast of prey. The discontinuance of my pension of a hundred ducatoons a month from the States-General of Holland—the disbanding of my regiment, and the consequent loss of my pay—the extravagances of the woman I was fool enough to marry for the bribe of a thousand pounds from Harley, thrice which amount she has since spent—the failure of my schemes—the death of my stanch friend the Comte de Briançon—all these calamities have reduced me to such a strait, that I was weak enough—mad enough—to place my whole fortune on one last stake. And

now I have lost it!—lost it to a sharper! But if he has robbed me, he will scarce live to enjoy the spoil."

And with a strange savage laugh he sat down, and relapsed into silence. But his thoughts were too maddening to allow him to remain long tranquil.

"Something must be done!" he cried, getting up, distractedly; "but what—what? To-morrow, the wreck of my property will be seized, and I shall be thrown into prison by Solomons. But I can fly—the night is before me. To fly, I must have the means of flight—and how procure them? Is there nothing here I can carry off—my pictures are gone—my plate—all my valuables—except—ha! the jewels Angelica brought from Saint-John! —They are left—they will save me. The necklace alone cost three hundred pounds; but supposing it fetches a third of the sum, I can contrive to exist upon it till something turns up. Money is to be had from France. Ha! ha! I am not utterly lost. I shall retire for a time, only to appear again with new splendour."

Full of these thoughts he proceeded to a small cabinet standing near the bed, and opening it, took out a case, which he unfastened. It was empty.

"The jewels are gone!—she has robbed me!" he exclaimed. "Perdition seize her! My last hope is annihilated!"

Transported with fury and despair, he lost all command of himself, and taking down a pistol, which hung near the bed, he held it to his temples, and was about to pull the trigger, when Bimbelot, who had been on the watch for some minutes, rushed forward, and entreated him to stay his hand.

"I know that you are ruined, monseigneur," cried the valet; "but it will not mend the matter to kill yourself."

"Fool!" exclaimed the marquis, furiously—"but for your stupid interference all my troubles would have been over by this time. What should I live for?"

"In the hope of better days," returned Bimbelot. "Fortune may cease frowning upon you, and put on her former smiles."

"No—no, the jade has deserted me for ever," cried the marquis. "I shall not struggle longer. I am sick of life! Leave me."

"Only postpone your resolution till to-morrow, monseigneur, and I'm persuaded you will think better of it," urged Bimbelot; "if not, the same remedy is at hand."

"Well," replied Guiscard, putting down the pistol, "I will wait till to-morrow, if only to settle accounts with my faithless wife."

"Better leave her to settle them herself," replied Bimbelot. "If monseigneur would be advised by me, he would quit this house for a short time, and live in retirement, till means can be devised of pacifying his creditors.

"You awaken new hope within my breast, my faithful fellow," replied Guiscard; "I will go this very morning before any one is astir, and you shall accompany me."

"Taking a little repose," returned Bimbelot, "prior to quitting the house. I threw out a hint about renewing his correspondence with the French court, and he snapped greedily at the bait."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Sauvageon. "We shall have him, then."

"Safe enough," replied Bimbelot. "The reward promised us by Mr. Harley for the discovery of his secret practices, will not be lost. We shall be able to bring them home to him ere long."

As the words were uttered, a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

"Sarpedieu!" exclaimed Bimbelot, "Madame la Maréchale has returned before her time. This is unlucky."

So saying, he hurried to the door, and finding it was the marchioness, ushered her in with as much respect as if nothing had happened, and lighted her up stairs, taking the precaution, however, to desire the porters to wait. Entering a chamber at the head of the stairs, Angelica threw down her mask, and divesting herself of a pink silk domino, disclosed a magnificent dress of white brocade. On her head she wore a fancy Spanish hat, looped with diamonds, and adorned with ostrich feathers. She was considerably fatter than before, and her features were coarser, but she still looked excessively handsome.

"Send Charlotte to me," she cried, sinking into a chair.

"Mrs. Charlotte is not returned, madame," replied Bimbelot.

"Not returned!" exclaimed Angelica. "How dared she go out without leave. I shall discharge her in the morning. Send Dawson, then."

"Mrs. Dawson is gone out too," replied Bimbelot. "In fact, all the women have gone out; but I shall be very happy to assist madame, if I can be of any service."

"Assist me!" cried Angelica, starting up. "Marry come up! here's assurance with a vengeance. A valet offer to be a lady's maid! Leave the room instantly, fellow. I shall acquaint the marquis with your presumption."

"Le voici, madame," replied Bimbelot, grinning malignantly. And he retired, to make way for Guiscard, who entered the room at the moment.

"What is the meaning of this, marquis?" cried Angelica. "Have you been discharging the servants?"

"They have discharged themselves," replied Guiscard, coldly. "Having discovered that I am a ruined man—that nothing more is to be got from me—they have taken themselves off."

"Ruined! oh, gracious!" cried Angelica. "Give me the salts, or I shall faint."

"No you wont," he replied, drily. "Now listen to me. Our ruin may be averted for a time, perhaps altogether, by the sale of the jewels you brought with you when I took you from Saint-John. Let me have them—quick!"

"I can't give them to you," sobbed Angelica.

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"Adieu, marquis!"
Bimbelot.

ASSASSINATE HARLEY.

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thought fit to remove.
ardour Street, a smal
sted. That same day

at the hazard of arrest, he attended Mr. Harley's levée, but was refused admittance, and exasperated at the affront, he returned to the inn, and wrote a long letter to the minister, threatening, if assistance were not given him, to reveal all that had passed between them to the Duchess of Marlborough.

On the following morning, he waited upon Mr. Saint-John, with whom he had better success. He was kindly received by the secretary, who seemed much touched by the account he gave of his circumstances, and blaming Harley for his indifference, promised to represent Guiscard's condition to the queen. Saint-John was as good as his word, and spoke so warmly in the marquis's favour, that her majesty graciously ordered a pension of five hundred a-year to be granted him. This order being notified to the commissioners of treasury, Harley struck off a hundred a-year from the grant, alleging, in excuse, that the funds of the exchequer were exhausted. For this ill turn, as he conceived it, Guiscard vowed revenge, and sought to obtain an audience of the queen, for the purpose of making disclosures to her, but was unable to effect his object.

Some degree of credit being restored to him, he again ventured forth publicly; took lodgings in Rider-street; and began to frequent the coffee-houses as before. He still played, but with greater caution than heretofore, and often came off a winner of small sums. Thus encouraged, he proceeded to greater lengths, and in one night was once more beggared by a run of ill luck. In this desperate extremity, he had recourse to Saint-John, who, moved to compassion by his tale, and having, moreover, a liking for loose characters, gave him out of his own purse a sum sufficient for his immediate necessities, recommending him caution in the use of it; but so far from acting up to the advice, the marquis on that very day, as if drawn irresistibly to destruction, lost it all to the faro table.

Shame having by this time utterly forsaken him, he again applied to Saint-John, but met with a peremptory refusal, and ever after this the secretary was denied to him. Driven to the most desperate straits, he now subsisted on such small sums as he could borrow — for he had anticipated the first instalment of his pension, and was frequently reduced to positive want. He lodged in Maggot's-court, an obscure passage leading out of Little Swallow-street, where he occupied a single room, miserably furnished. He still continued, however, to keep up a decent exterior, and daily haunted the purlieus of the palace, in the hope of picking up information.

Bimbelot had long since quitted his service, but frequently visited him, under the plea of offering him assistance, though in reality to ascertain whether he was carrying on a correspondence with France. While freely confessing that he was so engaged, the marquis was too cautious to admit Bimbelot into his plans, until, one day, the latter found him in the act of sealing a packet, when, as if unable to constrain himself, he broke forth thus—

"Ere many days, Bimbelot, you will see the whole of this capital—nay, the whole of this country convulsed. A great blow will be struck, and mine will be the hand to strike it!"

"What mean you, monseigneur?" said the valet, trembling with eager curiosity.

"I have just written to the Court of France," pursued Guiscard, with increasing excitement, "that a *coup-d'etat* may be expected, which will cause a wonderful alteration in the affairs of this country; and I have added that this is the most favourable conjuncture for the prince, whom they here wrongfully style the Pretender, to make a descent upon England, where he will find great numbers disposed to join him, and amongst the rest, three parts of the clergy."

"But the blow you mean to strike—the blow, monseigneur?" demanded the valet.

"Will be aimed at the highest person in the realm," replied Guiscard, smiling savagely. "The prince will find the throne vacant!"

"Ha!—indeed," ejaculated Bimbelot, with a look of irrepressible horror.

"Villain!" cried Guiscard, seizing him by the throat. "I have trusted you too far. Swear never to betray a word I have uttered, or you are a dead man!"

"I swear it!" replied Bimbelot. "I have no intention of betraying you."

Reassured by the valet's manner, Guiscard released him, and as soon as he could venture to do so with safety, Bimbelot quitted the house. He did not, however, go far, but entered an adjoining tavern, whence he could play the spy on the marquis's movements. Shortly afterwards, Guiscard came forth, and was followed by Bimbelot, but at such a distance as not to attract his notice.

Shaping his course to Golden-square, the marquis stopped at the Earl of Portmore's residence, and delivered a packet to one of the servants. As soon as the coast was clear, Bimbelot came up, and learnt that the packet was addressed to the Earl of Portmore, (then commander-in-chief in Portugal,) and was to be forwarded to his lordship, with his other letters, by his wife, the Countess of Dorchester. Somewhat puzzled by the information, Bimbelot resolved to lay it before Harley, and he accordingly proceeded to Saint James's-square for that purpose. He was quickly admitted to an audience, and the intelligence appeared so important that a queen's messenger was instantly despatched for the packet, and in a short time returned with it.

On breaking the cover, its contents proved to be a letter addressed to a merchant at Lisbon, and within that was another cover, directed to M. Moreau, a banker in Paris, which being unsealed, the whole of the marquis's atrocious projects were developed.

Having perused these documents, Harley ordered Bimbelot to

be detained, and repaired to Mr. Saint-John, by whom a warrant was issued for the marquis's arrest.

Three queen's messengers were then sent in search of the offender. By good fortune they found him in Saint James's Park, and before he could offer any resistance, secured and disarmed him. The marquis besought them to kill him on the spot, but, turning a deaf ear to his entreaties, they conveyed him to the Cock Pit, where he was placed in a room adjoining Mr. Saint-John's office. His clothes were then carefully searched, and everything taken from him; but the scrutiny was scarcely concluded, when he contrived, unperceived, to possess himself of a penknife which chanced to be lying on a desk near him, and to slip it into his sleeve. Possessed of this weapon all his audacity and confidence returned to him, and he awaited his approaching examination with apparent unconcern.

Meanwhile, the news of Guiscard's capture was conveyed to Harley, and shortly afterwards, a privy council, consisting of himself, Mr. Saint-John, Sir Simon Harcourt, the Earl of Rochester, the Dukes of Newcastle, Ormond, and Queensbury, together with Lords Dartmouth and Poulet, assembled in the secretary's room at the Cock Pit. The chamber in which the meeting was held was plainly furnished, containing merely a large table covered with green cloth, round which a number of chairs were set, and a small side-table for the under-secretaries. The sole ornament of its walls was a full length portrait of the queen by Kneller.

Saint-John officiated as chairman. After a brief conference among the council, the prisoner was introduced. He looked pale as death, but maintained a stern and composed demeanour, and glanced haughtily and menacingly at Saint-John and Harley.

"I am surprised and sorry to see you in this position, marquis," observed the latter.

"You may be sorry, but can scarely be surprised, sir," rejoined Guiscard.

"How so?" demanded the other, sharply. "Do you mean to infer——"

"I infer nothing," interrupted Guiscard; "let the examination proceed."

"You are brought here, prisoner, charged with treason and leze majesté of the highest class," said Saint-John.

"By whom am I thus charged?" asked Guiscard, impatiently.

"No matter by whom," rejoined the secretary. "You are accused of holding secret and treasonable correspondence with the court of France. How do you answer?"

"I deny it," replied Guiscard, boldly.

"The next allegation against you, prisoner, is one of the blackest dye," pursued Saint-John: "you are charged with threatening to take the life of our sovereign lady the queen to whom you, though a foreigner, are bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, for many favours conferred upon you."

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Guiscard, approaching
quitted by Saint-John.
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ished."
Saint-John, impatiently.

"Will you not endeavour to prove my innocence, Mr. Harley?" said Guiscard, drawing close to him.

"How can I, with such damning evidences as these before me?" cried Harley, pointing to the letters. "Stand back, sir!"

"Can nothing move you?" repeated Guiscard.

"Nothing!" replied Harley.

"Then have at thee, thou blacker traitor than myself!" thundered Guiscard.

And plucking the penknife suddenly from his sleeve, he plunged it into Harley's breast. The blade coming in contact with the bone, snapped near the handle; but unconscious of the accident, Guiscard repeated the blow with greater violence than before, exclaiming—"This to thy heart, perfidious villain!"

The suddenness of the action for a moment paralysed the others. But recovering themselves, they sprang to Harley's assistance. Saint-John was the first to attack the assassin, and passed his sword twice through his body, but though Guiscard received other wounds from the Duke of Newcastle, who, being seated at the lower end of the table, leapt upon it, and thus made his way to the scene of action, as well as from Lord Dartmouth, he did not fall. Some of the council nearest the marquis were so much alarmed by his infuriated appearance, that, fearing he might turn his rage upon them, they sought to protect themselves with chairs. Others shouted for help, while the Earl of Poulet called loudly to Saint-John and Newcastle not to kill the assassin, as it was most important to the ends of justice that his life should be preserved.

Amid this confusion the messengers and door-keepers rushed in, and threw themselves upon Guiscard, who, wounded as he was, defended himself with surprising vigour, and some minutes elapsed before they could overpower him. In the struggle he received many severe bruises, one of which chancing in the back, occasioned his death. While lying on the ground, and while the messengers were in the act of binding him, he addressed the Duke of Ormond, who stood near him, "Is Harley dead? I thought I heard him fall."

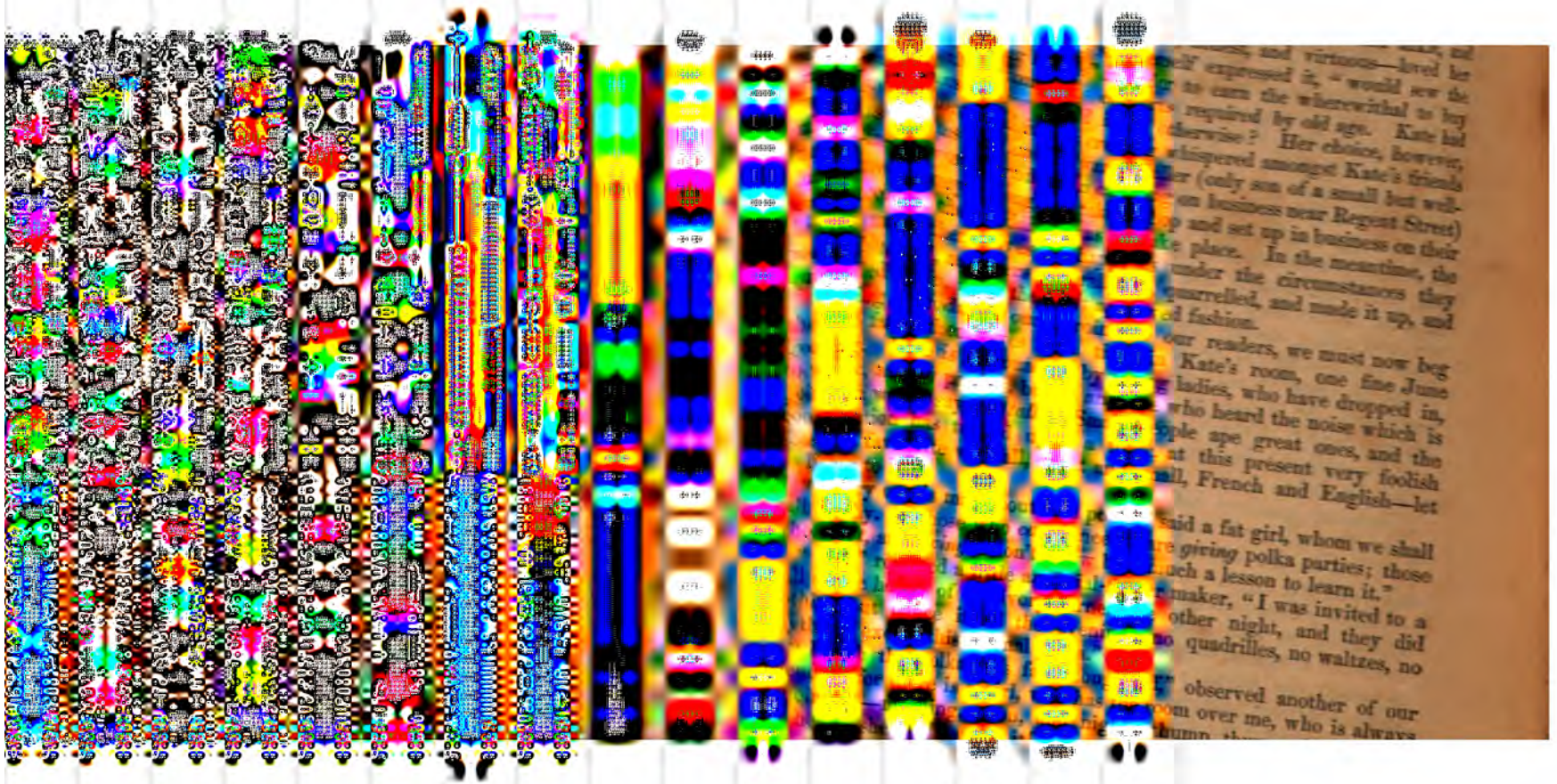
"No, villain; he lives to balk your vindictive purpose," replied the duke.

Guiscard gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. "I pray your grace dispatch me!" he groaned.

"That is the executioner's business, not mine," replied the duke, turning away.

Nothing could exceed the calmness and composure exhibited by Harley on this trying occasion. Uncertain whether he had received a mortal wound, he held a handkerchief to his breast to stanch the blood, patiently awaiting the arrival of a surgeon, and conversing tranquilly with his friends, who crowded round him, expressing the most earnest solicitude.

And well might he be content, though he knew not then why. That blow made him lord treasurer and earl of Oxford.



"Everyone is mad, that's certain," said Kate. "There is scarcely a house to which I take home work from Regent Street, in which they have not just had, or are not just going to have, a polka party; even the butcher round the corner admires it, and the milkman who supplies us told me only this morning that he was learning it, but that it was "*werry 'ard.*" All the world dances the polka, why should not *we* give a ball, and try it?"

"We give a ball!" cried all the young ladies, with one voice.

"And why not?" said Kate.

"Well you *are* a clever girl, Kate, but I really cannot think how you mean to manage *this.*"

"Listen to my plan," answered Kate. "First of all, I know my mother will let us have the use of the whole house if we want it, so we will turn all the furniture out of this room, and put it into my bedroom; we shall then have plenty of space for dancing. Then there is the little back room, which will do for a cloak-room, and for the ladies to change their shoes in; and the supper may be laid out in the parlour—for you know we *must* have a supper."

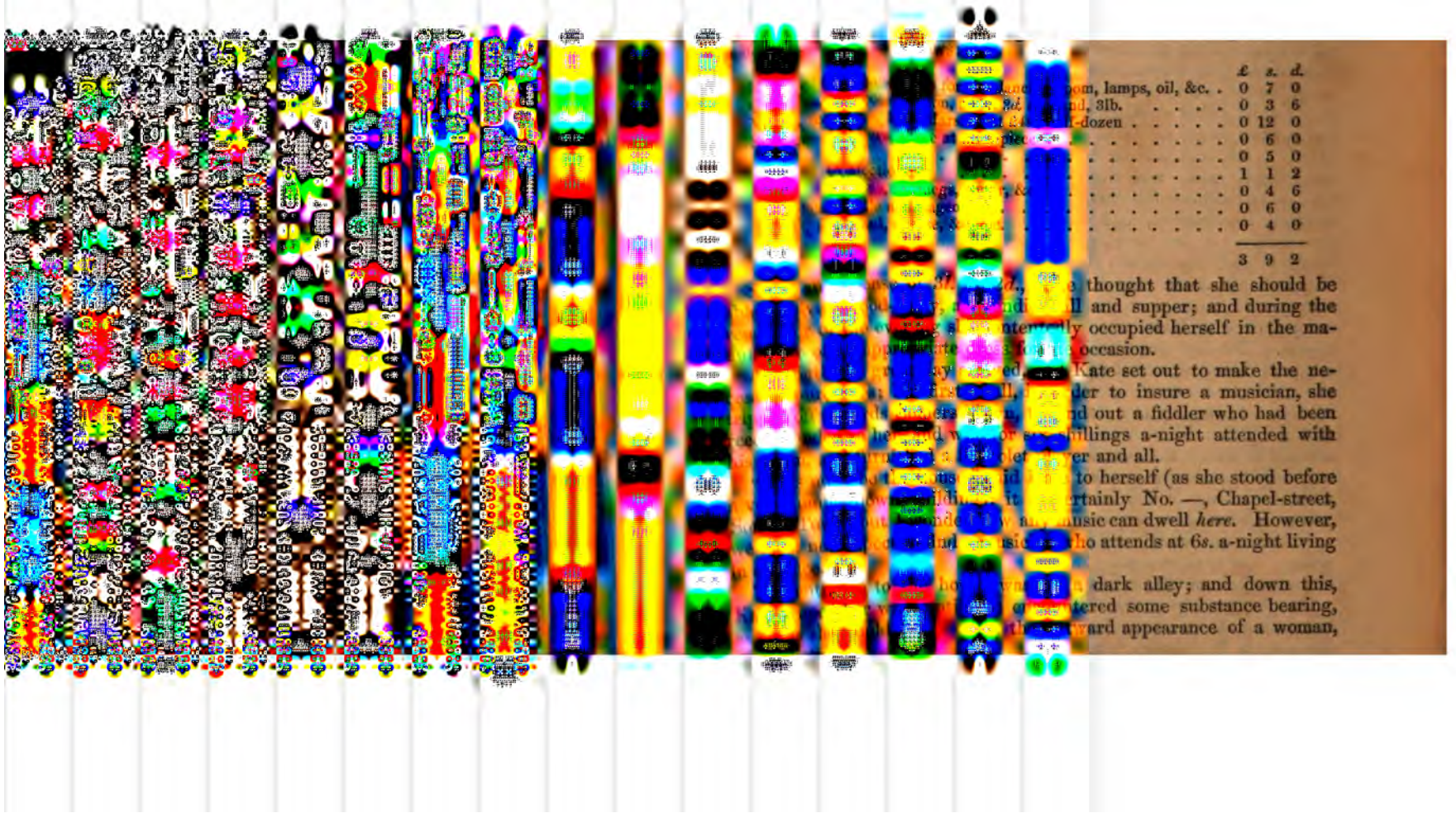
"Oh! of course," interrupted the fat Sophy. "I only go to dances for the sake of the eating."

"Well! the supper, the music, and lights will cost something, so I vote we have a subscription, and if we can raise money enough, we *will* have a ball."

This proposition of Kate's met with great applause, and the young ladies had immediate recourse to their pockets, in order to see what each could afford to subscribe. However, on consideration, it was determined that a committee of their most intimate female acquaintances should meet the next evening in Kate's room, that each young lady should bring as much money as she could spare, and that if the funds were found to be adequate, the notes of invitation should be then written, sent, and all final arrangements left to Kate. Well, the next night came, and the committee, composed of about twenty-six young ladies—milliners, flower-makers, embroideresses, bonnet-makers, lace-makers, and what not—arrived in Kate's room; the proceedings of the meeting commenced, and amidst the greatest suspense and excitement the various subscriptions were handed in. The sum amounted only to three pounds sterling, but this seemed in the eyes of these poor girls a very tolerable sum, the money was handed over to Kate, who undertook to make all the necessary purchases. The day was fixed, and the fat Sophy, who bore the reputation of being an excellent penwoman, sat down to write the invitations; one form served for all—"Miss Crosby hopes for the honour of Mr. ——'s company to a dance on the evening of next Wednesday"—with a "P.S.: Those who do not arrive before 9 o'clock, will not be allowed to dance the polka;" Kate observing that this would be the only way to make the gentlemen punctual. The blanks were filled up with the names of the favoured admirers of the respective young ladies, and the notes despatched.

"And now, ladies," said Kate, "leave me to make all my arrangements. Off with you all! Beg, borrow, or steal lessons in the polka, but mind you are all perfect on Wednesday."

The day on which this important meeting took place was Friday, and during the five long days which were to intervene between that day and *the* Wednesday, but little work was done or money earned by



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nd, 3lb.	0	3	6
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dark alley; and down this,
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ward appearance of a woman,

"Does Mr. Quaver live here?" said Kate, in her blandest tone, for, to tell the truth, the poor little girl was somewhat afraid.

"What!" was the answer, in a coarse voice, "do you mean the musicianer man?"

"Yes," rejoined Kate, "if you please."

"Oh, *he* lives in the cellar, but he's nearly dead by this; mind your eye, Miss, as you go down the ladder, or maybe *you'll* be dead too, soon."

Poor Kate, half frightened at the place and company she had got into, descended the steps into the cellar as well as she could, but what a scene presented itself! On the floor of a miserable room, or rather a cellar, containing scarcely an atom of furniture, on a heap of rags, called by courtesy a bed, a sick man was lying. At his side stood a young and rather pretty woman in tears, and two children—a little boy about eight years old, and a little girl barely five—pale, half-starved, and looking as ill, all three of them, as the poor man on the bed. Poor Kate was quite taken aback, and thinking she had made some mistake said, "I was looking for Mr. Quaver, a musician who plays the violin at dances, and a woman in the passage directed me here."

"*I* am Mr. Quaver. *I* play the violin at dances," said the poor fellow, from the bed, in a weak and tremulous voice. "When do you want me for?"

"For this evening," said Kate; "but if you are ill——"

"Oh, miss!" said the young woman, "my husband is very, very ill; he has been out night after night in order to earn enough to pay our rent; he has worn himself out, and now he is ill. We have struggled long and hard, but we have met with nothing but misfortunes, and our landlord is going to sell us up to-morrow! oh! we are very, very wretched," and here the poor woman burst into tears. Poor Kate could not help weeping too; but remembering that this would do no good, she dried her tears and asked, how much the landlord claimed. "Nearly four pounds," was the answer, "and my poor husband is too ill to earn this sum."

"And I," said the little boy, "can't play the flageolet without father to play with me."

Kate thought for a moment, but her mind was soon made up: "I shall be back directly," said she, and ran off in great haste.

It was the work of about a quarter of an hour for Kate's nimble feet to run home and back again to Somers Town, including the time requisite for adding to the 3*l.* subscribed for the expenses of the ball, an additional 1*l.* from her own private stock. Without waiting to take breath, she entered the cellar of the poor musician, placed the money upon the table, and said, "There, pay your landlord, dry your tears, and get your husband well as soon as you can. We can dance without music, and be very happy without supper, I dare say."

The poor people scarce knew how to express their gratitude, but Kate rushed out, saying, in a cheerful tone, "Good bye; I'll call again and see how you are," and regained her own room joyous and light, as every one must be who has just done a good action.

For some time Kate sat thinking of the poor people whom she had just relieved, but suddenly she recollected that her young friends would soon arrive, so she put the room in order, and set about dressing, mightily amused with the idea of the consternation of those who, ex-

pecting a supper, might have omitted to dine. The toilette achieved, Kate entered the room, and having lit a single candle, placed it on the chimney-piece; this, doubtless, did not render the ball-room very brilliant, but it was the last candle Kate possessed, so she was e'en obliged to be content. About half-past seven the young ladies began to arrive, and many expressions of dissatisfaction were heard on the staircase. "Kate! Kate! here we are; let us have a light; where on earth are all your lamps? It is very disagreeable to climb up a dark staircase with one's best things on," &c. &c.

Kate lighted them in with her single candle, but on entering the room, the expressions of surprise were redoubled. "Why Kate, where are the chandeliers? it's as dark here as on the stairs; what *have* you been thinking of?"

To all this Kate replied, "Wait a bit, ladies; the lamps are not yet come."

By and by, the gentlemen arrived, and seemed greatly surprised to see the room so dark; the ladies became very impatient, and assailed poor Kate on every side. "Why don't the lamps and the candles come?" said one; "and the music?" said another; "and the supper, and the wine, and the coffee?" said the fat Sophy. To all which Kate quietly replied, "Wait a bit; have patience." But telling people to have patience is not always the way to inspire them with that useful feeling. The ladies all got very cross, and the gentlemen increased their ill humour, by laughing in an under-tone and in a most provoking manner.

At length, seeing that neither supper, lights, wine, nor musician arrived, they all lost patience, and Sophy, going up to Kate, said, "My dear Kate, we left all to you, and you have done nothing. What does it mean? How have you spent our subscription?"

Poor Kate blushed, hesitated, and at last said, "The fact is, ladies, I have lost the purse containing our money." At this announcement the consternation was great; the gentlemen laughed more provokingly than ever, the ladies sulked, and some of them all but said they did not believe a word of Kate's story. Kate was getting angry, when suddenly Edward (who of course was of the party) clapped his hands, the door opened, and a procession entered, composed of men and boys, bearing chandeliers, ready for lighting; trays full of viands, ready for eating; bottles, containing wine and other liquids, ready for drinking, and, to crown all, two fiddlers, a fifer, and a cornet-a-pistons player; in short, lights, supper, and music, in both quantity and quality sufficient to please and satisfy a party far more hard to be pleased than that assembled in our heroine's room.

"Oh, Kate!" cried all the girls, "you wicked creature, you wished to frighten us; here is our music!"

"And here is our supper," said Sophy; "shan't we all be happy?"

"Indeed," said Kate rather more astonished than the others; "there must be some mistake; *I* have not ordered all these things!"

"Oh, don't tell us that; it's all very well, but *we* know better."

All was confusion and perplexity, for Kate still assured them that she was as much at a loss to know whence these magnificent orders had proceeded. When, however, the noise, which had been tremendous, had somewhat subsided, Edward, after a short conference with some of the other young men in the room, said, "Ladies, I vote we *commence* with supper, and dance afterwards. (This proposal was received

with great applause.) But first," he resumed, "I will explain, as shortly as possible, the cause of Kate's not having made the arrangements for this evening's amusements, according to your request and wishes. Happening this afternoon to be passing through Somers Town, I saw Kate walking in the same neighbourhood, at a very quick pace. Being somewhat curious to know what she was doing there, and perhaps a little jealous, I followed her; she entered a cellar at the end of a passage, in Chapel Street, stayed there for about a minute, and then, running out, walked back to her own house. I returned to Chapel Street, entered the alley, descended into the cellar, and found a scene of misery which I will not attempt to describe; in a word, I found, on inquiry, that Kate had gone to hire a musician, had found the poor man ill more in mind than in body; for although both he and his family were half starved, their bodily sufferings were far increased by knowing that unless four pounds were paid to their landlord the next morning, even the bed upon which they lay would be sold from under them. Kate had paid this four pounds, and as I knew she had not at her own immediate command any such sum, I could not help fancying that this was the sum destined to defray this evening's expenses, or, at least, a portion of it, and, ladies, can you not guess what has become of your subscriptions? On learning all this, I guessed that our party would be somewhat deficient in a few material points, and so took the liberty of ordering supper and engaging musicians on my own responsibility; and now you have the whole story."

The mystery was now cleared up, and cleared up to the satisfaction of all. Need we say that Kate's conduct met with the approbation of all?—that those who had suspected and murmured against her, now begged, with tears in their eyes, to be forgiven? Need we further add, that the supper was eaten, the polka danced, and a happier evening never spent, and that to this very day a favourite topic of conversation amongst the favoured guests on that happy evening is *Kate Crosby's Polka Party?*

THE HUSBAND MALGRÉ LUI; OR, THE WEST INDIA ADVENTURE OF A TEXIAN NAVAL OFFICER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART I.

PERHAPS no part of the world can produce scenery more exquisite than that which we have more than once gazed upon, in admiration and delight, while sailing, on a calm day, along the shores of that Hesperides of the Spanish West Indies, Porto Rico. Rising gradually from the sea, gently sloping meadows, heavy with sugar-cane, meet the eye, some long, smooth, and level, others heaving their green bosoms on high, here and there leaving space for the trickling streams which, taking their rise in the hills, come murmuring towards the sea. Numerous and varied groves of every tropical tree, between which appear the stately mansions of the planters and the low huts of the negroes, take up much of the foreground; while, further back, we espy delicious valleys and openings between the lofty but verdant hills, which, clothed with fertility, are crowned on their very summits by

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describe her dress than we could have fulfilled the late David Crockett's mission of catching the last comet by the tail from the top of the Alleghany mountains. Dressed, however, she was, for a walk; but certain signs of a forthcoming storm appeared to render it exceedingly doubtful whether her wishes could be fulfilled or not. For some time, the previously slumbering ocean had been agitated above and below its surface, and now came tumbling headlong, wave after wave, one over the other, on to the beach, first hissing, then roaring, until, at length, it became plainly evident that not far on the surface of the ocean a tempest was heaving. This is often to be remarked; the vexed deep swelling visibly long before the strength of the wind is felt. The fact was, however, soon rendered more plain, by the gradual rise, in the north-east, of a low black cloud, at first but a streak upon the horizon, but which, by degrees, extending east and west as it rose, at length enveloped the whole sky in Tartarian darkness. The appearance of the dense vapour was actually awful, overcharged, as it was known to be, with

"Hideous ruin and combustion."

Presently, the dark bank opened, and from a break, known as the "Wind's Eye," and somewhat clearer than the rest, the storm came pouring out its tremendous fury upon the waters, ploughing up the deep, and lashing the liquid masses until they foamed, as if in fury, and the waves sank, rose, and sank again, as if anxious to escape the vengeance of the gale. Those who have been, as I have, upon the wide ocean, during such a scene, can alone comprehend its full horror —waves rising like mountains, and leaving a hollow chasm between, ready, as it were, to engulf, in hideous profundity, all that rode upon the waters—now sweeping on, in majestic force, but in unbroken masses—then meeting, breaking, striking one billow against another, and uniting in one pyramidal wave, rising to the heaven—then separating once more, and commingling with the torrent below. How it whistled—how it howled—this raging, furious tempest—as, puff after puff, and blast after blast, it came on, like the Miltonic forces of Satan, to the charge—

"Blowing marshal sounds—
A shout that tore hell's conclave!"

But why stands Donna Maria transfixed to the spot in which we left her, despite the raging fury of the elements? She appears absolutely immovable. Is it that she is one of these anomalous beings who take pleasure in what in general causes terror and alarm—one of these extraordinary specimens of humanity who delight in the terrific and horrible? Or, rather, does some object, which we have not yet noticed, claim her undivided attention? We shall endeavour to satisfy the reader, by shifting our position a few miles, and joining, at the risk of a wet jacket, a small knot of men, in a position which, in sight of the planter's villa, was likely to call forth the attention of even a less enthusiastic and sympathetic mind than that which at present was so anxiously interested for them.

Upon the deck of a moderate-sized brig, which appeared to "walk the waters like a thing of life," a party of men were engaged in the usual anxious endeavours to provide against casualties which the outburst of a tempest is very apt to arouse the thought of. The deck was a scene of orderly confusion; every man occupying his proper

position. At the wheel stood a middle-sized young man, of fair hair and complexion, evidently an Englishman, in the undress uniform of a naval officer. He was, at the same time, steering, and giving his orders, while the master, Monsieur Frontin,—a Frenchman, one of those men who carry on, until the last moment, with a species of Dutch courage, which, once overcome, their presence of mind is entirely gone,—was standing still, aghast, and, for the moment, helpless. In consequence of this error of character in the master, the storm had struck the brig with all sails set, and though the halliards had been all let go, the square mainsail hauled up, and every rag of canvas flapping about in the furious blast, yet so great was the force and violence of the wind, that, close-hauled as they had been, had they not instantly, before its full fury reached them, squared the yards, there had been no hope, especially as she was not quick enough in obeying the helm; when the object was to shake her, she would not come up, though the wheel was hard down, until the furious blast was perhaps abated.

We step on the quarter-deck just as the halliards are let go, the men standing by the main rigging awaiting orders, the master looking anxiously at Captain Downing—his passenger, who had been allowed to take command, *pro tempore*, of the vessel.

"Up, you boys," said he, after an instant's pause, during which he resigned the wheel to the master, and awaited the result of a mad plunge into a deep and hollow wave, that appeared to shake the very masts out of her; "up, boys, and furl the top-gallant sails! You Edwards, stow the flying-jib and fore-topmast staysail. Up, my lads, and close reef the topsails! Bear a hand, or we shall have them blown away. Holloa! you doctor!" addressing the cook, who was busily engaged about the galley, doing nothing; "clear away the thwart halliards and peak halliards. Cut that enchanted yarn. We must have out the close-reefed, boom mainsail, Mr. Frontin, to keep her up, and thus clear the land, though I scarcely think she will live close-hauled. It is of no use heaving her to; we should drift on shore in no time with this sea on. Haul out well there to leeward, you on the main-topsail yard! By George! it pipes a trifle," added he, as a heavy puff, forcing up a huge sea, they simultaneously struck the vessel, which, broaching to, almost lay over on her beam ends, to the great inconvenience and danger of the men on the yard.

"You, cook, and you, Mr. Simcox," addressing the mate, "come here and let us haul taut this weather clew-garnet, the mainsail is shaking to pieces. Furl the mainsail!" continued he, in a loud and authoritative voice, addressing those who, having concluded their share of the work aloft, were coming down the rigging.

In about twenty minutes from the commencement of the storm everything was all "right and straight," as Brother Jonathan would express it. The top-gallant sails were snugly furled, as well as the courses; the flying-jib and staysail carefully stowed, the topsails close-reefed, when it was instantly decided to haul up close on a wind, with the larboard tacks aboard, and endeavour to gain the open sea, and thus avoid Aquadilla Point, into which they were now rushing, or, rather, into the very bay above alluded to. The whole surface of the heavens was now black with clouds; the sea, gaining strength every instant, had risen to a tremendous fury; the short, broken waves, combing up when thus near the land, were cast with almost irresistible fury over the brig's decks, rendering all the necessary manœuvres almost im-

possible. Often when snug on shore, reviewing in my mind the terrors of the wave, the prodigious force of the wind, and all the accompanying horrors of a storm, I can scarcely too much admire the skill and cool courage of the sailor, who, amidst all this, does his duty, and trusts in Providence and the goodness of his ship. The uproar—the wind howling like mad demons in the rigging, whistling through the trembling cord—the creaking of the strained timbers, as they are struck by heavy seas—the wild and scampering clouds aloft—the boiling and angry deep below—the bare, naked masts and yards—the ship itself flying through the fierce element,—all these things were present to our hero's mind, but though a young man, Downing was not braving the stormy ocean for the first time, and he did not hesitate more than an instant.

"Starboard sheets stand by to haul—larboard sheets let go—port a little, port—haul aft your starboard sheets—hard a-starboard your helm. I say, haul up your peak halliards—so! so!" And the gallant little brig flew, her one side bare to the wind, her other deep in the water, in the required direction. Aquadilla was soon neared, but it was instantly apparent that on this tack she would not fetch round. Downing was prepared, and though, with such a tremendous sea on, it was a highly dangerous experiment, yet knowing the good qualities of the craft, he determined to try her on the other tack, and then again return to her present course.

"Ready about!" he exclaimed, and the men were instantly at their various stations.

"Tacks and sheets!" and the little amount of sail to be managed was ready.

"Helm's a-lee!" he shouted, as Monsieur Frontin put his wheel hard down; the brig came up, the sails shook, she got stern-way in her, and contrary to the master's opinion, did not miss stays.

"Mainsails let go and haul! over with the trie-rail boom!" and the main-yards swung round, followed in an instant by the head-yards, but without the same success, as the fore-topmast cracked and went over the side, carrying with it the whole foresails and rigging.

All hope of keeping off a lee shore was now of course gone, and the brig, of necessity, under her close-reefed main-topsail, was put right before the wind, and steered headlong for the beach. The sky had cleared a trifle, though the storm raged with unabated fury, and as Captain Downing again took the wheel, having first told each man to look out for himself, he cast his eyes anxiously around to select the best spot for running the brig ashore. A party of negroes and one or two white persons were standing on the kind of lawn which sloped down from Don Mendoza's house, and Downing noticed with interest, even at that moment, an elegantly-habited female amongst them. The beach, near the spot where they stood, was evidently that best fitted to ensure their safety, at least, so thought our friend, and he strove, might and main, to steer for that place. The serf ran, it is true, tremendously high, but still there were many reasons which rendered it very far from doubtful that their life might be spared. The whole of the crew, including the master, stood near the forecastle hatch, anxiously preparing for the approaching struggle, and watching the character of the coast with intense anxiety. The beach was, luckily, somewhat bluff, as the bowsprit actually protruded over land, which, though not dry, was only wet by the surf dashing itself over it.

GERMANY AND ITALY.*

The widow of the poet, yet not solely living under the shadow of his great name, revisiting the country where she left the mortal remains of those most beloved—husband and children—is a picture full of sad reminiscences, but enlivened in this case by the presence of a son, whose opening career of life just brightening the solitudes and struggles of the past into promises of happier days, made the intellect sensible that a new generation had sprung up since graves opened on the path of life, and aroused frequent and strong sympathies with the future.

Mrs. Shelley is a traveller by feeling, as well as by experience; for a real traveller can no more be made than a poet. It is a birthright, which gives to one person a little in many countries. The path followed may be one well-beaten, and often traversed, by people of all kinds of sentiment and persuasions, for so many men, so many opinions; but a traveller, worthy of that name, is indifferent to that *immutabilitas materiæ* which appals the crowd, and confers, by the power of originality, new forms and new features upon the most familiar objects, and renders what is a solitude to many, instinct with life and feeling.

It is a privilege to be allowed to emigrate in such good company. "I feel a good deal of the gipsy coming upon me," says the amiable author, "now that I am leaving Paris..... Among acquaintance, in the every-day scenes of life, want of means brings with it mortification, to embitter still more the perpetual necessity of self-denial. In society you are weighed with others according to your extrinsic possessions—your income, your connexions, your position, make all the weight—you yourself are a mere feather in the scale. But what are these to me now? My home is the readiest means of conveyance I can command, or the inn at which I shall remain at night; my only acquaintance, the companions of my wanderings; the single business of my life to enjoy the passing scene."

Very bitter, but very true. The ancients were not wrong when they asserted, that he spends his life most advantageously who, from the cradle to the grave, passes it in privacy. Not privacy from nature, for our author is full of sympathies with the external world. "God," she says, "has not reduced our dwelling-place, as puritans would his, to a bare meeting-house:" "the beauty of the creation makes us full of gratitude and love for the Creator."

The path followed by Mrs. Shelley and her companions is *now* a trodden one. It was not so much so in 1840. They attained the Rhine by the winding Moselle, whose sluggish waters were not then disturbed by the noisy paddles of steamboats; and a zest was then added to a voyage then unhackneyed by others, and hence accompanied by a dash of uncertainty and the sense of novelty.

The Rhine was ascended to Mayence; Baden-Baden was reached by Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Carlsruhe; the Hollenthal and the Swartswald ("the Germans," says Mrs. Shelley, "know how to give the glory of spirit-stirring names to their valleys and their forests, very different from the Little Woman, a muddy creek of America") led the way to Schaffhausen; and the Alps, which are only looked upon by the author as "the barriers to Italy," are crossed by the Splugen, till the lake of Como is gained, and there the party rest awhile.

On such a journey it was almost impossible to discover anything new. The ruined castles and their ramparts were as extensive and as majestic as ever; and the antique spires and Gothic abbeys spoke of the same princely clergy; ravines were shadowy, precipices beetling, hills tower-crowned, and ruins picturesque; but where every name is the title of a volume of romance, there was no possibility of dragging from some hitherto unexplored nook, even a fragment which had novelty to boast of; equally impossible was it to invent a new term for Heidelberg; or not to find *rouge et noir* at Baden-Baden; or to

* Rambles in Germany and Italy, in 1840, 1842, and 1843. By Mrs. Shelley. 2 vols. 8vo. E. Moxon, London.

people the Black Forest with shadows more grim or fearful than has already been done by the mystic mind that dwells within its own savageness. But in exchange there is a tone and feeling, a manner in which old and familiar objects are viewed, which lends to them new interest and freshness. "What lives," says the author, "did the ancient inhabitants of those crumbling ruins lead! The occupation of the men was war; that of the women, to hope, to fear, to pray, and to embroider. Very often, not having enough of the first in the usual course of their existence, they contrived a little more, which led to an extra quantity of the second and third ingredients of their lives, and in the end to many a grievous tragedy. Wayward human nature will rebel against mental sloth. We must act, suffer, or enjoy; or the worst of all torments is ours—such restless agony as old poets figured as befalling a living soul imprisoned in the bark of a tree. We are not born cabbages. The lady waiting at home for her husband, either quaked for fear, or relieved the tedium of protracted absence as she best might, too happy if death or a dungeon were not the result."

The residence on the shores of the lake of Como, otherwise a mingled scene of reminiscences and pleasurable enjoyments, was rendered somewhat distressing by a curious circumstance. Young Shelley and his collegiate friends had selected this spot wherein to pursue their studies, on account of their passion for water. All the lakes in the southern slopes of the Alps, from that of Como to Lago di Garda,

"te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu Assurgens, Benace, Marino?"

have a sad renown from mediæval and more remote times for wreck and danger. It is not surprising that after the irreparable loss which Mrs. Shelley once sustained from a similar cause, that she should on this occasion have re-experienced many apprehensions. "One whose life," she says, "has been stained by tragedy, can never regain a healthy tone of mind—if it be healthy, that is, consonant to the laws of human life—not to fear for those we love." The light skiff selected by young Shelley became a blot upon the surface of the otherwise beauteous lake, which at once took away more than half its charms. The first night of her arrival, the author writes, "It is night; the sky is dark; the waves lash the shore. I pray that no ruin arising from that fatal element may befal me here." The evening the boat arrived was one of pain and shuddering. She is, however, as usual on such occasions, scolded for her apprehensions, gets into the boat herself, and is twice nearly upset, till at length her heart is rejoiced by the boat being taken away a little before their departure, happily leaving them all scatheless. *Nocet empta dolore voluptas*: "Pleasures bought at the expense of pain are not worth the purchase."

Pleasure is an abstract feeling, made up of so many little ministering causes, that it is not surprising if Mrs. Shelley's feelings were strongly pre-engaged in favour of Italy and of the Italians. After the ascent up the bleak, bare, northern Swiss side of an Alp, the descent into vernal Italy is compared to the opening of the eyes of a saint, after dreary old age and the sickness of death, in Paradise; and in the ascent (returning) of the Simplon she could find no relish for the scenery, because "the horses' heads were turned the wrong way." "Surely, on earth," she exclaims, "there is no pleasure (excepting that derived from moral good) so great as lingering, during the soft shades of an Italian evening, surrounded by all the beauty of an Italian landscape, sheltered by the pure radiance of an Italian sky!" Nor is her enthusiasm in favour of the Italians themselves much less fervent, although tempered by just and true views of their actual, moral, intellectual, and political condition. "I love the Italians!" she exclaims, in the warmth of her heart. "It is impossible to live among them and not love them. Their faults are many—the faults of the oppressed—love of pleasure, disregard of truth, indolence, and violence of temper." And elsewhere she says, "I have spoken in praise of the Italians; but you must not imagine that I would exalt them to an unreal height—that were to shew that misrule and a misguiding religion were no evils. It is when I see what these people are—and from their intelligence,

their sensitive organization, and native grace, I gather what they might be—that I mourn over man's lost state in this country."

On the occasion of the subsequent visit made to Italy, in 1842 and'43, the literature and present condition of the country are entered upon with more detail, and fill several entertaining and instructive chapters of the second volume.

The latter peregrination is penned in a very different tone to the first. The joyousness derived from the companionship of youth, and even from the promises of the future, appears to be altogether damped by sickness and nervous despondency, and there is much greater fastidiousness in regard to the creature comforts. But this last journey is by far the most comprehensive, and is, in many parts, more maturely and more carefully brought out. It comprises Bavaria and its watering places, Weimar and its poets' graves, Berlin and its galleries, Dresden and its collections, Prague and its wild legends, Lintz and Saltzburg—in our ideas, imperfectly understood—the Tyrol, and reminiscences of the immortal Hofer, Venice, Florence, and Rome.

Deep as is our author's love of nature, the great creations of art enshrined in the cities here mentioned are the inexhaustible wells from whence she draws for long and happily descriptive materials. Mrs. Shelley disclaims pretensions to connoisseurship; nor yet does she lay claim to that untaught instinct which says, "I do not know what is called good; but I know what pleases me." She believes good taste, in matters of art, to result from natural powers, joined to familiarity with the best productions; and she has an opinion of her own, venturing to differ with Sir Joshua Reynolds in the question of colour *v.* drawing; and still more especially does she love to dwell with the rapt poetry of those religious paintings which, in the Romish church, concentrate, vivify, and exalt the faith of intellectual worshippers, whatever they may do to the uneducated image-adorers.

Mrs. Shelley's admiration is raised to its highest by the contemplation of the fresco of Leonardo di Vinci. "How vain," she exclaims, "are copies! Not in one, nor in any print, did I ever see the slightest approach to the expressions in our Saviour's face, such as it is in the original. Majesty and love—these are the words that would describe it—joined to an absence of all guile, that expresses the divine nature more visibly than I ever saw it in any other picture." We participate partly in these high encomiums of a now fading fresco; and we know that, in the Crista Della Moneta, of Titian, in the Dresden gallery, that nothing is wanting in the expression of gentleness, resignation, love, and suffering; but still we are much inclined to think that we possess in the cartoons of Raphael one of the most perfect representations of our Saviour which piety, aided by genius, ever achieved. No doubt, no fear, no care, no anxiety, no reproof, is in that face, but the music inspired by the certainty of the triumphs which the scheme of divine benevolence is to effect through the dauntless exertions of the lovely little band before him, breathes with unalloyed sublimity from an almost faultless countenance and gently-opened lips.

Our notice of this work, embracing so many different subjects, is necessarily brief—a touchstone notice, rather than a real analysis—but we feel persuaded that it is sufficient to induce those who have already travelled the same path as Mrs. Shelley to retrace their steps in such sensible and agreeable company, and that those who have not yet visited the same realms of intellectual enjoyment will be allured away by these sweetly-reflective pages.

The Land of Promise. A Tale. Written in aid of the Saint Ann's Society. By the Baroness de Calabrella. 8vo. pp. 92.—A labour of love—clad, not in the sober-coloured garments of charity, but in sumptuous clothing of blue and gold—places itself evidently beyond the pale of ordinary criticism. The "Land of Promise" is an abstract idea of what this world could be rendered, supposing every action to be regulated in anticipation of that rapid and final review of all past transactions, which is supposed to flit before the mind previous to dissolution. The reader is ingeniously seduced to contemplate ordinary life under such a philosophical aspect, by a pleasing and simple tale, woven, with the accomplished authoress's customary skill, into the moral which she designs to convey.

THE GIPSIES' TRAGEDY.

A TALE OF WELSH HAMLET HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES.

PART I.—THE TRIALS OF LYDIA COOMBE.

WERE we to imagine certain spots of country to be aboriginally designed as coverts for the world's wanderers, commonly called gipsies, there is one wild and savage-featured valley in South Wales which might seem expressly adapted to their wants, as the rock recess to the eagle's eyrie, it is called *Cwm Cothey*—a beautiful winding dale embosoming the pastoral river Cothey, Carmarthenshire. And it so happens, that a young beauty of that wandering tribe (becoming tragically famous in our rustic annals) has taken a name from this Alpine dell, and in return bestowed a local celebrity on its solitude. Lydia Csombe is the Anglicised name of this unfortunate gipsy heroine, derived from the word *Cwm* (a valley), pronounced Coom—whence the more common proper name Coombe, by which she is known, she having been born in this vale.

The father of this girl was known by the name of the "gipsy giant," and long made his haunt of this sequestered neighbourhood. He was a man of great personal strength and beauty, and possessed a mind perhaps of natural powers almost equal to his bodily; but evil passions had driven him from out the pale of society at first, and the wild liberty of houseless life congenial to his nature, had permanently attached him to its habits. He was accompanied by a wretched, faded, but still beautiful woman, evidently not of the tawny fraternity, for she was fair in spite of sun and storm; and it was whispered, had "rushed madly from her sphere," (one of no mean order,) charmed by the glozing tongue and noble form of her gipsy seducer. However this was, she soon expiated her frailty (for she had forsaken a husband) by death; Samson, as he was called, striking her a fatal blow in an ungovernable passion. Prior to this, a dark rumour had run among the cottagers that he had murdered a child with which she had presented him, before the period that rendered *his* paternity certain. In the doubt of this, her savage seducer had conceived a hatred of the innocent infant, as *possibly* the offspring of the husband she had forsaken; and this hatred it appeared he had gratified by its destruction. Some threat on her part, of denouncing him to justice, it was believed, led to the murderous act. Standing, tearless, over the corpse of the unhappy woman, lying at the tent's mouth, after submitting himself to the legal power, while the infant Lydia (the second and undoubted fruit of their guilty union) lay crying within, the savage father thus addressed his farewell to a boy about thirteen years old, who was trying, amidst all his grief and terror, to pacify the motherless little one—his half-sister:—

"Boy, if I escape the gibbet for this, (for it can't be wilful murder—it was all passion,) I shall come back to you yet, after some seven or fourteen years. For this helpless little wretch do your best to keep her alive; and if you *cannot*, knock her on the head, or plunge her into one of the dark pools here. Don't let me find her, if I *should*

return, eating workhouse bread, or drudging like a slave for bread as bitter—the wages of her slavery. Bring her up a gipsy, or let her die. You are a good boy, and clever. Go on basket-making, and stick to the spots where the osiers are plenty, and the great rushes that we make tapers of; you can beg the household grease, and these Cothey herdsmen have soft hearts enough, and will not be niggard of milk and meal for the poor baby, (you must always talk of her to the wives.) Shun the cursed city, and hard-hearted townfolk, and make your home of this fine greensward and river bank. Though that wretched woman," pointing to the dead, "was the cause of this bad turn, by her sulky misery, that maddened me, and by her taunting me about the child we lost—curse her white face, and the hour I first saw it! I say, whatever you may *feel* towards her—*seem* to pity her, and however you may pity me, sent over the seas for one blow too hard, seem to hate me."

The selfish savage forgot himself for one minute in parting from the boy—his favourite child, as being the offspring of his first and only real passion. The mother had died in giving him birth. Dashing off one tear that gathered in his eye, while the boy hung on his fettered hand, the felon forsook the tent and vale for the gaol, there to await judgment and retribution for his crime. His doom was transportation for life.

The young boy Gilbert fulfilled the part of both parents to the desolate orphan of the tent and solitary dale. While he pursued those simple trades which these singular people practise, this most lonely child of that lonely region—the forsaken Lydia, lay listening in the still noon-day for her half-brother's step, would crawl when of strength sufficient, to the tent's mouth, to gather the cowslips or harebells that spring profusely in the shelter of the lofty walls of rocks, there tapestried with many-coloured mosses, and affording growth to overhanging trees. Every echo of a herdsman's voice high up in the green chasms, calling across to some shepherd or cabin, made her small heart palpitate with expectation of that only human being she heard or saw, by night or day, unless when some curious cottager would steal to the tent, kiss and pity the little infant-hermit, who only wept with disappointment at the strange face and unwelcome arms. Such visitors often brought her milk, and the finer oaten cake, and left wool for her softer bedding at night.

The fond and faithful brother, as she grew older, was often seen bearing her at his back to distant spots where materials for his trade were to be sought, that he might enjoy her society, and she his. Her earliest efforts at speech were taught by him; to him addressed, while he sat plaiting rushes or osiers by the romantic river. The simple housewives of the lofty white cottage farmhouses, dotting the green precipices all about, became fondly attached to this remarkable boy, at once father, mother, and fondest brother to this most forlorn, otherwise, of infants. She grew more and more striking for beauty, and obtained the name of "the beauty of the *cwm*."

That beauty, after some sixteen years, attracted the eyes of a youth belonging to a tribe of gipsies located on the other side of the vast bank, forming one barrier of her native valley; and Lydia, for the first time, learned to look with anxious longing for another form than that of her life's companion—her heart's brother—her childhood's nurse.

The time came, when looking up at those heights, about twilight, she watched an object more welcome to her young eyes than the sparkle of the evening star, there first seen in the pale blue of a fading day of summer—the figure of her beloved new visitor, in her brother's absence, the gipsy boy Zephaniah, in lofty distance appearing over the rock ridge, and meditating his steep descent to the beloved tent.

The passions of those little subjected to conventional forms, like these self-outlawed people, brook not long delay. The youth pressed her to name a day for their marriage; nor did her heart lag behind his in wishes, except from her reluctance to admit another there, who might seem to lessen the exclusive hold her dear brother had possessed on its whole affections so long. While she coyly dallied with his impatience, rather than resisted it, a terrible trial awaited her. One evening he mysteriously informed her that he had been "in danger, but escaped;" and his arch eyes asked sympathy in this his good fortune, which however involved some fearful secret. He had entered the small farmhouse of an old couple, reputed rich, to obtain gold, "to make merry," as he said, "on their wedding-day."

The farmer, it appeared, was waking when the robber believed him asleep, and raised an outcry, which he, in the wild cruelty of fear—on that first occasion of peril of life, from discovery—suppressed by violent blows. A light burning in the chamber revealed his features to the aged wife, and he "missed the gold at last," he said. And whence his escape? Through the apprehension and committal for trial of another gipsy, to whose identity both sufferers swore. And it was in *this* cruel exultation that the ruffian dared to ask the sympathy of the yet innocent girl. But she had been bred in the life, without the lawless habits of the common gipsy, companioning with inanimate and innocent things—with flowers, and birds, and lambs—and shrunk from the embrace of those inhuman arms, lately raised against feeble age and innocence.

"Would to God I had died before this day!" she sobbed, in the agony of her heart's revolted feelings, recoiling from him she so fondly loved, and *had* esteemed; "died, and never known—never dreamed that you *could* have done this!"

"And *this* is your love for *me!*" he exclaimed. "You would rather *I* should suffer than another—a stranger? I have trusted my life in your hands, and you will betray me if I don't prevent you. Now, by my soul, I'll never see you more! To be safe, I must forsake such a——"

"Oh, stop!—oh, no!" she cried, wringing her hands. "Though you seem no longer the same you were, nor I to myself, but a wretched and a wicked girl, knowing this shocking thing; yet, as my betraying you could not undo the wrong you have done to those poor old souls, nor save that poor creature mistaken for you, (for I being but a poor gipsy girl, who would believe me?) though I would have died to save them—to save your soul alive; yet now, I promise——"

Laughing by an effort, he denied the truth of his tale, and restored peace to the poor girl's heart, in that moment of its deadly sinking. Clasping him passionately, she playfully brought over her beautiful neck the arm she had instinctively thrown off, on the dreadful announcement of his crime, and fondlingly replacing herself within the fold of his embrace, as a bird resuming the covert of its nest, she ex-

pressed all the rapture she felt at again feeling him her "own," as she said, "her own *innocent!*" and vowed that had the sad tale been true, never could she have been aiding in bringing him to justice, even although her silence had connived at the unjust death of an innocent man. A fatal vow, the rashness of which was to be proved on the morrow.

On that morrow, news of the crime, and of the death of the beaten man, and capture of a gipsy found near the premises, reached the hamlet *Cynwil Caio*, near the Cothey Vale; and ere long, she ascertained that this unfortunate person, who so strikingly resembled her lover, the real culprit, that two persons swore to his identity as the offender, was no other than her dear father-brother, her life's companion and protector, Gilbert!

A fearful trial for the bosom of passionate, tender, inexperienced sixteen! A brother or a lover was to be sacrificed for the other's sake, and by her formal act!—her information before a justice in the distant country town, of the confession of the murderer—a confession made in trusting love to her and her alone! Young as he was, that lover was a character of deep guile, one well versed in the female heart, and instinctively learned in all the sophistry which self-love and love combined can weave like a net for the perdition of a soul. He avowed his resolution to save her brother, by surrendering himself to justice; he "would release her brother," he said, "and send *him* to to be her comforter, if, indeed, she needed comforting under *his* fate—a welcomer companion of her future days that brother than he, her lover."—And these words he knew would be torture to her heart, terrible to her imagination—the self-sacrifice he promised, of itself almost expiating his fault, to her fond fancy, and rendering the loss of him still more insupportable.

Meanwhile days followed days; cut off by mountains from the converse of others, she learned the time of the dreaded assize from her lover's information only, and still just setting out on her dismal travel, still delayed its commencement, still reproaching herself for leaving her brother—and such a brother—to die!—oh, no, not to *die*—such thought never found entrance, if it were ever whispered by some fiend to her unhappy heart—but to languish a day, an hour, in prison, and she, knowing his innocence, yet deferring to testify thereto! She set forth at last. Could she refuse to him—her lover—who had so few days to live—who was about to devote his life to the salvation of another's—could she in mercy refuse her society to him during that journey?

They approached the town. It was Sunday; and the gaily-attired townspeople, walking out for air in a golden evening, formed a striking contrast to the dusty, wayworn appearance of this singular pair. In a lonely lane of the outskirts, he suddenly stopped, and turned on hers a face pale with fury, and malignantly triumphing in the melancholy expression of hers. Pointing to a distant dead wall, made visible by the long level beams of the setting sun—"Do you see that high building?" he inquired—"*that* is the gaol, my *love!*—the shambles where you are lovingly leading me as a lamb to the slaughter! *My* Lydia will grieve to learn that I am yet to live a little longer—that the assizes finished *yesterday!* Find what barn or hollow tree thou likest best, for a night's lodging, love, and to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet again." So saying, he vanished.

Stunned in mind, and worn out with fatigue, the unhappy girl, stretched under a lonely oak all night, at last fell asleep. Astonished at the deathlike sleep she could hardly shake off, and at the late hour to which it had been prolonged, on waking, she saw the sun, like a great fire-globe, glaring through a dense fog, and heard the buzz of many people crossing the top of the green lane where she had been lying. She followed, half conscious of some impending horror, and found herself soon before a scaffold, erected against the prison-wall, in the midst of a dumb, awe-stricken crowd, gazing up at a convict, in grave-clothes, that moment come forth to die. No sooner had the sufferer cast his eye on the orb which he was never to see set again, than he exclaimed, stretching both arms towards its magnified disk, as if it had been the very eye of that God to whom he appealed from Man—

"Innocent, by God! By the God who sees me die, I die innocent!" And a female voice, terrible from the agony its tones betrayed, re-echoed his cry—"Innocent, innocent!" and in a moment, the exquisite figure of the gipsy girl, whose beauty and symmetry not all the wild desperation of gestures and looks could destroy, was seen struggling through the crowd, to reach the foot of the scaffold; and all the while, her eyes being riveted on her brother, the priest, and the executioner, she continued to exclaim, as the burial-service proceeded—"Stop that dreadful man in black!—stop his mouth!—snatch his book! Will they bury him alive? Help me, some dear Christian soul, to climb to him! Murder, murder!" she shrieked, as the executioner drew down the dreadful cap (sad mockery of comfort associated with ideas of repose and the night that will *pass away!*), and placed in the dying man's hand something which he might throw down, as a signal of his readiness to depart—it was a *flower!*—(still sadder desecration of gentle sympathies and pleasant associations of thought!) Then, having tried to climb by one pole of the scaffolding, and being gently drawn back by the bystanders, who whispered, "The poor wretch's sweetheart!" she cried out—"A curse upon the souls of all who hinder me! A crown in heaven for him who helps me save him—my brother!—my dear, my innocent!" And, by an astonishing effort, in a minute more, she had clambered, with the agility of a wild cat or tigress, above the reach of those below, and presented her pathetic face, white even to the lips, and still sweet in all that ghastliness of horror, just above the scaffold-floor, startling the functionaries present, and, as it were, recalling to the world he had already parted from in soul, the unhappy victim of a fatal personal likeness and rash witnesses. Roused by the unusual commotion, he slowly, and like one, unwillingly resisting, wished-for sleep, pushed up the cap from his eyes, and saw his sister—his *guilty*, ungrateful sister!—such to his thoughts, for obscure rumours had reached him in prison, that she was revelling in guilty pleasures with the very man for whose crime he was to die the death of a felon. Their eyes met for the first time.

"Stop, but to curse me! Stop, till I prove your innocence to these horrid men!" she cried, nearly exhausted.

"To *kiss* thee?" he inquired, with a hollow, horrid voice, half hearing what she said.

"Oh, no! oh, no!" she answered, "I did not—dared not, ask *that!* Yet would you be so merciful, Gilbert, to *hear* me—but *hear* me—hear me swear I never thought——"

The wretched brother, either in indignant impatience of what he thought her mock-penitence, or only wishful to end a dreadful scene that was fast forcing him back into the vortex of life's passions and regrets, fixed one stern, yet most heart-broken look upon the half fainting girl, then, with his pinioned arm, imperfectly drawing the cap over his eyes, threw down desperately the flower—his death signal. The wretched Lydia, whose sight swam in darkness, the next moment saw only the veil which he had drawn between them for ever and for ever!

KING ERIC.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[Eric III., King of Denmark, who died at the beginning of the 13th century, was the *beau ideal* of a monarch of the middle ages. He was so strong that he could throw a lance, sitting, further than any one else could throw one, standing. He could take a rope in each hand, and let two strong men, one holding each of the other ends, pull at them without stirring him from his seat; nay, if they did not let the ropes go, he would draw them close to him. He was victorious over the Sclavonians, who were addicted to piracy, and was esteemed a wise and just ruler. On one occasion, according to Saxo-Grammaticus, he distrusted a musician, who told him that he could inspire anger by his art, and bade him try the experiment on himself. The attempt was but too successful; for not only did the music rouse him to the most boisterous passion, but he killed several soldiers who came to restore order. Recovering his senses, he was so deeply stricken with remorse, that he vowed he would make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to atone for his crime. He actually began the journey, but died at the Isle of Cyprus, before he reached Palestine.]

"Nay, prate not of thy puny art, I tell thee once again,
Thou proud and foolish harper, all thy boastings are in vain;
There may, perchance, be feeble hearts, thy music can control—
Thou know'st not of what stubborn stuff is made King Eric's soul.

"I listen to thy harp-strings, when the wine-cup passes round,
And oft I feel soft pleasure, when mine ears have drunk the sound;
But when thou say'st thy harp can make my breast with anger swell,
Thou speakest vain and idle words; indeed, thou know'st it well.

"Go, fetch me here the strongest man in all my fatherland,
And, planting firm his sturdy feet, before me let him stand,
And let him throw a massive lance as far as e'er he can—
I'll keep my seat, and hurl that lance still further than that man.

"Go, fetch me the two strongest men in all my fatherland,
And bring a pair of stubborn ropes, I'll hold one in each hand;
The men shall take the other ends, while here I sit alone,
And let them pull with all their might—I'll drag them to my throne.

"There's none so strong as Eric, man—of iron is his frame;
And, know, the soul that dwells within is fashion'd of the same.
Believ'st thou that thy feeble harp to stir me has the power?
No; sooner shall the evening breeze o'erthrow the strongest tower.

"My heart is not a heart to leap at sound of tinkling chords,
And I can listen calmly to the poet's artful words;
The battle-crash—the shriek of dying men that round me roll—
That—that's the only music that can rouse King Eric's soul!

"I see thou smilest proudly; come then, try, if 'tis thy will,
Thou'lt find that thou hast set thyself a task beyond thy skill;
Try, if thou canst make Eric's heart start from his breast with ire,
Strike, strike the chords—begin, begin—awake thy notes of fire!"

Now lightly o'er the tuneful strings the harper's fingers sweep,
The notes are soft, and tenderly upon the ear they creep;
King Eric lists intently, for he feels his senses bound,
As though he were enchanted by the magic of that sound.

Now louder, and now louder still, the wondrous music grows,
And deeper and now deeper still the cheek of Eric glows;
His eye has caught new earnestness—how wildly heaves his breast!
Oh, Holy Virgin Mary, is our noble king possess'd?

That harper—surely he is mad—what awful sounds awake!
With all a tempest's rapid force upon the ear they break.
His features are unearthly, o'er the strings his fingers fly,
As though a spirit of the storm shot through a stormy sky.

The king can rest no longer, he has started from his throne—
He feels as if another soul is waken'd in his own;
That marv'lous hurricane of sound King Eric must obey,
As billows of th' eternal sea must own the wild wind's sway.

The harper and the royal hall have vanish'd from his eyes,
The horrors of the battle-field before his fancy rise;
He thinks his gallant Danes are by Sclavonic hordes oppress'd!
What fury shakes that iron frame—what wrath inflames that breast!

The guards are rushing in, they must restrain their raging king,
His fury must be check'd, or awful mischief it will bring;
His sight is dimm'd, his blood is hot, his men he cannot know,
He dreams that round him thickens the fierce army of the foe.

The first draws near—he cuts him down; the second, now the third,
And still above their dying groans King Eric's voice is heard—
"On—on, my gallant hearts, the Danish raven triumphs yet!"
But as he shouts the royal hall with Danish blood is wet.

The harp—oh will it never cease?—still sings its fearful song,
And on the waves of music Eric's soul is borne along;
His valiant men before him fall—nought can their strength avail;—
No; sooner could the autumn-leaf resist the autumn-gale.

The harper's fingers pause at last—hush'd is that magic sound—
King Eric from his dream awakes, confused he looks around;
He sees the blood his sword has shed, he knows the corses all,
And from his eyes, and down his beard, the tears in torrents fall.

"Oh, harper—ruthless harper! I must ever curse the hour,
When, trusting to my earthly might, I dared to test thy pow'r.
Away, I cannot bear thy face—the vict'ry thou hast gain'd,
The royal hand of Eric with his subjects' blood is stain'd!

"Lord, I will leave my fatherland, and seek a foreign clime,
At Jesus' tomb in Palestine, to expiate my crime;
The red cross I will wear, and win thy pardon, if I can,
Then, Lord, have mercy on my soul, for I'm a sinful man!"*

* In this ballad I have so far modified the historical legend, that I have made King Eric defy the harper from a notion of his own strength, whereas the legend makes him doubt the power of music to raise fury generally.—J. O.

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Browne, on the subject of
t half past four o'clock.

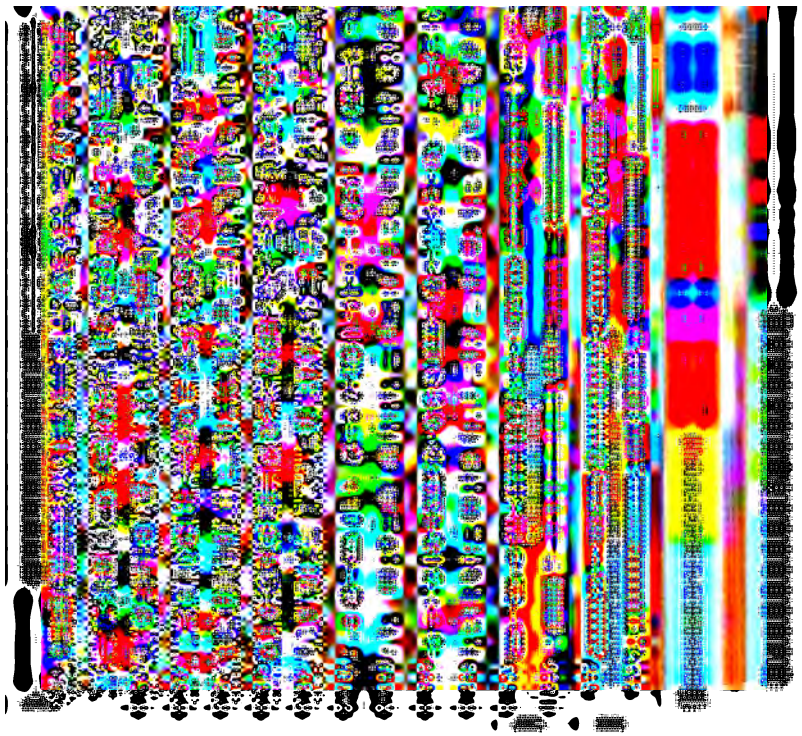
The morrow was, of course, the day on which I received it; for our village was on the Essex coast, some sixteen miles from London, with a cross-country post, and only one delivery per day. But this was all the better—there was no time to fret myself with speculations on the issue of my undertaking. One thing only was unsatisfactory: Mrs. Roberts knew my distance from town, yet she had named an hour for our interview, that would preclude the possibility of my returning home the same night, for it was winter, and "The last Gravesend steamer leaves London Bridge Wharf at four o'clock P.M." was duly notified on wall-side placards and the daily papers.

At another time, perhaps, I might not have so easily discovered the want of consideration evidenced in this arrangement, but I was suffering from a soreness of mind that made me keenly alive to the action of trifles; and it gave me a misgiving of Mrs. Roberts' thoughtfulness and unselfishness of character that did not add to the cheerfulness of disposition just then so necessary to me. My mother, however, in the unschooled simplicity of her Mrs. Primrose-like conceptions, drew a favourable augury therefrom, and assured me it was in itself a proof that I was already the predetermined governess of the "five little boys."

My journey to town was as uninteresting, and as rapidly performed as journeys by the Gravesend packets usually are; and very painful and subduing were my sensations, as I found myself for the first time in the crowded streets of the metropolis, without the protection or support of either my father or brother's arm. It is a lonely thing to make one in a crowd; and there was a degree of helplessness in my own case that made my situation appear exceedingly forlorn. It was, beside, my first attempt at seeking a situation, for my previous engagements had, in both instances, been forced on me—the first, with a kind delicacy that, compassionating my situation, took this means of alleviating it, without humiliating me, and the other, with an affectation of the same principle—loud in condolence, and coarse in expressing it, in order to exhibit how poor gentility must succumb to vulgar wealth. I was, also, very young—very timid, with quantities of poetry, but not an atom of practical worldly sense in my composition. Need I say I felt myself making a very sorry figure in the staring, elbowing, bustling throng, whose contrary currents one moment accelerated my onward movement, and the next drove me a pace or two backwards in their anxious pursuit after business or pleasure.

Unhappily ignorant of the etiquette observed in walking in London, I had taken the wrong side of the street — a circumstance that I have since discovered accounted for all the crushing and collision that beset me, and which I really mistook for intentional rudeness; and as I felt my face flushing, and my little close bonnet assuming an indescribable shape, I had great difficulty to keep myself from crying. I, however, put an end to my pedestrianism and its unpleasantness, by getting into an omnibus.

I was set down opposite the iron gates that lead into Park Crescent, and in a few minutes found myself at No —, with scarcely nerve enough to raise the massive knocker of the important-looking portal. Two or three footmen, in handsome liveries, were in attendance in the hall; and on giving my card, I was ushered



…et sank into the softest Persian …ad bestowed myself was most … my very heart.

…at sort of person the feminine …ld be! And what a mocking …at surrounded me, on my own …ecessity! I felt tears gather- …liculous, useless sensibility, that …d circumstances with those of … might be, and to recur, regret- … early years, as they opposed … rounded.

… the opening of the door, and …ey silk dress, and look of mild …ant relative—an inmate on suf- … upper servant, requested me … another apartment, where, in a …, sat Mrs. Roberts. She was …be of the darkest green velvet, …old ornaments, massive enough … She made some motion to me … did she ask me to sit down; but …er seat, and proceeded to ques-

… cheek; but I remembered my …d quelled the unsafe

rather amused, for there is a lurking comedy in my nature that will sometimes pervade my feelings, however melancholy they may be, and give piquancy to the bitterest draughts. I had left lovely pictures in the other room, but amongst them all, none that appeared to me so beautiful as the living face before me. She was dark as an Andalusian, with that remarkably clear, smooth, olive complexion so seldom met with but in the sunny regions of the South, with a warm, rich colour in her cheeks, and small, handsome features, lit up by large, black, luminous eyes, that made me forget, in my admiration of them, the petty state she was affecting, and the half hour's trial by cold to which I had been subjected; such a silkiness, such picture-like perfection there was about her piquant-looking features and rich apparel.

"Let me see," she said, looking over some dozen notes, in as many different handwritings that lay on the table beside her. "Oh, you are the young person from Essex. I am sorry to have detained you so long; but I have had to see so many persons. I had no idea, when I advertised, of the number of applicants I should have. These," she said, pointing to the heap of caligraphic specimens, "are only the answers I reserved to choose from amongst."

Alas! for my mother's theory, and my own reasoning from the surface of things—for having stated in my note every particular relative to age, qualifications, &c.—I really thought I had nothing to do but to make the final arrangement relative to salary, produce my credentials, and enter on the duties of my new situation; fancy, then, finding myself paraded for the satisfaction of this wilful piece of prettiness, and brought sixteen miles from home, to make one at the levée of unhappy expectants she had brought to her abode, doubtless, with as much indifference for their personal inconvenience as she had exhibited for mine. But where was I?

"These," she continued, "are only the answers I reserved to choose from amongst—but I think I had thirty-six in all, hadn't I, Mrs. Percy?" and she turned to the individual in grey, who remained standing near her chair; but before this quiet-looking person had summed up in her recollection their exact number, Mrs. Roberts rejoined—"at all events, I was quite astonished. I didn't really think so many persons could have been in want of situations."

She was looking in my face as she spoke, and her ignorance of the rest of the world's wants seemed so real, so unaffected, that you scarcely knew whether to admire, or be angry at her happy unconsciousness of individual strait and suffering. To me, early initiated into the usages of adversity, there was a freshness about it very delightful to fancy, but very painful to be brought in collision with, because you felt that the sympathy from whence springs all the charities of human nature could have no place in a heart so unwitting of its daily trials—so wanting in that species of mental omniscience, that is only gained by the study of humanity in all its phases.

"I am afraid," she continued, "that you are too young for what I require. I ought to have stated age in my advertisement; some one about thirty would be best, as I want the entire management of the children taken off my hands—they begin to be very troublesome, and I have so many engagements; but you don't look as if you could com-

and besides, my heart was
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actory, I have engaged her;
I have your address—Kensington,

elf to put her right on this
to the quiet lady in grey, I

was about to curtsey myself out of the room, when the former intercepted me to ask, "How far my residence was from town?"

I told her, and Mrs. Roberts interposed with an inquiry, as to whether the coach started from any place in the vicinity? She seemed rather unpleasantly illuminated, when I told her my only conveyance was by steam; and that as the last boat had long since left, I had no choice but to remain in town all night.

"I suppose you have some friends here," said the gentle-looking woman beside her, in whose thoughtful countenance I could read concern, and kindly feeling, not unmingled with generous indignation, that evinced itself in her lessening timidity; and in the tone of absolute reproach with which, on my answering with much naïveté, "that indeed I had not," she remarked to Mrs. Roberts, "What a pity to have brought her so far! I would advise you," she said, addressing me, "to go to some respectable inn; it is an awkward thing for so young a person as yourself to be alone in this city, but at an hotel you will be quite safe."

I looked my thanks, for I am sure heartfelt kindness dictated this suggestion, as, however commonplace the remark may appear on paper, her look and voice evidenced no ordinary degree of interest; but I found it impossible to answer her orally. The reaction of excited feeling and overthrown hope, only wanted this lady's evident sympathy, to make me think myself even more sorrowfully situated than I really was. I had scarcely patience to listen to Mrs. Roberts' parting exordium, as, holding the embroidered bell-rope in her hand, she suspended its movement to exclaim—

"Oh, yes; by all means go to an hotel, and if this other person does not suit, I will be sure and write to you—only you don't look old enough. Good morning to you. Some family hotel will be the best!"

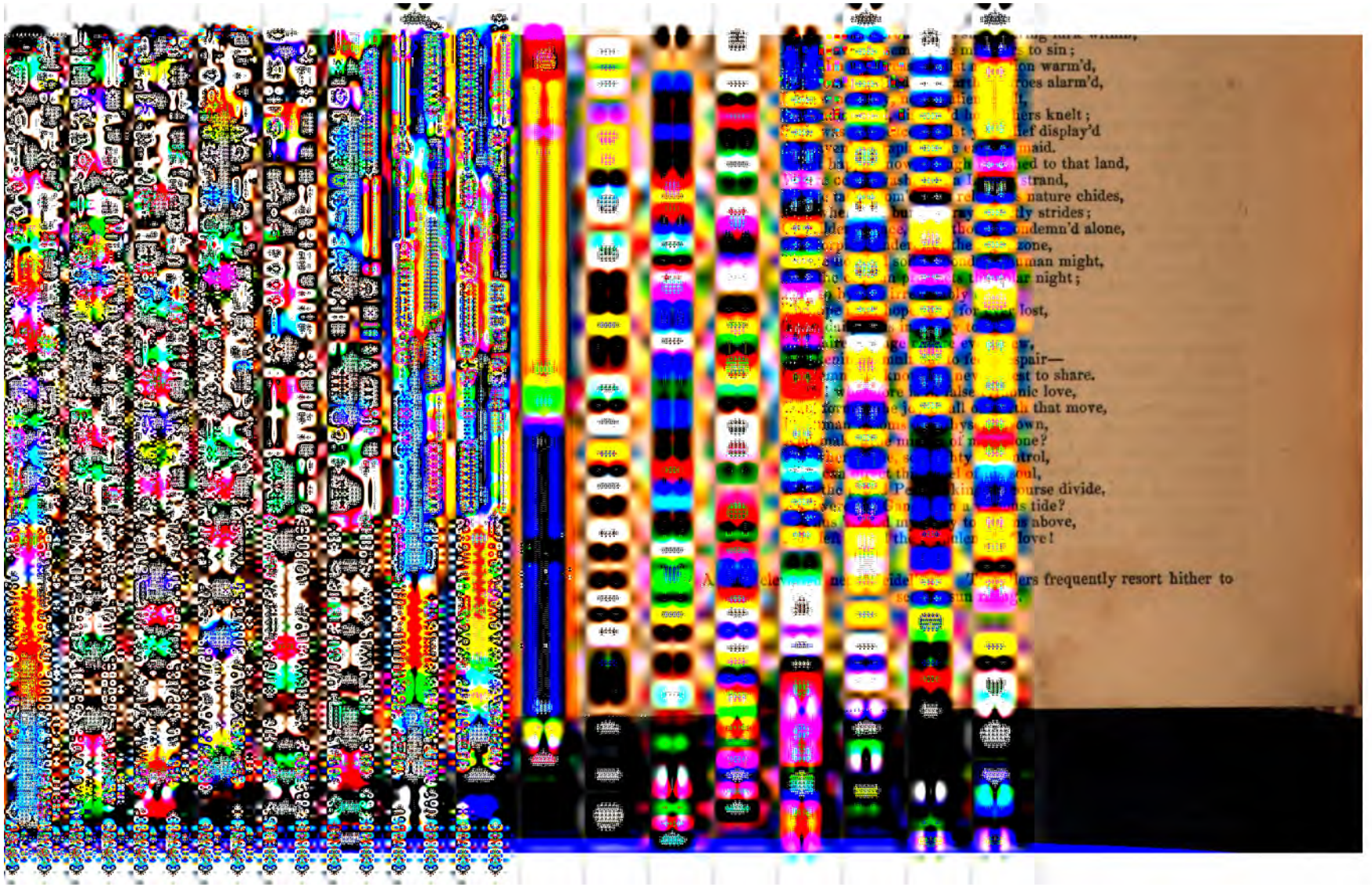
I curtseyed myself silently out of the room, and was very civilly shewn the outside the house, by one of the "party-coloured varlets" in waiting.

Need I say, I never after heard *from* Mrs. Roberts, but I did *of* her, and solved the mysterious incongruity of that apartment, filled with precious things, into which I had been ushered.

Of course, I have not used her real name—that would be scarcely fair, to one who had apparently so many years to acquire those delicate and subtle instincts of our nature, that teach us to be as careful and far-sighted for another as if ourselves were concerned.

At this distance of time, the incident which then appeared a trial to me, has assumed an almost comic complexion; and the contrast my real situation offered to that of the pretty (and surely petted) Mrs. Roberts, a mere illuminated page in my book of life—a picture, illustrative of "silver spoons and wooden ladles," with a dash of Hogarth's satire, in the working out. With all her happy inexperience of worldly exigence, I, too, had been born in affluence—my wants as carefully attended to—my education as refined—my feelings equally sensitive; but for all this, her feet rested on the raised *dais* of luxury, while mine had trodden the red-hot ploughshares of penury and trial.

Surely, all who run may read the moral of our meeting, and learn from their own acute sensibilities (where self is concerned) the necessity of consideration on behalf of another.



THE TERMINATION OF THE TRANSPORT.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The city of Antioch.—Its present condition.—Its antiquities, sculptures, walls, and towers.—Its reverses.—The station at Murád Páshá.—A few facts in Natural History.—The station at Jindaris.—History of Dervish 'Alí.—Plains of North Syria.—Arrive at Port William.—Termination of the Transport.

BEFORE quitting Antioch, and after a residence there, on and off, of upwards of six months, I may be allowed to say a few words as to its present condition, and its remaining monuments of antiquity.

The modern Antákíyeh is but a small town, covering only a very inconsiderable part of the site of ancient Antioch, the remainder being for the most part occupied by mulberry groves, vineyards, and fruit and vegetable gardens.

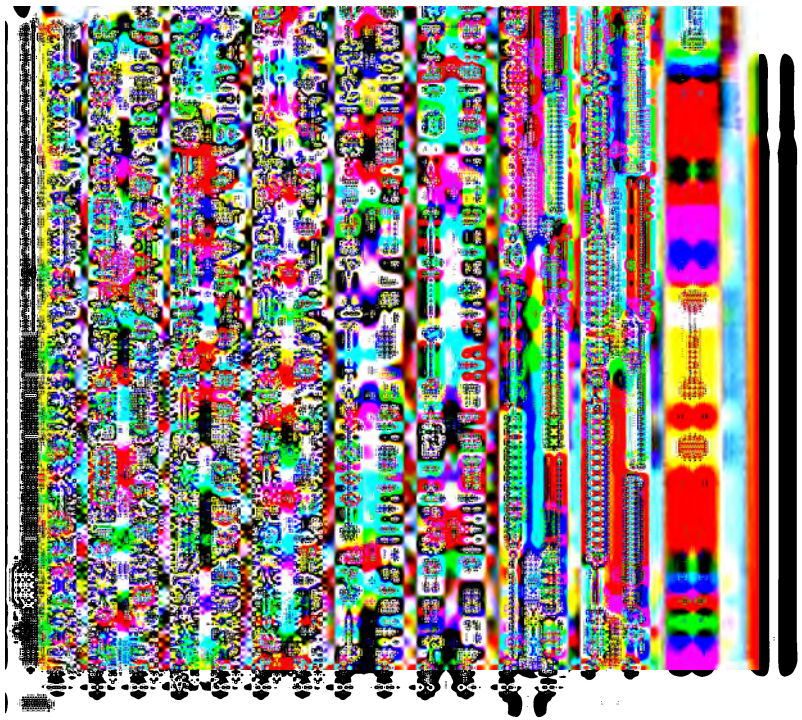
The population, according to a census taken in Ibráhím Páshá's time, did not exceed 5600 souls, of whom a large proportion were Syrians of the Greek church; and the town contains a church of that persuasion, a synagogue for the Jews, fourteen mosques, a Mohammedan college, and several khans and public baths. None of these edifices are, however, conspicuous by their loftiness, or by any pretensions to architectural beauty.

The houses are Turkish as to plan, usually of stone, but sometimes consisting of a wooden frame filled up with sun-dried bricks, and having a pent roof covered with red tiles. In some, exterior staircases lead from the courts to corridors and balconies; in others, the staircase is in the interior. Many of the courts are pleasantly shaded by orange and pomegranate trees, and the doors and windows of the buildings generally face the west, for the sake of the cool breezes coming from that quarter during the greater part of summer. The streets are narrow and dirty, being but partially cleansed by a gutter in the centre.

The bazaars are poor, the principal products being confined to fruits, silk, cotton, leather, goats'-hair, and the ordinary supplies of food. Near to the river side are several tan-yards, and in the same neighbourhood are the offal-houses, the thresholds of which are frequented by the white vulture. Ibráhím Páshá adorned the town by erecting to the westward a seraï, or palace, which afterwards became an hospital, and beyond it extensive barracks; but unfortunately these were constructed out of the materials of the western portion of the wall.

The river is crossed by a bridge, some of the foundations of which have the aspect of antiquity, and which is approached by a covered way and gate, called Báb Hadíd, or the Iron Gate. Beyond this gate was a military school and a burial-ground, with gardens in the rear; and the river is diversified by several large wheels, some of which are nearly sixty feet in diameter, and which make a monotonous noise. Their power in working corn-mills is increased by dams of interlaced reeds and stakes, and other light materials, which raise the water, and at the same time serve the purpose of productive fish-weirs.

Besides the "Iron Gate," there are also the Báb Gineïn, or the Gate of the Gardens, the Báb Ládíkíyeh, or of Lattaquia, and sepa-



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higher, the greatest ingenuity was exercised by securing the weak points at the opposite extremity of its rugged contour. Walls and circular turrets of different ages occupy the northern extremity of the range, at the head of the ravine from whence the castellated building, once the Acropolis, commands an extensive prospect.

By a bold effort of genius, a wall has been carried from the eastern side of the castle down the almost vertical face of the cliff, and again from thence across the deep valley beneath, beyond which, in a no less extraordinary manner, it is made to ascend the opposite steep hill in a zig-zag direction, and it is again carried in the same daring manner down the opposite hill-side, till it joins the eastern walls near Saint Paul's gate.

But it was in overcoming the defects of the ground at the southern extremity of the city, that the skill of the Romans is conspicuous. Owing to the steepness of the declivity, the ordinary platform surmounting the wall, here becomes a succession of steps between the towers, which are close to one another, and have a story rising above the wall to protect the intervening portions from the commanding ground outside. These towers are of uniform construction, about thirty feet square, and they project each way, so as to defend the interior side as well as the exterior face of the wall, the latter is from fifty to sixty feet high, and eight or ten feet broad at top, which is covered with cut stones terminating in a cornice.

The towers are perfectly upright, and have interior staircases, and three loop-holed stages resting on brick arches—the uppermost having a stone platform, and a small cistern beneath. Low doors, or rather posterns, afford a passage along the parapets, so that to use an expression of Colonel Chesney's, to whose frequent conversations I am solely indebted for the discrimination of many of the above described peculiarities, these structures may be regarded as a chain of small castles connected by a curtain, rather than simple towers.

It was by the betrayal of one of these towers—called that of the two sisters, but afterwards designated as the tower of Saint George—by the Christian Pyrrhus, that the Crusaders were enabled to obtain possession of their first Syrian principality. And on another there still exists the fragments of a Greek inscription in iambic trimeter verse, of which only the following words can be deciphered:—

> "Sunk to ruin by time and tumult,
> * * * Medon had hastily built
> With haste and difficulty the army of the * * *
> The Tower."

Innumerable coins, belonging to the epoch of the Romans, are still found wherever excavations are carried on, and not unfrequently marble busts are also dug out, in which the familiar features of Aurelian, or of Trajan, are chiefly recognised.

The reverses of Antioch constitute, after its Christian eminence, the most remarkable feature in its history. Its kingly splendour—its pleasurable attractions—its commercial and industrial power—its learning and religious zeal, are all dimmed by the most fearful prostrations which dreadful earthquakes, and wars from without, and civil wars within, could combine to produce. Civil wars began under Seleucus Callinicus, and were continued under Antiochus the Great. Religious zeal attained its height under Antiochus Epiphanes, and ex-

cited the revolt of the Maccabees. Alexander Zebina plundered the temple of Jupiter, and the walls were overthrown on several occasions.

It is on this account that the seat of many kings, the Roman prefecturate of Syria, and the chief patriarchate of the East, whose numerous churches, ranked among the finest in the world, have, with the exception of its walls and towers, the strongest bulwarks of Roman Asia, shattered and destroyed by earthquakes more even than by all the fiercest ravages of war, so little to show of those once proud times.

In a retired spot, alone, towards the centre of the mountain ridge, are the remains of a circular structure, about ninety feet in diameter, partly excavated in the rock, and enclosed by a wall four feet high. This building is traditionally connected with the horrid and disgraceful pagan immolations to Jupiter.

It was in the epoch of the Romans that Antioch attained such distinction, as one of the earliest centres from whence Christianity was disseminated, as to afterwards entitle it to be called the "Eye of the Eastern Church." It was here that Barnabas and Saul were first separated from the other apostles, for the work unto which they had been called. It was, according to Josephus, the right of citizenship granted by Seleucus to the Jews in common with the Greeks, which rendered Antioch so desirable to Christians, who were at that time considered as a sect of Jews; and it was here that they were first called by the name of their Lord and Master (Acts, xi. 26); and the most ancient testimonies regarding the three orders of the church—bishops, priests, and deacons, are derived from Ignatius, whom the apostles had appointed Bishop of Antioch, (Chrysostom Hom. in Ignat. ii. 593,) and who wrote letters to other churches, only fifteen years after Saint John's death.

Saint Paul's gate, and the excavated churches in the rock, are the only reminiscences that now exist of these early dawnings of Christianity. One traveller, Pococke, saw some pieces of marble of a Mosaic pavement, which he supposed might indicate the site of the patriarchal church; and he conjectured that the patriarchal palace stood on the top of a hill in its vicinity. Such is the end of the Apostolic See! "A vague conjecture," says Dr. Keith, "is the only homage that can now be paid to the departed glory of the throne which exercised supremacy over two hundred and forty bishoprics."

Antioch was embellished by Justinian in A.D. 529, and called by him Theopolis, "the city of God;" but the Persian host under Chosroes (Keï Kobad) took the city by storm nineteen years afterwards, and burnt it to the ground. Retaken by Belisarius, Justinian rebuilt it in 562, to fall again in 574. The Saracens, under the brave but humane Obeïdah, reduced it in the year 637 or 638.

The Arabs busied themselves in repairing the walls, and added additional towers to the castle. Among the ruins which cover the sides of the hills westward, are still to be noticed a building with a square basement containing four Saracenic arched entrances; but this building is surmounted by a round tower, which appears to be Norman, and to have belonged to the times of the Crusaders, and which rises about thirty feet higher.

Edrisi describes the buildings of Antioch as being at the time of the Arab dominion "magnificent, its markets flourishing, its industry and resources great, and its manufactures and commerce prosperous."

The city was retaken in 966, by Nicephoras Phocas, and in 970,

an army of ten thousand Saracens besieged it without success, but a short time afterwards effected its subjection. In the year 1097, the Crusaders appeared before the walls, but it was not till June 3, 1098, that the city was carried by stratagem. In 1187, the fall of 'Azáz, and the capture of the Iron Bridge on the Orontes, by the Arabs under Saláhu-d-dín, caused the inhabitants to purchase their safety. Bibars, the Mamluk Sultan of Egypt, carried the unfortunate city by storm, May 29, 1268; and it remained under the Mamluk and Circassian soldiery till 1517, when Selim I. overthrew that strange and straggling power, called Alaï Doulet, by the oriental writers, and Syria became absorbed in the Osmanli empire.

During the long succession of Osmanli princes, Antioch has been often governed by independent Beys who have set the Sultan at defiance. This was the case in the time of Burckhardt (1812). After the fall of Aleppo, it yielded without a blow to the Egyptians under Ibráhím Páshá, a chieftain who, for a time, dreamt of reviving the monarchy of Syria in its ancient capital, and who first began to demolish the walls which so many centuries of wars and earthquakes had spared; it is to be supposed in anticipation of those days, when, as Dr. Keith prophesies, the cities of restored Israel shall be built, without walls, from those which anciently were raised for their defence.

In 1840, by the operations of the allies on the coast of Syria, Antioch returned peacefully under Osmanli dominion. Strange contrast to the time of the Crusades, when Christian nations were seen combating for the restoration of Turkish over Egyptian tyranny and misrule, without scarcely affording a friendly protection to the prostrate Christian aborigines of the country!

There is something in the innumerable reverses of fortune, and the evils to which this ancient city and its inhabitants have been thus exposed, which cannot but be suggestive of melancholy contemplation; but in which the more painful considerations are soothed by comparison with what has happened to those cities which have arisen upon modern civilization. The history of the congregated dwellings of mankind present us pretty nearly everywhere with similar records of fatal events brought about by the wilfulness of man. The rise of new opinions, the promulgation of corrupt doctrines, the restlessness of the age, followed by revolution and anarchy, and these, by unflinching tyrannies, imposed upon a would-be administrative populace, are personated as faithfully in the history of the west, as in that of a Licinus or Gallus at Antioch.

It was the jarring interests of principles of belief, and even of forms of prayer—the ambitioning of each to point out to the other the path to heaven—and the abhorrence of all other modes of worship than their own, which even at these early times cursed mankind with fatal feuds; and the hostility of Antiochus to the Maccabees, the apostasy of Julian, and the propitiation of Arianism by Valentinian, were as fertile in persecutions as Paganism opposed to Christianity, and Christianity to Mohammedanism. Nor was cruelty confined to any one party. Antiochus and Vespasian at Jerusalem, and Pompey, Justinian, and the Crusaders at Antioch, rival, in their sanguinary exploits, Sapor and Omar at the one, and Chosroes and Bibars at the other.

An almost ineffable wonder arises on contemplating such fragments histories of reverses, not peculiar to one spot, but common to the whole family of man; to think how long the experience of the past shall

withheld from the councils of mankind, and policy continue to disregard, in the lessons of history, the inherited axioms of moderation? What are the benefits that have accrued to mankind from war and hostility of opinion or principle, compared to the triumphs of wisdom! Look at the mighty remains left to us by imperishable genius, by the toil of civilization in the rear of discovery, the more than human power which has been obtained by the progress of invention, and turn to the grey walls of grief-worn aspect—Antioch, no longer in lonely and in widowed pride, as when Heraclius bade her a last farewell—the humbled and mourning daughter of the city of the Holy of Holies, but Antioch fallen and in ruins! The third city of the Roman empire, which raised three Cæsars to the Imperial purple, now little better than a village; the patriarchal see—nay, the very tombs of the mighty dead, gone from the surface of the earth! Think that religion and learning dawned—that the lyre awoke to songs of praise and joy—that the full light of a religion of meekness, humility, and self-sacrifice, glowed over this spot, and that all has been lost by the rivalry of power, the opposition of creeds, and the pride of patriarchs, and the heart bleeds with sorrow for the follies of mankind.

Ever the centre of a fiercely debated supremacy, the "entrance into Hamath the great," and the prophesied boundary of the promised land, there now only remains at the same spot, the past for the Mohammedan, the present for the Christian, and the future for the Jew. Haughty contempt and deep-felt scorn and hatred characterize the followers of a warrior prophet; an unspiritual and unenlightened belief, not unmingled with bitter pride, belong to those who know that the Redeemer suffered for them; while a silent hope, and the prostrate stillness of a dependent faith, is still the stamp characteristic of the sons of Jacob.

On the 14th of October, I finally left Antioch, travelling by the river and lake to the station at Murád Púshá, which I reached the ensuing day. There had been much sickness at this, the most unhealthy of any of the stations in which the expedition was located, and among others, the malaria of the country was complicated in the case of a young artillery-man with a galloping consumption, the result of long previous infirmities, and which, not yielding to the most active treatment, he was the first, and yet amidst all this sickness, the only individual left behind us at this baneful spot. No European stopped here for a day and night without suffering from malaria; and although it was easily removed by a little aperient medicine, followed by quinine, it always returned in a few days. From this frequent recurrence, many of the cases were already complicated with enlargement of the spleen and liver, and in others carelessness in diet induced gastro-enteric affections; but generally speaking, the fever was not so severe as to keep the officers and men from their work.

The temperature at this season of the year was agreeable, the thermometer averaging 76° in the shade; and the quantity of animal, more especially of reptile and insect life, was truly remarkable. The number and great size of the snakes has been already alluded to, and immediately on my arrival the boatswain brought a bottle full of centipedes, many of considerable size, which had been collected in the men's tents, and the sight of which conveyed anything but pleasing anticipations of what was to be expected in one's own dormitory.

Every evening after sunset, the interior of the marquee in which

the officers messed, was filled with running, crawling, and jumping things. The first that began to creep up the canvass walls were a species of black cricket, two-eighths of an inch in length, with yellow spots on the upper part of the wings, and like the *Gryllus campestris* of Latreille, with two red spots at the origin of the thighs. It differed, however, from that insect, in the under wings being folded into a spiral appendage, which protruded beyond the body; and it differed from the Indian species (*G. monstruosus*) in size and colour, and in the freedom of the wings; but still it was a marked transition from the European to the Indian species.

With this black and ill-favoured looking insect there came another of the same tribe, in which the wings and elytræ were merely rudimentary, being only one-eighth of an inch in length, and the dorsal aspect of the abdomen thus left naked, was divided longitudinally by three distinct lines, in addition to the lateral segments; and it was further adorned with two lateral setaceous appendages (ovipositors), about an eighth of an inch in length.*

These were followed by frogs, which clambered in numbers up by the side of the tent-poles, and thus in a short time, between them and the crickets, the canvass was pretty well covered. At the same time, innumerable little *Scutigeræ*, from four-eighths to four-sixths of an inch in length, were running about the table, pursuing moths and other insects, which they pierced with their poisonous mandibles, killing them instantaneously. This insect had eight large segments above, besides two smaller central ones, and fifteen segments with an equal number of pairs of legs below, the last five of which were much longer than the others, and the last pair of all thrown behind, so as to resemble a tail.

Next in abundance were the centipedes, which also clambered after dark, upon the chairs and tables in search of prey. The bodies of these were divided into twenty-one segments above and below, and they had forty-two yellowish feet, armed with hook-like appendages.† I examined a great many eyes of these myriapods, as some writers describe them as arranged rhomboidally, and I found them to vary in number, there being sometimes four, and occasionally a fifth. They were disposed two and two, and when there was a fifth, it was always placed inwardly, or towards the articulation of the jaw. These centi-

* There certainly appears sufficient to justify the tribe of *Gryllides*, thus distinguished, by rudimentary elytræ and wings, being united into a separate genus, whose appropriate name, derived from that very peculiarity, would be *Apterita*; and which would contain, besides this Syrian species, the *Gryllus Sylvestris* of Latreille, and the *G. Burdigalensis*, of the same author; the Syrian species being distinguished from the former, by the brevity of the ovipositor, the absence of the striæ in the elytræ, and by its peculiar dark forehead; and from the *G. Burdigalensis*, by the latter having no wings at all, and an ovipositor as long as the body.

† Some naturalists have arranged the animals of these, and the neighbouring genera, according to the number of feet, and the comparative length of these; thus viewing them as æquipedal, or inequipedal; but the structure of the body is by far the most important consideration in a class of animals which form a link between the crustacea, on the one hand, and the hexapod insects on the other. The Syrian *Scutigera*, above described, belongs to that section of the *Chilopoda*, in which the body is partitioned into eight plates above, and fifteen hemi-annular segments below; while the centipedes belong to that division, in which the abdominal aspect is divided, in the same way as the dorsal; and this is not the only primary distinction between the two—in the one, the eyes are distinct and compound, in the other, they are granulated; in the one, the head is covered with a smooth scutellum, or shield-like plate, in the other, there are occipital tuberosities.

was quick and lively in its
approached, erecting its tail,
de. The common mining ant,
were also frequent.
ls of the plain of 'Umk were
is spot. The lake, surrounded
rivers dragging their lazy way
not offer any points so favour-
which had arisen close by the
dated condition of the latter.
as the obscurity of evening
barking in troops at the very
nd wily, that, although we at-
occasions, we were very seldom

l the rivers of North Syria,
he common *roach*, a species of
he ancient Syrians, a kind of
shad, the round-tailed chub
ntained carp, and the *Mureena*
was the celebrated black fish,
mans, as to be exported from
the *Macropteronotus niger* of
immediately below the bridge,
rrying away their tackle most
n several occasions, to catch
y primitive means of drawing
ity, by sudden jerks across the
were the fish, that they seldom

failed to hook one through the body, and they thus soon got a boat load. Upon trial, we thought them luscious; but the prejudice against their appearance was so great, that they never became popular; the sailors also called them cat-fish, and would have nothing to do with them.

Notwithstanding the ague, Charlewood and myself went out frequently shooting in the marshes, where snipes were very abundant. Among other birds, which we shot in these watery places, was a small plover, which appeared to form a link between the little collared plover and the *Charardrius Egyptus* of Hasselquist. It was distinguished from the former, by having a grey band on the brow, and a white terminal band on the upper wing coverts. All the remiges were also black, with a white band, and the side tail feathers were also white, and it differed from the Egyptian plover, in having yellow feet. The beautiful Aleppo plover, with a spur on its wing, was very common. It was curious, on these occasions, to see with what strange looks of surprise and indignation the shaggy buffaloes would view our noisy intrusion into their watery domain; nor was it at all safe to startle them by the sudden discharge of a gun in too close proximity, on which occasions we found they invariably made a charge at the offender.

It may be well to mention, in this place, the bird called Taïr el Rá'úf, or "the magnificent," with which I am personally unacquainted, but which Mr. Vincent Germain, of Aleppo, assured Colonel Chesney assembled in large flocks at the shallow part of the rivers in North Syria, and placing themselves side by side in several ranks, with their tails spread, so as to form a temporary dam, thus expose the fish below, and the birds, then rushing upon their prey, they secure an abundant meal, before the stream can resume its previous state.

On the 31st of October, I quitted Murád Páshá, with the sick, for the more healthy station of Jindarís. We passed a night at the hot baths, previously described, and which the sick apparently enjoyed, and the next day, reached the site of the old Acropolis of Cyrrhestica. Here we found Mr. Elliot, commonly called Dervísh Alí, whose services as an interpreter had been obtained since our arrival in the country, and who had provided two empty houses for our use, one of which was converted into an hospital, and the other kept for the officers, Fitzjames and Bell being at the time among the invalids.

This Mr. Elliot was a very remarkable character. He had received a good education, was a tolerable classical scholar, and had been a medical student at one of the London hospitals, but having come to the East, his passion for wandering became so great, as to lead him to sacrifice everything in order to gratify it. In order to facilitate his movements, he perfected himself in the Arabic language, and assumed the garb and appearance of a Dervish, by which means he was enabled to visit in safety all parts of the country. He was employed for some time by Colonel Taylor, the resident at Baghdad, on exploratory missions, one of which was to trace the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. On this occasion, a native damsel was given to him as a spouse, in return for his having cured her of ophthalmia; but he afterwards exchanged her for a donkey, the latter being more useful in following the footsteps of the Greeks. There was great difficulty in getting him to put the result of his researches on paper, and he required constant superintendence—at one moment, the chair was too high; at another,

the pen was bad—in fact, the irksomeness of writing was quite inconsistent with his acquired habits of desultoriness. The MS. however exists, and is, with many others, in Colonel Taylor's possession. Mr. J. Baillie Fraser was permitted access to it, with the colonel's usual liberality; and he says, in his work on Mesopotamia (p. 304), that, as Mr. Elliot possessed means of obtaining information which fell to the lot of few, the notes which he left are of immense value, more especially as they respect the manners and domestic habits of the people.

Mr. Elliot had, at this time, just returned from a mission, composed of the two Messrs. Lynch and Mr. Staunton, which had been sent to the Arabs, on the Euphrates. They had visited the tribes of Wáldíyá, Gízeh, Bú Sipáhí, and others of the 'Anezeh. Their reception was generally very favourable, but as they were bearers of presents to the different sheïkhs, one of the Bedwín tribes, the Bú Lílchí by name, conceived the intelligent project of appropriating the whole to themselves; and they followed the party for some days with these amiable intentions, which they carried so far, as to wound one of the servants; but as this was explained away as a playful accident, and Captain Lynch's intimate acquaintance with the character of the people enabled him to exhibit great forbearance on the occasion, a collision was avoided, and the sheïkh was afterwards anxious to compromise the matter by presents, which were not accepted.

Mr. Elliot still wore the Dervish dress; and hence he always went by the name of Dervísh 'Alí. His manners were extremely flighty, and never, for a moment, to be depended upon. At one time he was praying and dancing with the villagers, at another he would get up a quarrel with them. Having, one day, indulged a little, he became unwell; upon which, although a dark night, he put a candle into a paper-lantern, which he hung by the bow of his saddle, and took himself off, across the stony and deserted mountain districts, to Aleppo. He was, however, notwithstanding his peculiarities, of great use to the expedition; and after it broke up, was employed by Captain Lynch. His end was melancholy — having perished on the desert, between Damascus and Baghdad.

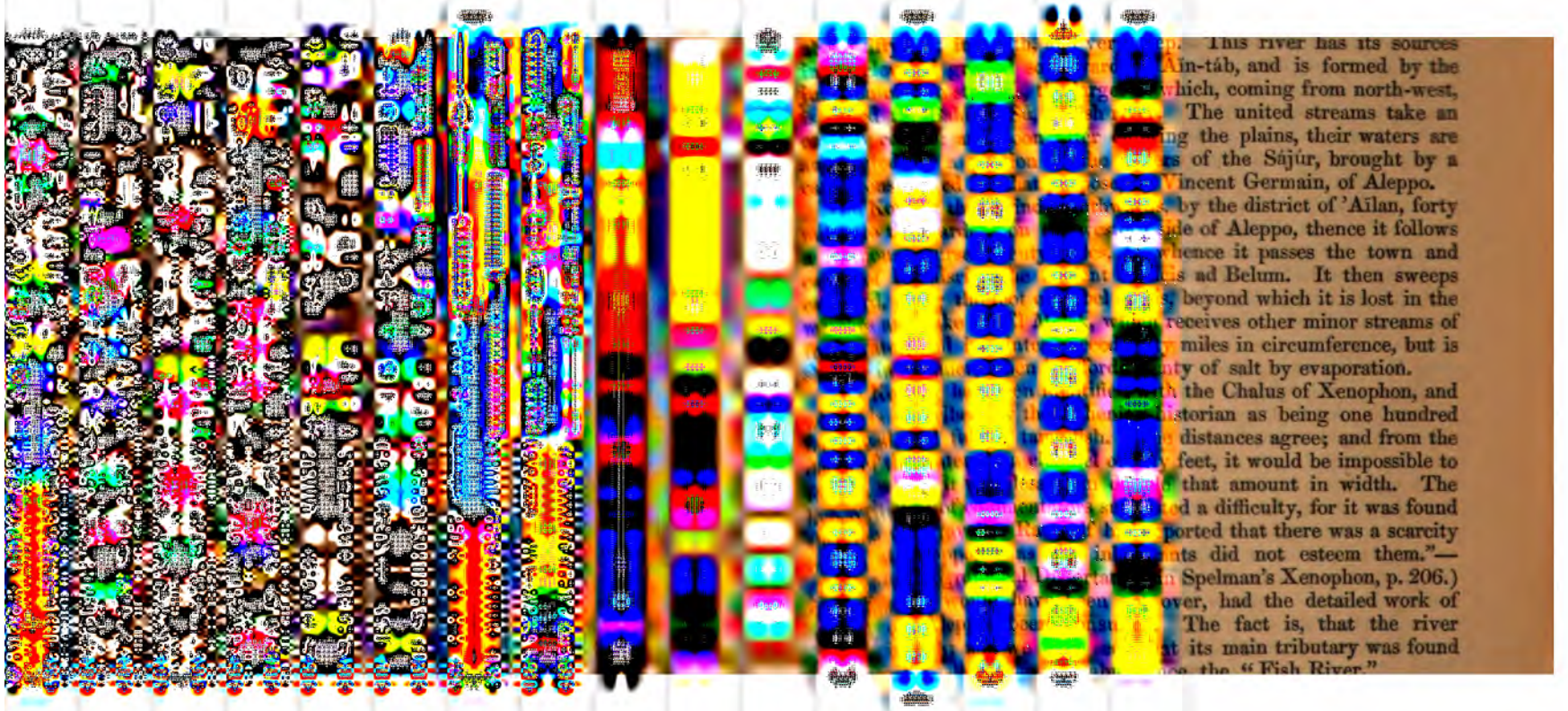
While we were at Jindaris, the transport was going on with great activity, notwithstanding the difficulties which were still put in the way of obtaining beasts of draught by the Turkoman chieftains, Ahmed Bey, of 'Umk, and Mohammed Bey, of Kílís. Ibráhím Páshá, however, sent some of his officers to assist; and they exerted themselves, on one occasion, with so much earnestness, as to carry away the ear of an unfortunate bullock, as a trophy of their exploits. A native youth was also killed in the road, having accidentally fallen from his horse, when the wheels of the wagon went over his head before it could be stopped. At this time, also, a sailor, who had recovered from several attacks of ague at Murád Páshá, having had a relapse, had been dosed with quinine, till he fell into a state of typhoid stupor, from which he could not be roused, and of which he ultimately died at Port William. They were not, also, without their mortality at the latter place. One of the Liverpool mechanics, who had obtained leave, from constant illness, to return to his country, perished on the road. A bombardier, of the royal-artillery, and one or two others, also fell victims to the severity of the climate, or the fatigue and exposure of the transport.

Fitzjames and myself took the opportunity, while at Jindarís, to make an excursion into a rocky, dreary tract, on the north-west shoulder of Sheïkh Bárákát; and about two-thirds of the way to its summit, where we found the principal part of the convent of Saint Simon Stylites, situated near a handsome church with Tuscan windows. The convent itself was a quadrangular building, and had aisles, with double arches, along two of the sides, and the remains of a handsome but small chapel inside. The usual cisterns were hewn out of the rock in the neighbourhood. It is at this convent, and not at the ruins of Bín Kílísá, "the thousand churches," of Antioch, that tradition has placed the scene of those pious exhibitions of the Syrian zealot, which could only approximate, a then young religion, to the fanatic performances of the Hindoo yogues, or fakirs.

Nearly a mile and a half to the northward, were other ecclesiastical ruins of the same kind; and also, two miles southward, was another pile of similar buildings, like the others, constructed out of the same grey limestones as the cisterns are hewn out of, and of which these hilly districts are mainly composed.

At Jindarís, the mean temperature of the month of November was, in the first fortnight, 64°; in the third week, 60°. The rainy season was now fast approaching; the transport was expected to be soon over; and preparations were in consequence made to remove the sick to Port William, from whence Doctor Staunton arrived on the 20th, with a covered wagon, in which the beds were disposed in succession, so as to make a tolerably comfortable *ambulance*. We started on the 23rd, the doctor and myself walking by the side of the vehicle. The first night we got our sick bivouacked in a Kurdish tent, on the 'Afrín; and the second day we reached 'Azáz, from whence I started with the interpreter, Yúsúf Sa'adá, to Kílís. On returning to 'Azáz, on the 27th, I found that the sick had gone on; and I overtook them the same evening, at the village of Máh-wúrt. Charlewood and Fitzjames were leaving, the same day, with a heavy weight.

From 'Azáz, we advanced upon the great plain of Northern Syria, which, at a mean elevation of 1300 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, has been incorrectly described as a desert, but which is, in reality, everywhere fertile and cultivated, like the remainder of the pashalik of Aleppo, by a mixed population of Kurds, Turkomans, Arabs, and Syrians, whose numerous villages are scattered in every direction, generally marked by the presence of a tel, or mound, and some of which were much better off than others. Perhaps the best belonged to the Syrians, as at 'Ak Deyarín, and other villages in the district of 'Aïlán, "the powerful," north of Aleppo. The next in order belonged to the Turkomans, and have been previously described; and the third, to the Kurds and Arabs, among whom a permanent dwelling holds a middle place between a house and a tent. One large apartment serves for every purpose, a part is fitted up as a stable, another accommodates the cattle, a third serves as a store for the provender, and the fourth is appropriated to the family. The houses in the villages vary from fifteen to forty in each. Tents are pitched during the warm season. Unlike the vale of Antioch, so productive in mulberry, vine, olive, bay, laurel, and myrtle, these higher plains, except when cultivated, are void of trees and shrubs, except near Kílís, where there are extensive olive-groves, much wheat, and barley;



This river has its sources
Aïn-táb, and is formed by the
which, coming from north-west,
The united streams take an
ng the plains, their waters are
rs of the Sájúr, brought by a
Vincent Germain, of Aleppo.
by the district of 'Aïlan, forty
le of Aleppo, thence it follows
hence it passes the town and
s ad Belum. It then sweeps
beyond which it is lost in the
receives other minor streams of
miles in circumference, but is
ty of salt by evaporation.
the Chalus of Xenophon, and
storian as being one hundred
distances agree; and from the
feet, it would be impossible to
that amount in width. The
d a difficulty, for it was found
ported that there was a scarcity
nts did not esteem them."—
Spelman's Xenophon, p. 206.)
over, had the detailed work of
The fact is, that the river
t its main tributary was found
the "Fish River."

We stopped the night at El Beylí, or the Bey's village; and the next day, at Háji Willy; and the 30th, we reached 'Azús el 'Arab, on the Sájúr. This river rises in the hilly region, between 'Aïn-táb and Rúm-Kal'eh, receives a branch from 'Arúl, flows past Tel Khalíd, receives a westerly affluent, called the Keraskat, another coming south-east from Tel 'Izán, passes 'Azús, and flows into Euphrates, near the village of Sárisat, the ancient Cecilissa, forming five short branches and four islands. Viscount Pollington ascertained that this river was also full of fish; but he properly doubted its identity with the Chalus.

The following day, we reached Kútchúk Koï, or the little village; and the 2nd of December, we passed the Kerzín, by a dilapidated bridge. This rivulet is formed by the junction of two streams, one of which flows from the hills above Nizár, the other from those above Nizíb. These unite on the plain, to flow into Euphrates, a few miles to the south of where we crossed the streams.

We reached Port William the same afternoon, where our reception was rather lugubrious. The men did not appear to relish the rather melancholy appearance of our convoy, and which had often on the road excited the curiosity of the natives.

The sick were, however, soon disposed of. The Messrs. Staunton had converted all the substantantial buildings, within the precincts of the station, with the exception of the mess-room, into hospitals, and a habitation for themselves, which was, however, found to be so commodious, that Colonel Estcourt afterwards got a corner in it. All who were well, were left to manage for themselves; and a motley scene it was: some living in tents, others under temporary sheds; and a party of tars had made a house, by turning a raft upside down. Murphy had taken up his abode in the observatory; and Colonel Chesney had sought refuge on board the steamer "Euphrates," where I was happy to join him. The colonel had been very ill; over-fatigue and exertion, added to the vexation of spirit, induced by the delays in the transport, and the sickness of those around him, made the fever of the country determine itself more particularly to the brain, and his life had been for some time despaired of.

On the 16th, there was a sharp frost; and after that, the weather alternated between rain, snow, and frost. The interior of the port was converted into a mass of mud, through which it was necessary to wade, to go from one place to another. Ague became, under these circumstances, still more rife than ever; and to the scientific party, who had to take it night about, to count the vibrations of the tedious pendulum, the weather and employment became very trying indeed.

Boiler after boiler, sections of steamers, and other heavy weights had, however, gradually been coming in; there did not now remain much in the rear of the expedition; and with the necessity for renewed exertions, the spirits of the officers seemed to have received a new impetus. The heavy weights began, however, to stick in the mud; and the wagons were sometimes obliged to be propelled by hand-jacks, at the rate of about a hundred yards a day. This was truly trying to the patience, with fifty or sixty miles of road before them. Under this emergency, the system of bringing on a number of the heavy weights at the same time, with bullocks, was given up; and one was brought on at a time, with our own horses, assisted by all the available hands.

At Murád Páshá, the country was now inundated; and where the station had formerly been, was like a portion of the lake. The boilers of the Tigris had to be warped out of the waters by manual labour. Mr. Hector only found the diving-bell by feeling for it with a long pole; and it was perseveringly rolled under water for nearly half a mile before it could be lifted into a carriage. Not to mention the number of bullocks, eight hundred and forty-one camels, and one hundred and sixty mules were employed at one time in the arduous labour, and the commander had at length the satisfaction of seeing the last heavy weight arrive. This was a day of great rejoicing at Port William. The British ensign floated from its mud-portals, and banners were displayed from its still more muddy intrenchments; but as the long train of horses, and the gallant band of persevering men and officers arrived within its precincts, and with many a halloo and shout of encouragement, the ponderous wagon creaked through the narrow gateway,—a hearty cheer hailed this happy termination to a most difficult and trying undertaking, which stands, at present, without a parallel in the history of exploratory expeditions.

THE LADY LUCILLE AND HER WEDDING BROOCH.

HOW SHE WON IT, AND HOW SHE WORE IT: A STORY OF MODERN TIMES.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

THE Lady Lucille was blue-eyed and fair,
With charming figure, and graceful air,
And shining curls of golden hair;
But, alas! to confess she was only heir-
(*ess*, to be feminine, but for the rhyme,
Pardon the slip of the gender this time)
To the gold, that gleam'd in her tresses rare.
Her papa was an Earl, but extremely poor—
For his station, that is;
But there's no doubt of this,
That a captain on half-pay,
Or major, I dare say,
Or curate, on small pay,
Would have thought himself bless'd,
Instead of distress'd,
At having to live, on the thousands clear,
Which my lord could claim at the end of the year.
But as every one owns that the "gentleman" poor
Knows the worst kind of poverty folks can endure,
So by mental arithmetic, easy and sure,
We discover without any prophet or seer,
How much worse the poverty is of "a peer."

The Lady Lucille was somewhere between
Full blown twenty and budding eighteen;
But just at that age, for the tale-teller's page,
A year or two matters but little, I ween.
Yet hold, gentle reader, if you are precise,
Just look in the Peerage, and there in a trice,
You will find she is book'd, to the month, and the day;
And here let us pause for a moment to say,
That "woman should never be dated," 'tis hinted,
And therefore 'tis monstrous her age should be printed.

So we think there should be
A law and decree—
Curiosity storm'd, a society form'd—
For suppressing such dull biographical details;
Though while yet in her teens, it is seldom she rails
At the old-fashion'd trick, to which some people stick,
Of keeping my young lady's birthday;
But when half a half-century's pass'd quite away,
The "happy returns," she from many lips learns,
Are quite *autre chose*,
As she very well knows,
And far more like those
Which are usually called Black Monday!
And while we are speaking
Of present rules breaking,
And vengeance would wreak
On all who should seek
To blot their dull page
With a fair lady's age,
I would, I confess,
In addition suppress
All the very astonishing memories,
Which are *mal-à-propos*,
As experience must shew,
Like practice opposed to pet theories;
For I still will aver, 'spite of register books,
That "a lady is only the age that she looks."

Well, the Lady Lucille was the next week to wed,
So the newspapers said, and those oracles dread,
Of course, never make the slightest mistake;
'Twas an excellent match, (the spiteful said, "catch;")
But her lover was handsome—had sense and *esprit*—
Was just twenty-five;—so why it must be,
That, because he was rich, and a duke in degree,
It was only "a catch," I can't very well see!

'Twas in London—September, when nobodies meet,
And the grass grows high in Saint James's Street;
But the Lady Lucille had come up to town,
For only three days, in excuse be it known,
To speedily buy, and the quality try,
Of gloves and perfumes, that a lady consumes;
And satins and silks, and bonnets and caps,
And velvets and laces, and other such traps,
Which a bride must command,
When she gives her fair hand.
She'd been shopping all day—(how the money had flown!)
And now with mamma,
And "dear kind papa,"
In excellent humour they sat at dessert,
For jest or for story, alive and alert.
There was also another,
A tall, handsome brother,
Who, with face sun-burn'd,
Had just return'd,
With his regiment "crack,"
Though of rupees no "lac,"
From the gorgeous land where the Ganges rolls,
And—the vertical sun all comfort controls.

Now of tiger and elephant hunting he told them,
And of "Griffins" so "green," how the "Old Hands" sold them;
The Lady Lucille shew'd her beautiful ring,
And they talk'd of the Duke, and they talk'd of the wedding,
And the many et ceteras, such topics bring.

"Lucille, some more wine?" "Not a drop more for me;
But I'll take a few filberts before you I see;
Nay, plenty—believe me, I only meant three."
"The crackers not here!—why don't they appear?"
"Oh, papa, never mind, if no crackers we find—
So don't make a rout;
For without any doubt,
The plate's not put out,
In this moving about:
'Tis a wonder they found
The forks to go round."
So talking and laughing, the fair bride elect,
A very fine filbert prepared to select;
Then her dear little mouth, as wide as 'twould go
She open'd, until it look'd round as an O;
And the filbert popp'd in, and while holding her chin,
Expected to win the kernel within,
In that primitive way, which folks to this day
Who haven't got crackers, are fain to essay.

"Good gracious! Oh, shocking!—oh, what shall I do!
Oh, dearest mamma, I know not—do you?
And Walter, 'twill vex him—I know that it will."
(The Duke was call'd Walter, by Lady Lucille.)
All started upright
That dreadful night;
And in anger and fright
At the shocking sight,
The old earl mutter'd
A word not utter'd
In hearing polite.
But after her first words of horror and grief,
The Lady Lucille in tears found relief;
While the mother she fretted, the brother he petted
His dear little sister,
And once or twice kiss'd her.
"But hark! there's a knock!"
'Twas a terrible shock
To the woe-begone flock,
Which made up that party *carré*.
"'Tis the Duke!" said the earl, with a terrible moan;
"Not in town!" cried the countess, and yet with a groan;
"Yes he is," said Lucille—"let me see him alone;
They're not in the hall yet, are they?"

But the countess caught
A sudden thought;
Her plan she wrought—
The footman sought,
Just as he pass'd the doorway.
"Not at home—not in town—
That is, we are flown
To ——. How dull you are grown!—
I mean, my good Brown,
Let no one be shewn
Either up-stairs or down."

"Mamma, you are wrong——"
"My dear, hold your tongue;
And dry those red eyes,
That is, if you're wise,
And good looks you prize;
In the glass take a peep,
And you'll soon cease to weep,
If from tears you can keep;

For howe'er poets talk of their 'flowers bathed in dew,'
Believe me, Lucille, tears don't become you,
For they wash away beauty, and delve wrinkles, too.
So give over crying,
And moping and sighing—
We'd better be trying
To find out the best thing to do."

Well, the next morning came,
And our party the same,
(Lucille in her bonnet, she'd reason to don it,)
At breakfast were found; but the carriage came round—
Steps fell to the ground, as if call'd by the sound
Of the very first clock striking ten;
When the Lady Lucille, so light and agile,
Stepp'd into the carriage—and then
Came also her brother, and not any other,
So the steps they were roll'd up again!
The time pass'd away—it might be eleven,
When the Duke walk'd in, with pace uneven;
His cheek was pale, and sunk his eye,
Although was heard no sob nor sigh;
It seem'd he trembled, nor dissembled,
But complain'd—the cause explain'd,
Of all his tribulation.
"No chair I'll take, I'd rather stand;
Madam, I cannot grasp your hand,
I hate dissimulation.
But hear me now, and wiser grow,—
When next denied,
From fear or pride,
It were as well you should not dwell
With curtains open'd wide;
Nor is it meet, that from the street,
Each passer by, should quite descry,
Your daughter taking kisses.
Nay, do not hint, there's nothing in't,
Or dream of mine that this is;
I saw e'en now, with smiling brow,
The same mustachoed fellow;
He dares to ride,
Just side by side,
My promised bride,
In your own carriage yellow."

The Countess smiled—a radiant smile;
The Duke, he wonder'd more the while;
And then she spoke—a short pause broke,—
"Harry but landed yesterday,
Your jealous feelings smother;
Surely, dear duke, I need not say,
Lucille is with her brother!"

The duke sank in the vacant chair—
They oped the window wide for air;
But though he felt his anguish melt,
'Twixt you and me, he did not see,
Why it should be, that even he
Was not the night before admitted;
Yet willingly he now submitted,
Nor doubts of Lucille's faith permitted.

She with her brother soon returns,
But what their errand, no one learns;
Awhile they chatted, till at last,
A certain look the Countess cast—

It was a meaning one;
The hint was ta'en, nor ask'd again,
Mamma and son, they both were gone—
The lovers were alone.

'Tis often thus folks make a fuss
And gentle agitation,
Or raise up strife, the storms of life,
With trifling preparation;
But find it not, an easy lot,
To quell their perturbation;
So, when dismay'd, and half afraid,
They leave to some relation
Or passing friend, to make an end
Of any such sensation.
But though the Countess wish'd her daughter
To pour the oil on troubled water,
She little knew the plan that caught her.

"Lucille, you've been fretting—I'm sure you have wept;
For myself, I must own, not a wink have I slept."
"If I tell you a secret, will you keep it quite?
And whether it be of sadness or glee,
Will you love me as well as you loved me last night?"
So said Lady Lucille; and I think she was right
To make such a bargain, for proofs we might bring
That a secret is often a saleable thing.
What the Duke said, I know not—
Biographers shew not—
It can only be guess'd, or, by context express'd.

"Mamma means for the best,
But, oh! I can't rest,
Till Walter, I tell you, indeed the whole truth—
That in cracking a filbert, I broke my front tooth!
And this morning I went—or rather was sent,
With the hope and desire it might not transpire.
See! a new one is here—so there's nothing to fear."

"Dear Lucille," said the Duke, "what a terrible thing!
Does it hurt you, my love?—can you eat, can you sing?
Let me look at it nearer—I will, I declare—
Now don't be so foolish, but hold back your hair;
And come to the window—I'll pull up the blind.
You must tell which it is, on my word I can't find."

So continued the Duke, after careful inspection,
And expressing belief he'd succeed in detection.
Now was this a fib? To speak to the letter,
I'll own to leave doubtful the answer is better.
But, oh! if a fib, 'twas a white little thing,
Such as often from kind hearts are known to take wing,
When they happen to catch
The hint of a scratch,
On that delicate texture, the mind's epidermis,
(If at all understandable any such term is;)
And I sometimes could dream, that the angels on high,
Who keep mundane accounts, beyond the blue sky,
Such very white fibs not only efface,
But change them from debtor's to creditor's place!
Yet how strange a part
Is the human heart!
For while fibbing himself in this very white way,
The duke with a feeling,
Beyond his concealing,

Declared for her candour, he loved her that day
Far beyond all the power of his words to convey!
So 'tis clear that no hardship at least he had found
In keeping the promise by which he was bound.

But before this long story we draw to a close,
One other brief incident we must disclose:
'Twas a fair autumn morning, the sun struggled through
His mantle of cloud;—but we've nothing to do
Except with Lucille,
Who sat thoughtful and still—
'Twas her wedding hour!
While her maid, she unfurls
The bride's golden curls,
To enwreath them with pearls
And the orange flower.
But as dross were the pearls in her golden hair,
Or all pretty things that the bride might wear,
To the costly jewel,
(For envy fuel,)
That gleam'd on her bosom fair—
A FILBERT, ("proper," I believe,
The term is, heralds would receive,)
'Twas studded o'er with emeralds green,
And rubies richest ever seen,
While from the point there hung a gem,
Fit for a regal diadem.
What was *this* worth? It might have bought
Some hapless younger son
A brave commission—glory fraught,
And so a silly heiress caught;
Or—if such naughty things are done—
A seat in parliament have won;
But not by the worldling's poor measure of gold,
Was the worth to Lucille of her WEDDING BROOCH told;
For these words neatly chased,
Within it were traced,—
"As THE DIAMOND EXCELS EVERY JEWEL WE FIND,
So TRUTH IS THE ONE PEERLESS GEM OF THE MIND!"

EVERY MAN HAS HIS DR. JOHNSON.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

ONE of the worst faults of human nature is that hostility, or, in gentler bosoms, that indifference, to the excellences of others, by which we selfishly seek either to obtain a preference for our own, or to avenge our want of them. In some, the defect arises from insensibility to every kind of good in which they have no share; in others, it is conscious jealousy and sullen mortification at witnessing a superiority they deem unattainable. In either form, it constitutes one of the serious ills of life.

The habit of detraction is fortunately a costly one to its cultivators. A man cannot toss his dinner out of window, and enjoy it too. What he is always finding fault with, he cannot profess to take pleasure in. The music he censures as execrable, can fill him with no ecstatic emotions. The wit whom he pronounces to be a dull dog, he must in consistency avoid, and leave the gay company to their roars of laughter.

The good thing of which he chooses to affect dislike, is to him a thing lost. The claret he thinks corked, he must pass—that is his look out. The pleasant people whom he esteems it a point of grandeur to look coldly upon or despise, are confessedly not those in whose society he can be allowed to seek the social luxuries. Thus, the man whose disposition is to disparage, is sure to be a loser, and very often the full extent of his depreciation is the exact measure of his loss.

It is a consciousness of this result, perhaps, that prompts in some minds the establishment of a sort of rallying-point for justice and generosity—a barrier, to prevent one-sided prejudice from wholly destroying the balance. Thus, amidst a dead-level waste of disparagement, they raise a temple to flattery. To appease the giants they depreciate, they extol to the skies some dull, dwarfish pretender. Having abused and run down the whole world, they are to atone for injustice and ill-humour, and perform prodigies of impartiality by crying up a worm wriggling on the world's surface. They concur in no popular judgments of great men; but they have always a little one of their own, with whose greatness you are one day to be astounded. Whatever "is," they either trample upon or pass by without notice; but their own paragon which is "to be," they expect you to admit as a reality and a wonder without further question.

Assuredly, if there be a tendency to disparage, there is an equal tendency to admire and exalt, in the humanity that moves about us continually. The ordinary world is full of extraordinary humours. The enemy of idol-worship likes to keep a little pet god or pocket divinity of his own. If we must have something to vent our spleen upon, we must also have something to puff and venerate. Hero-worship is everywhere. It is a vital principle in the religion of social life. There is no such thing as a consistent leveller. Every man has his Dr. Johnson—we were all born Boswells, and we deny our destiny in vain.

When the rejoicing James talked about the land being Johnsonized, he was only exulting in a very ancient fact, which he esteemed to be fresh-born. Men have "talked Johnson" from the beginning, and other men have Boswellized them.

The cases are by no means few, in which Mock Doctors—Sham, not Sam, Johnsons, that never had an existence—in short, regular *Mr.* Harris's, are brought out and paraded before the eye of imagination in deceptive shew. It is a fact perfectly well known to most discerning people, that in private life authorities are continually cited, which are purely imaginary. Scores of persons are in the habit of thus dramatizing their own dissertations upon the most common-place topics; and in place of their plain ideas on a subject in politics or fashion, medicine or morals, they will produce you impersonations of their opinions, in the shape of "people they have heard of," or "somebody they knew," or a "distant relation of a friend of theirs."

But it is with the substantial, not the shadowy, that we have here to do; with the real false idols whom people set up for gratuitous reverence and worship, to excuse their own inveterate antipathy to others with a better claim.

These idols take all shapes, and bear many names. Sometimes they are brought into notice in the form of very young men of very peculiar genius; sometimes they come to light in the likeness of old

women. On other occasions, they are grey-headed philosophers. Now, they are quite untaught—a phenomenon dug out of a coal-mine, or turned up by the plough; presently, the prodigy is a creature who has traversed the globe, and risen through infinite stages of earthly experience into a heaven of intelligence; by and by, it takes the unpicturable form of some mysterious and portentous person, not to be more particularly alluded to. In short, the shape varies with the subject; the prodigy is, for the most part, equally an authority on every point that can be started.

Thus, when you are closeted with the proprietor of a pet prodigy, and your talk is of ship-building, he tells you that Lucas, the parish doctor, though he never was off shore in his life, has such an astonishing turn that way, that the Lords of the Admiralty would give him anything if he would but set to work in his own miraculous manner; and of course, all your arguments, as to the condition of our naval force, are at once beaten down with—"Ay, ay, but Lucas says—and well he may say, for he is clearly of opinion, and he must know; well, Lucas, though he was never on board ship, confidently says——"

And when, on the morrow, your discourse is of archery, the string of your bow is snapped at once by the announcement—"You see, I happen to be acquainted with the very man who knows more about this subject than any other person in Europe. Lucas, our parish doctor, though he is not a practical Robin Hood, yet he declares, and nobody, I fancy, would like to dispute his authority;—well, now, Lucas says——"

Or suppose the conversation to take any other turn, the assertion made would be in the same confident tone:—"This is a point that must be left to Lucas; nobody understands it like him; Lucas says——"

As nobody knows anything of him, nobody can say anything against him, and the assertion of his superiority is thus sure to be uncontradicted. Hint your belief that he is an impostor, and you are threatened with van-loads of irrefragable testimony, which it is respectfully hoped you will consider yourself bound in honour to read through. Venture but a word of doubt or denial, and you will never hear the last of the prodigy. But if you would escape persecution and trouble, join in patronising him! It is always to be observed, that if you dispute the pretensions of the unknown, you establish them on a stronger basis than ever; but when you concur in prolonging the flourish of the trumpet, you have a chance of blowing him to atoms.

Directly the possessor of a pet genius, of the class peculiar to private life, and warranted unknown, discovers that you have taken a deep interest in the fate of the wonderful being, he himself gives him up. Only renew your inquiries about him frequently—devise a plan for bringing his vast neglected talents into the foreground—double your admiration instead of allowing it to diminish, generously protesting that he shall no longer pine in obscurity if he can help it—and then make your mind easy for the future, for you will hear no more of him. His first patron stops where you begin. He has no notion of a half-and-half system. His deity can have but one worshipper at a time. Two voices praising it at once, and proclaiming aloud its claim to support, involves a degree of public notice which is fatal to a genius intended specially for privacy. If he cannot keep his wonder of the world for his own use, he quietly drops him as being no wonder at all.

This is a rule that has scarcely an exception, and the fact is a very useful one to know.

For, granting that a man, when he sets up a Doctor Johnson for his own personal ends, in the fashion adverted to, is really elevating some kind of merit, and sounding praises which deserve to be pretty loudly sung, still it is odious and intolerable to hear even of merit at all hours; to be seized upon, waylaid, stunned, choked, deafened, and made dumb by merit. But there is rarely any such thing in the case. The figure set up has commonly as much resemblance to a wit, scholar, or sage, as an English November Guy Fawkes bears of likeness to the appalling and devoted Spaniard.

The hunters after such curiosities pick up a pig-driver with a poetic turn, and call him an Apollo. That done, there is no getting on with the conversation, or the work in hand, whatever it may be. He stops the way in every direction.

Mention the new work by the great author of the day, and—"Well, it is curious—quite an interesting coincidence; they have only that morning seen a new work—so new, that it has never been printed; and talking of the great author of the day, they do venture to predict——"

You then shift the ground, and talk of your own affairs, modestly hinting, as a matter that might interest your friendly hearers, that your overture is finished—that you think some difficulties have been surmounted, and that as for the effects——At this point, one of the company is sure to be reminded of a most astonishing but unknown genius, whose compositions are not at all below Handel's. He has not yet been prevailed upon to do anything—that is to say, he has never finished a piece fairly off—he wont—nobody can persuade him—genius is so self-willed; but his touches are tremendous hits, and his little bits are truly gigantic.

Should some kind soul, in tenderness to your damped hope and crest-fallen vanity, slip in a word here, referring back to the overture, the allusion only serves as a second reminder.

"Oh, as for an overture, it is the very work in which he so wonderfully excels everybody; but you will never get him to do one—no, not he—he is so vastly clever."

The assumption of these people is not sheer rudeness, nor do they, by their open falsehoods, often intend anything so ill-natured as an offence to your understanding or your feelings. The habit is traceable principally to vanity. They cannot with decency take the Johnsonian chair themselves; breaking in upon a philosophical discussion with the announcement that they propose to supersede a profound theory, or eclipse a great practical wonder, like gas or steam, by undreamed-of discoveries; but they can tell you, with a solemn visage, that they have a friend who does! It is quite impossible—although they are not bashful—to introduce themselves all of a sudden as actual spirits of the age; but the next desirable thing to this impossibility is singularly easy; and that is, the insinuation that they possess one as an article of personal property—a spirit bottled up, whose existence is a secret, but whose influence is to overspread the earth hereafter.

This is taking credit for something, and this is really being somebody. They are great, as the discoverers, the patrons, the keepers of greatness—which is to exhibit itself one day if it likes. They do *so* wish you could only see this extraordinary friend of theirs!—they are

sure you will be surprised!—oh! very much indeed!—and they *must* introduce you.

But they take care never to do that!

"Assuredly," said one of these discoverers, the other morning, (when he was perfectly sober and meditative,) "the three greatest men of whom my reason can take any measurement, or my imagination form any idea, are Aristotle, Lord Bacon, and Sniggins. If Sniggins be the greatest of the three—which I do not undertake to deny—it is only that, living in our own day, he has the advantage of the labours of his two predecessors. In natural power he is but their equal."

But you can't get him to introduce you to Sniggins: that philosopher is his private property. The mighty mystery lodges somewhere about London, perhaps, and reads "Chambers's Information for the People;" or possibly he angles for ever by "some nameless stream's untrodden banks," just breathing away his life; but, sun-dried or smoke-dried, one never can meet with him. He might as well be where Aristotle, his renowned equal, is. Sniggins is nowhere to be seen. And this is the way with all the discoverers; they keep their Snigginses entirely to themselves, while they insist, in the same breath, that they were "meant for mankind."

Mankind, in fact, they look upon as man—that is to say, *one* man!—their *own* Dr. Johnson! All the world is to be tributary to him. The famous engineer and canal-maker, Brindley, being asked, when speaking contemptuously of rivers as means of internal navigation, for what he conceived them to be made, replied, with a noble simplicity, "To feed canals." So with the persons pointed at; they would have us suppose that all great men were born to pay homage to their very little one; who is extremely narrow, but not very deep, and much given to run underground; whom they keep close shut in, lock upon lock.

Attempt to argue the point with one of these champions of the illustrious unknown, and you are brought directly to that dead-lock, which the conflicting Absolutes, father and son, arrived at:

"CAPTAIN. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of.

SIR ANTHONY. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you, to object to a lady you know nothing of."

We may decide that in numerous cases the master motive is vanity: vanity, the weakness that creeps windingly to its object, through a greater number of channels, and assumes more shapes and attitudes in the attempt to disguise itself, than perhaps any other that sours the temper, or enfeebles the mind. There is no end to its tricks and vagaries. It attains the same goal by the most opposite roads. Sometimes it will affect to be a huge monster of conceit, in order to hide the small measure it is really conscious of containing, and is desirous of gratifying; while, at other times, it will just confess to a very little, the better to divert awakened suspicion from its enormous excess. These are among the manœuvres of vanity. But of the forms in which it delights, one of the especial favourites is patronage—patronage exclusively enjoyed! The exclusiveness, be it observed, is a *sine qua non*. No enjoyment there without monopoly. Vanity must figure before all eyes in the handsome part of Generosity raising Desert from the dust, or Desert may remain down. If not always this, yet the good work is frequently abandoned the moment assistance

comes; pride can admit no fellowship. Many will recollect, perhaps—with gratitude alloyed and saddened by disappointment and pain—how the early voices that exultingly cheered them on in life when there were few or none to help, became feeble when that help arrived, still lowering in tone as the prosperous alliances which those voices had predicted and encouraged were actually accomplished, and at length lapsing into a perverse and settled silence in the day of success! Indifferent to its brilliancy, almost resentful of its attainment.

Yet we may forgive the generous spirit that starts well in the pursuit of good for another, but cannot hold out, and is careless and weary when the stake is won; seeing how men so often pursue their own dearest objects in life in exactly the same way—flying eagerly to their accomplishment, flagging as the chase promises to end its pains and struggles successfully and in honour, and then receiving the once-desired prize, weary, thankless, and unenjoying.

As an affair of conscience, moreover, there is something naturally agreeable to natures of a certain order (as we at first hinted) in this noble patronage of unconscious ability in the back-ground, and goodness so undiscovered, that it never even found out its own excellence. By celebrating virtue that is unknown, some atonement seems made for neglecting merit that is known; and while there is nothing to be gained by praising talent which everybody rejoices to admire, it has a handsome look to lavish praises upon talent in obscurity, when its eulogists know perfectly well that it can never rise up to mortify them by its success.

While their celebration of these qualities proves the liberality of their disposition, the happy discovery of them establishes their claim to sagacity. The glory of what they were the first to find out is reflected upon the finder; and though the thing itself be invisible, its reputation dazzles the eye. They have discerned what the rest of the world failed to see, and take rank with great discoverers:—with a Halley, who has a comet of his own, which he found one night; and with an Elgin, whose name is inseparably connected with imperishable marbles, which he is supposed by some to have chiselled—though, in fact, he only chiselled the real owners.

But to take a kindlier, because a more universal view of this principle of idol-worship in social intercourse, and to vindicate the assertion that "Every man has his Dr. Johnson!" Is it not true that every one has, in some shape or other, an object of reverence, before which all the multitudinous individual interests of the world bow! Is it not true that, certainly at one, perhaps at every successive period of his life, he has some darling and cherished creature beside him, about him, or at least alive with him upon earth, superior, incomparably, immeasurably superior in interest and beauty, to all that earth can survey, produce, or glory in! A being brighter in his eyes than sun, moon, or stars—deeper and richer in hidden wonders than the ever-accumulating ocean. This has every man living, or had, to whom natural affections have not been utterly denied.

Why, the proud, fond, young mother possesses such an object in her only child. Love and rapture are in her caresses, but there is a sacred sentiment awakened within, which no tender caress, no passionate look, no honied breathing of affection, can ever express. It is too subtle to be embodied even in such glances, kisses, and sweet words. The senses are shallow and clumsy expedients for disclosing

what passes in her soul. She idolizes rather than loves. There is no hero-worship like hers, none.

The boy sets up the Johnsonic principle at school. Of the half-dozen good fellows he likes, there is always one for whom he entertains a deeper feeling of regard, to whom he looks up more admiringly and earnestly, and of whose heart he craves a share. This early preference—this choice of the one youth whose disposition, temper, and manners, supply the desired model, and win the boyish homage—may often continue, and ripen into permanence in after-life. But, should it terminate, as it often does, with the youthful period in which it began, and which it made a time of emulation, social confidence, and delight, from the waking to the sleeping hours, still it is sure to be renewed in later years, in a sympathy just as ardent and exclusive.

For the schoolboy preference again asserts itself then, in the selection of a friend, who, as before, supplies a standard by which to try the worth of all feelings and opinions; an authority to which the judgment is ever inclined to defer, but which the heart, as though instinctively, leaps to recognise and obey. And even in latest age, when a choice is perhaps denied, when clear grounds of preference are no longer to be discerned, and new friendships are not to be found for the short, dim future, the mind, still true to its habits of partiality, will shoot back into the past, and fix reverentially upon some model of old, some example of superiority it once witnessed, which it may admire and venerate to the last. It has its Dr. Johnson always, and swears by him while it can articulate.

And if it be a prejudice and a weakness that begets this hero-worship, if it be a blind and erring feeling that leads us to the altar, let it not be forgotten that it inculcates and demands the repose of an unfeigned affection, and an unquestioning faith, in at least *one* of our countless fellow-creatures—which is something to link us closer to life, than he can be, who locks such love and confidence from all. Even for the sake of this small something, it is as well to have one's Dr. Johnson. Hero-worship may have its uses, and therefore its pardon, if it but teach those who are without veneration of any kind, to fasten themselves enthusiastically upon some hero or other, however diminutive—General Tom Thumb!

SONNET.

TO * * *

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

They know thee not, thou solitary one!
  The world and the world's hopes are not with thee;
  Far from its presence thou art fond to flee,
And wrap thee in the thoughts of seasons gone;
But when great Nature puts her terrors on—
  Calls in the mountain thunder, and the sea,
  And wakes in storms her wintry revelry,—
Then dost thou live—glad in thyself alone!
For at her awful voice, swift burst in twain
  The bonds of Earth, and the freed spirit soars,
  And claims a part of all around her! Vain—
Vain is her triumph!—earthward soon she lowers,
  The heavy heart—the burning of the brain
  Recal the bitter tears she ceaseless pours.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.—THE ENCOUNTER.

AWAY, away, away,* with almost lightning speed, flew Manesty, while Oglethorpe, another constable, and Hibblethwaite, rushed on his track as if they were hunting some foul beast of prey. At starting from Wavertree, the merchant was about a hundred yards a-head of his pursuers—an advantage which his white mare, Prue, was not long in increasing. Whether Manesty had any specific object to attain in the course he took will presently appear; but certain it is, he avoided the banks of the Mersey, and struck eastward across the country. Words of encouragement to his mare were mingled with sharp strokes of the spur, and Prue, being in good condition, kept up the advance she had gained.

Still, the man-hunters were not far behind. Manesty could plainly distinguish between the shouts of Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, and even heard the rapid trampling of their horses. He, nevertheless, would not suffer any distrust, however slight, to cross his mind, but fully relied on the known fleetness, blood, and constancy of his mare.

"Well done, Prue," said he, patting her neck; "thou only canst save thy master. Keep up, old lass; we shall have a hard run. I know thou canst do it, Prue. Keep up."

Thus encouraged, the good steed, as if she had understood her master's words, strained her limbs, and in a few minutes the sound of the pursuers, though still heard, grew more and more faint; and Manesty, having already reached Knotty Ash, a distance of four miles, took the road towards Prescot, hoping, in the next four miles, to get further from those who were chasing him; and intending, as he approached the town, to avoid it by diverging from the highway, with a view to baffle Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, who he thought would be likely to lose time in the streets by making fruitless inquiries after him.

Prue still kept gallantly a-head. In a little time the lights of

* The exploit, described in this chapter, may possibly recal to some of our readers certain passages in the Ride to York, recorded in ROOKWOOD. The resemblance is rather striking, it must be owned, and at first we seemed to recognise some old acquaintances; but, on nearer inspection, Manesty's mare proved to be white, while Turpin's was black—if it had been *grey*, it might have proved the better horse—to say nothing of the pursuers being called Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, instead of Coates and Paterson. The scenery and machinery are, we admit, pretty much the same, except that as the road here lies between Liverpool and Manchester, the names of places required, of necessity, alteration. All this is very gratifying, and we should have been well content with the compliment paid us by such unintentional imitation, had we not feared that we, ourselves, might be suspected of having some share in the new equestrian performance. This, we beg to say, is not the case.—ED.

Prescot were visible. Manesty glanced rapidly behind him; but, though the moon was bright, he could discern nothing of the pursuing party, neither did any noise indicate their approach.

"Bravo, Prue!" exclaimed he. "I knew thou wouldst try their mettle. But the race is not won yet, my lass. On—on!"

Putting in practice his plan of making a circuit outside the town, in order, according to hunting phraseology, to "balk the scent," Manesty turned into a by-lane, and his mare having leaped a clumsy gate, the horse and rider were soon in open fields. Hedges and ditches were no impediment to their headlong speed. About two miles were thus traversed, when the fugitive thought it best once more to take the road, which he soon regained. Here he had the mortification to find that his manœuvre had failed, and that, by doubling the distance in his circuit, he had given great advantage to Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, whom he now heard close in the rear. The race became more desperate than ever; but seeing that his mare was still in good wind, Manesty uttered a few coaxing words, gave her a taste of the spur, and the poor animal, once more making a tremendous effort, seemed rather to fly than to run. It was now getting rather late; and as Manesty dashed through Rainhill, he perceived that the houses were all closed. Bold and Sankey were soon left behind; and on crossing Sankey Bridge, the fugitive had the gratification to find that his pursuers were again at a considerable distance from him. A few minutes more brought him into the main street of Warrington.

"Poor Prue!" said Manesty, "thou hast done this eighteen miles gloriously. Ah! thou dartest a sidelong glance at that inn; but we mustn't stop here, my lass. Away—away!"

Arriving at Martin's Croft Green, Manesty perceived the first formidable obstacle he had yet encountered—namely, a turnpike. Both the gate and lodge were closed. His very life hung upon the few moments that must be lost by rousing the gate-keeper. Prue shewed a little sign of distress; but, hit or miss, she must take the leap. Manesty knew how to humour her. Making a tremendous exertion, the noble creature sprang into the air, and both man and horse descended safely on the other side the gate.

"Well done, Prue," said Manesty. "Oglethorpe and his follower will never be able to manage *that*. Dick might, perhaps; but the others *must* be left behind. Even if Dick comes up with me, it will be only man to man; and I don't mind that, though it won't do to provoke an encounter, as the other fellows will still be in the rear.

Oglethorpe, his follower, and Hibblethwaite, soon came in view of the gate. "Confound it!" ejaculated Dick, "Manesty has leaped that 'pike. We shall lose him unless we do the same."

"I wouldn't attempt it for a hundred pound," gasped Oglethorpe, who was already pretty nearly exhausted. "Besides, I don't know how. I should be smashed to atoms; I'm sure I should."

"You're a fool, Oliver," returned Dick. "*I'm* not going to be foiled in this way. We're near the gate now. My mare *must* take it, at all hazards. You will follow as well as you can. Here goes!"

If Hibblethwaite's mare was not so thorough-bred as Manesty's, yet, as Dick was a much lighter man than the merchant, the leap was pretty well accomplished.

Oglethorpe now thumped at the door of the lodge. It was no easy matter to wake the inmate, but at last he appeared; and, amidst a torrent of maledictions from the constable, opened the gate.

"We'll do our best, Tom," said Oglethorpe to his companion, as they spurred on again. "We're obligated to do that, you know, as officers, to say nothing of the blood-money. It's lucky, however, that we've got rid of Mr. Hibblethwaite. He kept us too tight at it. I'm blest if both I and my horse arn't thoroughly blown. John Manesty rides like the devil. We won't give in just yet, though there's no manner of use in following him. Come on, Tom; but we'll take it a little more easy this time."

Manesty was now considerably in advance, even of Hibblethwaite. On—on, at full speed passed he through Bixton and Cadishead Green. Arriving at Irlam, and perceiving that poor Prue seemed much exhausted, he was tempted to stop and bait at the Nag's Head, from the bar of which a cheering light threw its beams across the road. Alas, he must not pause! If his mare could hold on eight miles more he should be in Manchester, in the intricacy of whose bye-streets he might refresh himself and horse without much danger of being traced by Hibblethwaite.

Prue was now covered with foam, out of wind, and labouring terribly. Knowing that Dick's horse could not fail to be equally distressed, Manesty allowed the poor creature to take her own pace, which, though not so fleet as before, got over the ground rapidly. On—on! Peel Green, Eccles, and Pendleton were soon left behind; and having crossed Salford Bridge, the fugitive soon found himself in the thick of Manchester.

It was now between twelve and one at night, yet Manesty succeeded in gaining admission to an obscure inn, situated in a squalid part of the town; and having consigned Prue to the care of the ostler, with all manner of tender injunctions, our fugitive recruited himself with a glass of brandy and water. Wonderful were his coolness and self-possession! How knew he whether a "hue and cry" was not raised against him over the whole county? His mare had evidently been ridden within an inch of her life; and his appearance in such a part of the town at such an hour was calculated to excite suspicion. In spite of all this, Manesty talked with the ostler as if nothing had happened; went to the stable to see that Prue had been well tended, and then sat down, with seeming unconcern, to a cold supper.

"I shall be in no hurry," said he to himself. "Prue must have some rest, poor thing! I could manage, I dare say, to get a fresh horse here in Manchester; but on no other than Prue can I place reliance. Dick Hibblethwaite must, by this time, be somewhere about the town. If he gets another horse, he'll shoot ahead of me; and, as he can't know the direction I'm going to take, he'll be confoundedly out in his reckoning. If he keeps to his own mare, why she'll need the stable as much as mine. As to Oglethorpe and the other fellow, I value them not a rush on the road. There's no hurry. I doubt if Prue will be fit for work again this morning; at all events, she must have as much rest as possible. If I can gain the point I seek, I may conceal myself there awhile, and baffle pursuit; after which, I must stretch across to Hull, disguised, and on foot—a weary way—and

bribe some skipper to take me afloat, and set sail. Dick Hibblethwaite! What in the devil's name can have induced that fellow to hunt me in this fashion? Is he so reduced as to have become a constable? Or can he have discovered —— Pshaw! I will not think of it. Landlord," continued he, making an effort to throw off dismal ruminations—"landlord, another glass of brandy-and-water—hot and strong."

Thus resting and recruiting his strength, he remained two hours. Often, and sorrowfully, his thoughts reverted to Hugh. "My son—my dear son!" he inwardly exclaimed, "bitterly wilt thou suffer for the crimes of thy father! How shall I convey to thee the documents it is necessary thou shouldst receive? I shall never see thee again, Hugh—never! Misery, misery!"

Rousing again from his grief, he prepared for a renewal of flight; ordered and deliberately settled his bill; and then accompanied the ostler to the stable. Prue was again saddled. As he patted her neck and smoothed her mane, the noble animal knew her master's hand, and neighed, as much as to say, she would try once more to carry him. Having mounted, Manesty took his course along Mosley Street, in the direction of the Oldham Road, by which he quitted Manchester.

To his great relief, the moon had now sunk: darkness would favour his progress; and above an hour must elapse before daybreak. He might yet gain the temporary refuge he sought. Newton Heath, Hollin Wood, and Oldham, were passed without any incident to excite the fugitive's apprehension; but he was a little startled at Green-Acres-Moor, on hearing, in the distance behind him, a sound as of a horse's galloping. This grew more and more distinct, and came nearer and nearer.

"H—ll and the devil!" exclaimed he, "I shall be overtaken, after all!"

Manesty now endeavoured to urge Prue to her former speed, and the poor animal did her best. Her heart was good, but her limbs were stiff; for, excepting her rest at Manchester, she had been hard at work since the preceding forenoon. A few words from her master, however, so animated her that she sprang forward gallantly. But the temporary excitement soon flagged: she relapsed into weariness, thus enabling the horseman in pursuit to come up.

"I have you now, John Manesty," roared Hibblethwaite. "Yield! or, by Heaven, I'll shoot you as I would a mad dog! Surrender, murderer!"

One of the most critical moments of Manesty's life now arrived. He met it as he had met the others, with entire presence of mind. Some of the most valuable attributes of man are often possessed by villains; and so it was in the present instance. The purest and most lofty-minded hero could not be more resolute and firm than Manesty shewed himself, under the weight of all his atrocities, and with destruction staring him in the face.

"Get thee back, Richard Hibblethwaite," said he, taking a pistol from the holster, and cocking it. "Get thee back! I would not willingly do thee harm. Why dost thou thirst for my blood?"

"Blood!" repeated Hibblethwaite, grinding his teeth as he spoke,

and keeping close to the merchant. "I marvel, John Manesty, that you can utter that word. I am here to revenge my father's death!"

On hearing these words, Manesty shook in his saddle. Though not prepared for such knowledge on the part of his pursuer, he, nevertheless, soon recovered his self-possession.

"No more parley," continued Hibblethwaite. "Yield, or meet your end!"

"I do not see the necessity for one or the other," retorted the merchant, coolly. "Man to man—blood for blood!"

So saying, he presented his pistol full at Hibblethwaite, and fired. The latter was even with him, and discharged *his* pistol at the same instant. Manesty tumbled from his horse, and fell a senseless and bloody heap on the ground. Hibblethwaite, too, was hit, having received the ball in his bridle arm.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARTY AT WOLSTERHOLME.—THE OLD CABINET.—MRS. YARINGTON'S RECITAL.—A SURPRISE.

HIBBLETHWAITE'S left arm hung uselessly by his side. The horse he rode was strange to him, having been hired at Manchester, where he left Jessy thoroughly blown, and unable to go on. His present steed was a mettlesome beast, and, being unfamiliar with its rider, did not seem to comprehend the transfer of the bridle to the right hand. Jessy would have known better. But though the horse shyed and reared, and though Dick was writhing with pain, he contrived, nevertheless, being a thorough equestrian, to convince his steed that its caprices were altogether erroneous and absurd; and having forced the animal to adopt a more decent and befitting line of conduct, drew close to Manesty, and contemplated him (as well as starlight would permit) as he lay bleeding on the ground. Prue stood without motion by her master's side, looking piteously down on him, and rubbing her face against his.

"He's dead!" ruminated Hibblethwaite. "There he lies, with a huge mountain of iniquities over him. God help us all! I slew him in self-defence; and that is the law of nature. A casuist might ask why I hunted him so unrelentingly. I would answer, 'Revenge for a father's murder!' Nevertheless, it is, perhaps, fortunate for my soul that I killed him in personal conflict. This, however, rests on my unsupported testimony. How will it fare with me, if I am found here by the body? I must retreat to Manchester, get my wound dressed, and let things take their course."

Thus saying, Hibblethwaite turned his horse's head and left the spot.

Though he would hardly admit it to himself, Dick, for some years, had been studying in the school of adversity. True, he had carried things with a high hand—maintained a gay exterior—laughed and joked, and drank and frolicked, and betted and lost, as if nothing more was necessary than to cry, "Presto! and let the world pass." But after all, this is the mere fever of desperation. Thought, ever and anon, would force its way; and then the consciousness of time misspent—of money recklessly wasted—of character lost—of health in-

jured—of miserable identity with vagabond gamblers—of criminal connivance, and the consequent forfeiture of self-respect, occasioned a fearful re-action, which, in its turn, created a necessity for new and more intense dissipation—a remedy worse than the disease.

Hibblethwaite latterly, however, was sobered. As one of a reckless set of gamesters, who had robbed Lord Silverstick on the highway, the halter hung over his head, and he knew it was prevented from falling only by the earl's pride and paternal feeling, which could not suffer the appearance of his son (Lord Randy) as *particeps criminis*. Then Hibblethwaite had witnessed the shedding of Sir Theobald Chillingworth's blood, and had been compelled to lurk in holes and corners to avoid the pursuit of the law.

From the stupor brought about by all this, he was roused only by the insight he had obtained into Manesty's foul and deadly practices. A spirit of vengeance, thus excited, took possession of his soul, and drove him to break into what Shakspeare calls "the bloody house of life." No wonder Dick learned the art of melancholy rumination and self-reproach.

Oglethorpe and his man, unable to keep up the chase further than Irlam, had yielded to the fascinations of "The Nag's head," in that place; and after swallowing pretty considerable potations of mixed liquor, rendered more captivating by the stout landlady, who prepared it, returned to Liverpool, there to "hide their diminished heads," and await the course of events.

Early next day (for ghastly news flies quickly), the encounter between Hibblethwaite and Manesty was bruited about the town; and though Dick was not forthcoming, Manesty's death was proclaimed. The dismal intelligence, of course, reached Manesty's office in Pool Lane, the house of Ozias Rheinenberger, and the mansion of Sir Hildebrand Stanley.

Robin Shuckleborough was so bewildered at the misdeeds and danger of his master, that, during the last day, he scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. The poor fellow did nothing but walk about the counting-house, crying like a child, and refusing to be comforted. The present doleful news froze the very blood in his veins.

"What will become of me now?" he kept saying to himself. "What is the use of all these ledgers and day-books? How is the trade of Liverpool to go on, now that John Manesty is slain? I wish I was dead with him. Oh, my unfortunate master!"

But who shall paint the agony of Hugh? His father's crimes were all forgotten in the knowledge of his dreadful end.

Nor did Mrs. Yarington feel it less keenly. She had seen the approach of the catastrophe; but now it had come to pass, she dared not contemplate it. Still she had a duty to perform to Hugh and Mary, and this she resolved not to delay. From what she had privately heard from the old gardener, who had charge of the manor-house at Wolsterholme, Mrs. Yarington knew that Manesty had deposited many documents under lock and key in the garden-room of that mansion, and she doubted not that other evidences capable of corroborating her story would there be found. She would not therefore divulge what she knew, till surrounded by testimonials of her veracity.

An urgent summons was sent to Hugh, who soon appeared at Eaglemont. A carriage was at the door, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the three friends started for Wolsterholme. Their journey was a melancholy and silent one; but with frequent and quick change of horses, it was so speedily accomplished, that they reached the venerable manor-house at four in the afternoon. Like one familiar with the spot, Mrs. Yarington at once found her way to the garden-room, where a humble repast was placed before our travellers by the gardener, who, after they were refreshed, placed in Hugh's hands a sealed packet, directed to him, to be opened only in case of the merchant's death. This had been deposited with the gardener just previously to Manesty's last voyage to the West Indies. It contained a key of the old cabinet, which stood in the room where the party were assembled. This was the key which Manesty had given to Hugh when he sailed for Antigua, in 1760, but which he had re-claimed on his return to Liverpool.

The cabinet was found to contain the title-deeds of Wolsterholme Castle, or Manor-House, together with other parchments, proving the purchase by Manesty of all the lands and tenements originally belonging to the estate. By the merchant's will, also enclosed in the old cabinet, the entire property, as well as that of the concern in Liverpool, was bequeathed to his "dear son, Hugh Manesty." Of the legacies, the principal was a bequest of four thousand pounds to "his diligent and faithful clerk, Robin Shuckleborough." Tied up with the will, was a letter addressed to Hugh, (dated on his first departure to the West Indies,) which ran as follows:—

"My dear Hugh,—It will not be prudent to encounter the perils inseparable from a sea-voyage without 'putting my house in order,' in case any fatal accident should happen to me. I have spoken to you of the old oak cabinet in the garden-room at Wolsterholme, and given you the key. In it are deposited my will, and other papers, wherein you at least will take a tender interest.

"By successive purchases, the whole of the estate of Wolsterholme is mine; and I have become its master with the sole motive of endowing you with it, as the only remaining representative of the family. You believe yourself to be a Wolsterholme, and so, in one sense, you are, being the son of a lady of that name who was married to me. You are, therefore, *my* son, dear Hugh; and not, as you have imagined, the offspring of Cornet Wolsterholme, whose child died in America.

"Among the papers in the oak cabinet, you will find many letters from your mother, addressed to me—letters which I have read again and again, with streaming eyes, in my solitary visits to the manor-house. Bertha Manesty (formerly Miss Wolsterholme, the only daughter of her house) has been many years lost to me. She died abroad; and with her died also what little happiness remained to me in this life.

"If I perish at sea, do not be too curious in inquiring into the several passages of my life; and, above all, destroy, without examination, whatever documents may be found in the late Mr. Hibblethwaite's room, in my corn-store at Liverpool. Circumstances may occur to

alter my decision in this respect; but this is my present wish. Obey it.

"And now, my dear son, farewell! Preserve the pure and lofty character you have hitherto maintained. My blessing on you!

"Your loving father,

"JOHN MANESTY."

"Pool Lane, Liverpool, 12th of June, 1760."

This letter (written four years previously to the present time) being read aloud by Hugh, was heard with overpowering emotion by Mrs. Yarington. For some time her tears overmastered her; her frame was convulsed, and she could not speak. Mary and Hugh tried affectionately to comfort her.

At length, the paroxysm having abated, Mrs. Yarington produced a book she had brought with her from Eaglemont, and placed it in Hugh's hand.

"Read the letters to which John Manesty alludes," said she, "and then refer to that book wherein I copied them previously to their being dispatched."

"You!" exclaimed young Manesty, in surprise.

"Yes!" returned she, in a broken voice, "I am John Manesty's widow.

"Mother—mother!" gasped Hugh, throwing his arms about her neck.

"Dear!—precious!—beloved!" were all she could articulate as, almost fainting, she fondly returned his embrace.

It was a trying moment to Mrs. Manesty, and she struggled hard to sustain it; but her voice was again gone, and she sobbed violently.

After a pause, but still not without an effort, she said, "Dear Mary and dear Hugh, I am going to recount the only action of my life on which I look back with pain—an action of deceit. But listen, and you shall judge how grievously I was tempted. Kiss me once again, Hugh. There! Now you shall learn how far I have forfeited your love."

There was another pause, during which the widow, with a visage of constrained firmness, seemed summoning strength to support her during the utterance of what she was about to disclose. Assuming a calmness which she did not feel, she said, in measured tones—

"I am *not* your mother, Hugh; neither is John Manesty your father."

"For the love of Heaven, do not torture me with suspense! Explain yourself!" ejaculated Hugh.

"You shall know all," responded she. "When my brother, Wilford Wolsterholme, eloped with Hannah Manesty, John Manesty, unsuspected by his father, paid his addresses to me. This room was the scene of our stolen meetings—the witness of many pure and blessed moments. His earnestness and devotion won my heart, and when he was sent to America in pursuit of his sister, I accompanied him, having first been privately married. We were away from England two years; but even in that short space of time, my husband frequently absented himself from me, I knew not where, nor on what business; and even when we were together, our harmony was often

disturbed by his furious expressions of hatred against my brother, who, he said, had grossly insulted him. Our meetings, however, were few, and at long intervals. During one of his absences from me, which lasted three months, I gave birth to a female child. You shall hear more, presently; let me pause a little."

There was silence for awhile. Hugh and Mary waited with eager anxiety for the continuation of the narrative, but with entire deference to their friend.

"At this time," resumed the widow, "and while John Manesty was away, news came to me that my brother had been killed in an obscure skirmish. It was not in any military affair; but in some private affray. If I was almost heart-broken at the news, Wilford's widow was nearly mad with grief. She expected, poor thing! to be soon confined; but the agony of her sorrow brought on premature labour. A son was born to her, and she died. As my sister-in-law (a solitary widow) perished in a far and foreign land, destitute of friends, it was incumbent on me to take charge of the infant. I did so; and it shared with my own baby the nurture of my breast and the affection of my heart. I christened it 'Hugh,' after one of my own ancestors."

"Let me still call you mother," said the young man. "You have earned a right to that sacred name. And am I then once more a Wolsterholme?"

"Yes; you are Sir Hugh Wolsterholme—a title you inherit from your unfortunate uncle, Sir Thomas. I have a baptismal register, and other proofs substantiating your claim."

"But is not the title lost by attainder?" inquired Hugh.

"No; only in the person of my poor brother, who has been dead many years."

Mary felt that all bar to her marriage with Hugh was now removed. A timid glance at the young baronet expressed her congratulation; but words of joy would have sounded discordantly at a time so laden with melancholy interest. Mary, therefore, dared not trust herself to speak.

"I almost fear to ask what became of your daughter," said Hugh to Mrs. Manesty; "how it happened that the merchant believed me to be his son; and why you took the name of Yarington?"

"I will tell you all," replied she. "My infant died soon after I took you—my brother Wilford's child—to my bosom. Manesty was still absent. On his return to me, I told him that his sister and her child had both died, and shewed you as his own offspring. His paternal pride was pleased at beholding a son. A strong objection to the name by which you had been christened, united with an absence of suspicion that such a deceit had been practised on him, as the passing off his sister's child as his own, prevented (so I conceive) his asking for the baptismal register. The very day after I perpetrated this fraud, I bitterly repented it; but it was too late to avow the truth, and I dreaded the fury of his reproaches. I have been miserable ever since; so long and so unrelenting is the punishment of falsehood."

Here the widow again paused in her narration. At length Hugh inquired why Manesty believed she was dead.

"Another of my contrivances," responded she; "but you will regard this more charitably, considering my extreme provocation.

Manesty again left me, on his unexplained and inscrutable errands. I was not long, however, in understanding their object. I discovered that he was engaged in piratical practices of the worst and most cruel description, and that, under the name of Captain Hoskins, he commanded a notorious vessel, called 'The Bloody Juno.' This was told me by one of his sailors, in revenge for some terrible punishment he had received on board; and from the same man I also heard that Manesty—in rage at a supposed affront—had waylaid and killed my brother; thus, by a natural consequence, causing his own sister's death."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Hugh. "Thank Heaven that that man is not my father! And yet how kind and affectionate has he been to me! I may mourn over his crimes, but can never hate him."

"As he has paid the dreadful forfeiture," returned the widow, "let us remember him in our prayers.—But I hasten to conclude my story. Having been acquainted with his monstrous deeds, of which, when once my eyes were opened, fresh proofs poured in on me every day, you will not wonder that I resolved never again to receive such a man as my husband. A message had been sent me announcing his return on a certain day, on the eve of which I departed from home, leaving a letter stating the horrible discoveries I had made, and adding that in grief and shame for him, and horror at being his wife, I should destroy myself. Such, indeed, was my first intention; though, when I reflected on the sinfulness of suicide, I resolved to come to England, take a feigned name, and seek a livelihood. A heavy blow was thus inflicted on Manesty. He left his ship to be commanded by proxy, started with you to Liverpool, and addicted himself chiefly to commercial pursuits; still, however, receiving accessions of wealth from his man-stealing slave-ship. You now know all. I humbly hope that God will pardon my duplicity."

Twilight was coming on. A disclosure of secrets so long pent up in her breast, had greatly agitated Mrs. Manesty; and she walked out of the room to enjoy the soothing influence of the fragrant evening air in the garden—that quaint old quincuncial garden, among whose formal alleys the days of her youth had been passed. Mary and Hugh stayed within, that heart might speak to heart under the new prospects opening on them.

Short space, however, was allowed for their subdued felicitations. A piercing shriek suddenly burst on the stillness, followed by the words, "John Manesty!—John Manesty!"

Mrs. Manesty, who had screamed these words, rushed frantically into the house, and hid herself; and Hugh, darting to the window, beheld a horseman at a short distance, swaying to and fro on his saddle, like one in a drunken fit. As he drew nearer, the young man recognised his miserable uncle. The rider's face could be likened only to a marble bust, blank and fixed; his eyes were set; and from his nerveless hand the bridle had dropped. The white mare, poor Prue, seemed almost in as great extremity as her master. It was even as an incarnation of "Death on the Pale Horse."

But the beast knew her way; sprang into the garden, and then drew up. Manesty lifted himself uncouthly from the saddle, and dropped heavily on the earth. Hugh darted towards him. A grim

smile relaxed the features of the dying man, as he stared with a bewildered expression on him whom he deemed to be his son. But though speech was denied him, he had enough strength to tear open his waistcoat (as if appealing for help), when his shirt, red in every part with blood, was seen. Distracted by terror, Hugh fetched the only servant in the house—the old gardener, to the spot. Of what avail was anything they could do? Even had Manesty not been past all "skill in surgery," professional aid could not be procured in that remote place.

A reaction had now come over Mrs. Manesty; and her heart yearned once more to look upon the beloved of her youth. She approached the place where the gasping wretch lay. In the delusion of his dying moments, no doubt he took her for a vision. Reverently clasping the hand she held out to him, he pressed it to his lips, and then, looking fondly with his dim eyes at Hugh, drew a long breath, and expired.

Though mortally wounded by Hibblethwaite, the longing desire he had to reach Wolsterholme, under a belief that he could there secrete himself for a time, must have given him preternatural strength, and enabled him, after he had recovered the first effect of the wound, to climb on Prue's back, and crawl on to the bourne of his wishes. How he was sustained during the long day, can never be known.

CONCLUSION.

Six months had elapsed since the foregoing incident, and a change had taken place in the relative position of some of the parties concerned in this tale. Sir Hugh Wolsterholme, being now a wealthy baronet, had left the concern in Pool Lane to Robin Shuckleborough, who, for a consideration, had allowed Richard Hibblethwaite to become his partner. Having abjured his former associates, Dick proved a good man of business, and by handsome presents to Broken-nosed Bob, and Ebenezer Rowbotham, secured their silence as to his participation in the robbery of Lord Silverstick. Lawyer Varnham lost his expected five hundred pounds when the portmanteau was reclaimed by Hugh, in virtue of Manesty's order, owing to the exposure which Measly Mott had not failed to make. Lord Randy had disappeared on a tour to Germany; and his father, the Earl of Silverstick, was busy at court, propagating the proprieties of the Chesterfieldian code of morals, and trimming between Lord Bute and the first William Pitt. The good and pious Rheinenberger was often a welcome guest at the manor-house at Wolsterholme, now rendered habitable, and where Mrs. Manesty lived in seclusion. Finally, with a pompous ceremony befitting their rank, Sir Hugh Wolsterholme led to the altar his beloved Mary Stanley.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

THE view taken in the last number of this magazine, of the probable course of events in the Mauritanian territory, has turned out correct. We will not now stop to consider the preliminary circumstances of the case—the right of the French, as conquerors, but not as original possessors, to claim the neutrality of Morocco; the disputed and embarrassed question, as to the mutual invasions of territory; and the impossible ultimatum proposed by France, of the overthrow and imprisonment, by the emperor, of the Algerine chieftain, whom they themselves had been unable to conquer after fourteen years warfare, amounting, by that very impossibility of fulfilment, to an actual declaration of war; and ably answered by the Moor, by a demand, in return, for the simultaneous recall of the invader of the Moorish territory, the Marshal Bugeaud.

We have now only to do with progressive events, and to contemplate the possible results which may flow from them. The English papers never dwelt upon the enormity—not to mention the absurdity—of seeking for satisfaction by bombarding a semi-European city, to which we called attention before the event took place—a city in which civilization had made such progress, that the resident Moors were as much afraid of its Arab defenders as of the French hollow-shot.* The guilty parties had nothing to lose by such a display of warlike ardour made against old bastions and crumbling citadels, while the hostility of the emperor and his people could only be further exasperated, and peaceful results rendered less easily attainable. Some of the French papers did notice this fact, and intimated that Tangiers would be spared, evidently without counting upon the well-known hastiness of their young admiral, whose vanity was concerned in bombarding a city of European celebrity, within the hearing of Gibraltar, and in sight of the vessels of many nations.

The result has, however, been very different from what was anticipated. It has served more than all the written pages of journalists or controversialists to assign a real value to the late haughty and warlike tone assumed by the French pamphleteers and press united. It has disabused the English mind, like a potent spell, of certain anxieties as to what tremendous preparations or gigantic resources all this belligerent eloquence was made to rest upon, and as to the prodigious and unexampled progress which Young France was supposed to have made in the art of naval warfare. It has done more—it has humbled them to an intense degree—it has made every officer and man in the British navy smile at their achievements; and while good sense and humanity would one day have placed in its proper light so gallant a display against a few mouldering and ill-served batteries, and a commercial unoffending town, it has anticipated these results, and filled the whole undertaking to bursting, like their own mortars, with ridicule. The

* The Moors are dwellers in towns; the Arabs live in encampments, and, in some few cases, in villages on the plains. Hence the latter are distinguished as the "tribes" Kabileh, which, in the plural, is Kabayil, and incorrectly written in the papers Kabyles.

French steamers in the rear of the neutral ships, the well-named Hen, although more dumpy than beautiful, engaging a battery out of reach of her guns; the Suffering, or Suffrèn, we are not sure which, honoured by twenty-one shot-holes; and the Triton of the Sea, taking its departure with a farewell shot from those batteries which she is reported, in the official bulletin, to have dismantled, must have presented a truly amusing spectacle to the hearts of oak, and the descendants of the Vikings of old, assembled in that harbour. The results of the much-extolled French ardour and skill has, it appears, been one gun dismantled, and seven or eight persons accidentally killed.

This injudicious and hasty recourse to arms at the wrong place has not only, apparently, satisfied those present on the occasion, of the vast disparity in every branch of naval efficiency between ourselves and the French, but it has also shewn, notwithstanding the perpetual cavilling upon the subject, that the present ministry, with one of the ablest warriors in the world in its councils, had, in the same neighbourhood, at the same time, a force ready, had circumstances demanded it, to engage with the French fleet.

It now remains to be seen what towns are next to be subjected to these sad visitations. Already reports have arrived, that Asila, a walled town on the beach, westward of Tangiers, and without a harbour, with a population of about a thousand souls, and a few guns for all defence, has been made a victim.

It has been said by the French press, that Larache is the point from whence the two imperial cities of Fez and Mequinez (properly Fas and Miknasah) will be threatened, or the advance of Marshal Bugeaud to those cities supported. This is not the case; the port of Sala, previously alluded to, as with its suburb of Rabat, the most populous on the coast—the stronghold of its rovers and pirates, and the actual dockyard and naval depot—is in that predicament; and on this account, as well as those previously detailed, would, by a well-informed and sensible admiral, have been made the first point of demonstration, and it still remains, the spot to which the fleet can alone direct itself to shake the confidence of the emperor, or to facilitate the submission of the above-mentioned imperial cities, and from whence peace can now most probably be alone proclaimed.

Mogador is, however, generally considered the point to which the fleet will next direct its hostile intentions. This is well known as the port of the capital itself, a place of considerable commerce, and with a population of 10,000 souls, but having an exposed harbour, too shallow for vessels of war, which must hence anchor off the long battery—a position not in all respects a very enviable one—but where the French may gain more glory and renown. By the advice of "a certain" Captain Bouet, who is intimate with the coast of Morocco, it appears that three small gun-brigs, La Vigie, L'Alouette, and La Tactique, with the tow-steamers, La Phoque, and the Fulton, have been sent out to do these especial services, and which there is no doubt they are best calculated to accomplish.

But to threaten Morocco from Mogador, without any disposable force ready to march upon the capital itself, and at a season when the sea, always rough on the open coasts, will, with the approaching equinox, be rendered quite untenable, is another bubble and cannon

kind of an affair, which can lead to no possible results, save destruction of life and property; and this leads us to notice an opinion, pretty generally abroad, that all the ports of the empire are to have their separate infliction. This is scarcely credible.

"Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appelant."

Not only will the punishment far transcend any real or imaginary offence that has been committed, but it will be a feat unexampled even in the "sea of darkness," in which neither regard to the useless destruction of life and property will have a place, nor will there be any sincere desire exhibited to bring the actual responsible gerents to a brief solution of the question at issue. Tangiers, Asafi, Mazighan, Azamor, Agadir, Dar el Beida, Fedalah, and Mehdiyah, which scarcely possess an Arab tenant, may indeed, one after another, receive the punishment due, if at all, to the kerchiefed rovers of the desert, without France or Morocco arriving one step nearer to a better understanding.

We come, then, to the moveable column under Marshal Bugeaud (9000 men), General Lamoriciere (5000 men), and General Dedeauhas (5000 men), making a total of 19,000 men, and which is properly considered as sufficient to subject the province of Fez, notwithstanding the apprehensions which the commander-in-chief appears to entertain of the clouds of Arab, Moorish, and Negro cavalry, which cover the plains, are congregating under Sidi Mohammed at Fez, or have approached the frontier under Mulai Mamu.* The royal treasury at Mequinez constitutes no bad magnet to the iron column, advancing across the so-called desert of Angad. There are, in fact, many towns, villages, and encampments on the road. Half way from Uchdah is Taza, a populous town capable of supplying the wants of a large army; and nine hours from Fez is the Ecbatana of Morocco—a glorious scramble, unless, perchance, the valuables are previously carried off to the unexplored regions of Tafilelt.

There are just two solutions to the events now in progress;—the French, humbled by the ridicule which attends upon this bombardment of inoffensive towns, may make serious overtures of peace with the emperor, the negotiation of which may be hastened by the movement which has no doubt already taken place, of the Algerine army;—or, they may continue to act on the offensive, when the whole Mohammedan population will be roused to a holy war, and a war of desperation, the limits of which will not even be traced by the snowy outline of the Atlas.

* On the 14th of August, the French force, reduced by sickness and other causes to 17,000 strong, advanced to engage the Moorish cavalry, the numbers of which were increasing every day, and already amounted to about 24,000 men. The engagement took place on the Ysly, and after a conflict, in which both sides are said to have suffered severely, the Moors were worsted, and 1000 to 1200 tents, 11 pieces of artillery, and 16 stand of colours (each petty Arab tribe has its distinguishing flag), fell into the hands of the conquerors. This occurred after Marshal Bugeaud had been made aware of the operations of the French fleet; yet it does not appear that it was a battle fought with the intention of opening the road to Fez, so much as with the view to disperse the cavalry already collected, and which threatened to assemble in overwhelming numbers. The effect of the defeat of Mulai Mamu will probably be to bring Sidi Mohammed to the frontier, and the next battle the French may have to deliver, will not impossibly be against 40,000 Negro, Moorish, and Arab cavalry.

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able. It consists of five ships of the
Marengo, 82 guns, 679 men; the In-
guns, 815 men; and the Alger, 82

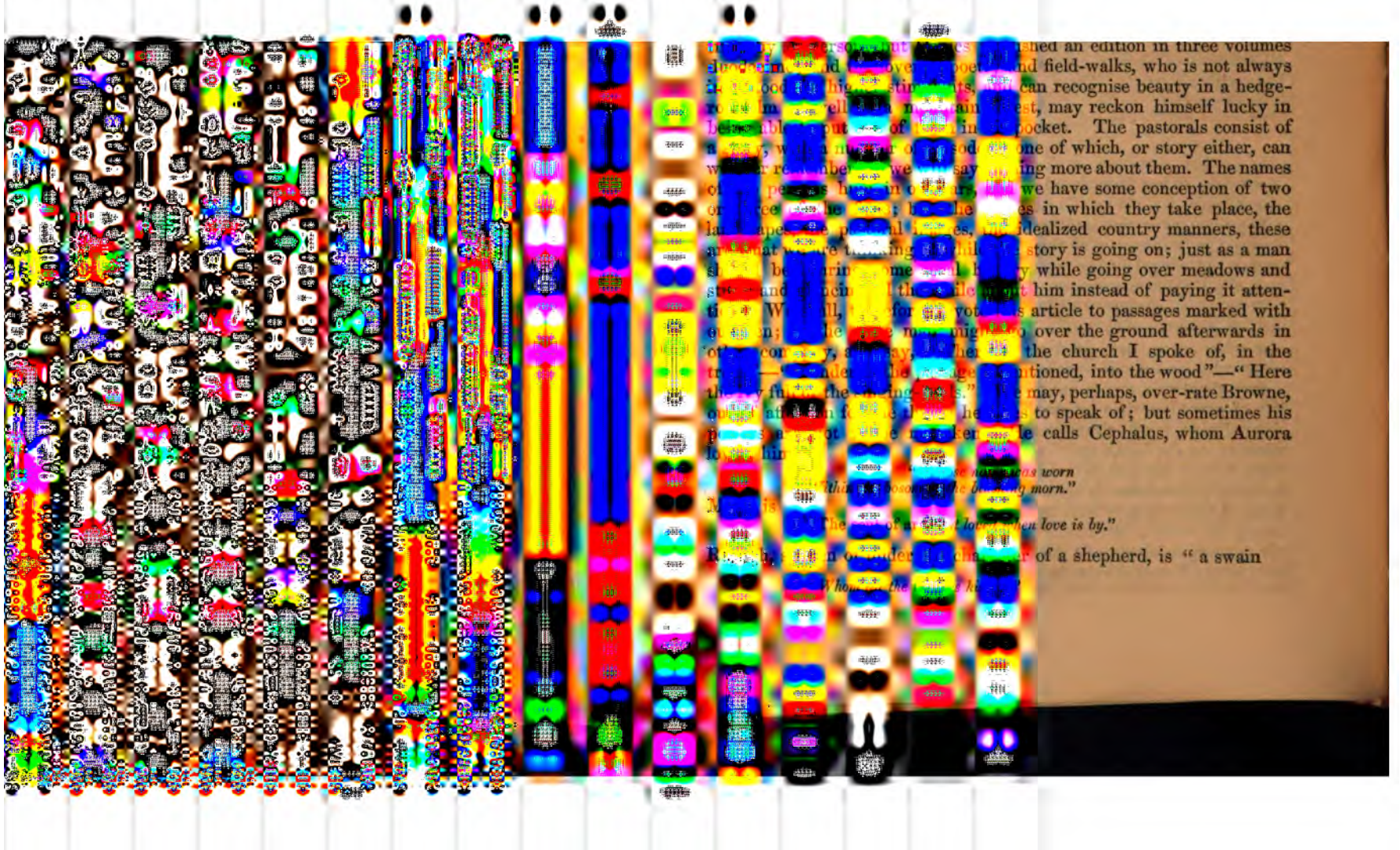
hitherto said applies only to the relation of the French and the Mohammedans. Christian nations have also a real and a practical interest in the question. France at present repudiates the intention of aggrandizement; but this we have seen will inevitably be forced upon her by the necessities of the case. Already a large proportion of her press advocates the measure—some solely with a view to the benefit to be derived from the conquest; others, to the effect it would have in an anticipated humiliation of Great Britain. The actual possession of so long a line of coast as would be comprised by Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, if not Tripoli, on the Mediterranean, would certainly very materially affect the existing balance of power, and would call the attention of other nations besides Great Britain. But we do not think that even the possession of these territories would give the command over that sea, of which we possess the keys, and wear the diadem. We do not even think that it would affect our occupation of Gibraltar, so seriously as some have opined; and it is generally admitted, that if necessary, the whole thing could be put an end to in precisely a similar manner to what the occupation of Egypt by the French was once overthrown.

But this is not at all a desirable termination to progressive events. The day ought to be gone by when civilization shall lend itself to support ignorance and barbarity against civilization. "The time has arrived," said Mr. Milnes, in his place in the British House of Commons, "when Christian civilization must extend itself to Morocco." Our merchants, men of fame and men of wisdom, have, it appears, taken fright at the anticipated loss of a commerce estimated at 40,000,000 of dollars annually, and of which one-half has hitherto been with England. Their interests, generally, go a very great way in such matters,

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites;"

but we fear they can no longer materially influence the question of Morocco. It has been found by experience, that the protective system adopted by the French in Algeria, has not answered. The natives will go to other markets, and other channels of commerce; and if France, in pursuance of the same system, were to march its armies against all neighbouring competition, it will have to follow, step by step, the British merchantmen round the whole terrestrial globe.

It is more consonant with the present state of opinions upon subjects of general policy, and of the relations of the different families of men with one another, for Great Britain to keep in mind, that, after superiority by sea, the overland route to India, and the countries connected therewith, are to her of primary importance, and most deserving of attention, than by any hurried or rash interferences to hasten that collision, which circumstances, not to be avoided, as the change of ministry, or the break up of a monarch's health (and we regret very much here to have to say, that it comes to us from quarters to whom accurate information is generally accessible, that the health of the King of the French is such as to excite the most serious apprehensions among his medical attendants) may bring upon us in a day, but with our existing ministry, not one, it is to be anticipated, which shall be marked out from the rest, by our being unprepared.



and Pan, a god that,

> "With gentle nymphs in forests high
> *Kiss'd out the sweet time of his infancy.*"

That is very beautiful. Warton, in his "History of Poetry," has expressed his admiration of a "charm" in Browne's Inner Temple Masque, in which, down by the banks of Lethe, dew-drops are said to be for ever hanging

> "On the *limber grass*,
> Poppy and mandragoras;"—

And Lethe is described as flowing

> "Without coil,
> Softly, like a stream of oil."

And the fourth eclogue of his "Shepherd's Pipe" is thought, not improbably, to have been in the recollection of Milton, when he wrote Lycidas. Like that poem, it is an elegy on the death of a friend. The line marked in the following quatrain might have appeared in Lycidas, without any injury to it. It is, indeed, very Miltonic:—

> "In deepest passions of my grief-swoll'n breast,
> Sweet soul! this only comfort seizeth me,
> That so few years should make thee so much blest,
> *And give such wings to reach eternity.*"

In this poem is a description of autumn, in which the different metres are unfortunately but ill-assorted:—they look like bits of elegies begun on different plans; but the third line of the first quatrain is well felt; the fourth not unworthy of it; the watery meadows are capitally painted; and the closing stanza is like an affecting one taken out of some old English ballad:—

> "Autumn it was, when droop'd the sweetest flowers,
> And rivers, swollen with pride, o'erlook'd the banks;
> *Poor grew the day of summer's golden hours,*
> And void of sap stood Ida's cedar ranks.
>
> "The pleasant meadows *sadly lay*
> *In chill and cooling sweats*
> *By rising fountains*, or as they
> Fear'd winter's wasteful threats.
>
> "Against the broad-spread oak
> Each wind in fury bears;
> *Yet fell their leaves not half so fast,*
> *As did the shepherd's tears.*"

The feeling of analogy between the oak, with its scattered leaves, and the naturally strong man shedding fast tears for sorrow, is in the best imaginative taste. Had Browne written all thus, he would have found plenty of commentators. The "Shepherd's Pipe" was a somewhat later production than the other pastorals; and had he lived, he would probably have surpassed all that his youth produced. Unfortunately, his mind never appears to have outgrown a certain juvenile ambition of ingenious thoughts and conceits; and it is these that render it so difficult to make any long quotation from his works. The sixth line in the following is very obscure, perhaps corrupted. But the rest has great liveliness and nature:—

"Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his;
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And curseth time for so fast hastening to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteem'd true;
Then says he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind;
And whilst he stands *to look for 't in her eyes,*
This sad sweet glance so ties his faculties
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former strain,
To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, parts, and yet doth go,
Apt to retire, and loth to leave her so;—
Brave stream, so part I from thy flowery bank."

Browne is fond of drawing his similes from real, and even homely life, and often seems to introduce them for the purpose of giving that kind of variety to a pastoral, otherwise ideal; for though the title of his poem is British, and the scene also, it is in other respects Arcadian and Pagan. The effect is somewhat jarring; and yet it is impossible to quarrel with the particular descriptions:—

"As children on a play-day leave the schools,
And gladly run into the swimming pools;
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to despoil some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats for fish lade in a brook
Withouten pain; but when the morn doth look
Out of the eastern gates, a snail would faster
Glide to the schools, than they unto their master;
So when before I sung the songs of birds, &c."

The following is a complete picture:—

"— As a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert food,
Sits partly on a bough, his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till, with their crooks and bags, a sort of boys
To share with him, come with so great a noise,
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbour oak,
Thence to a beach, thence to a row of ashes,
Whilst through the quagmires and red water plashes
The boys run dabbling through thick and thin;
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin,
This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got to the briars; and that hath lost his shoe;
This dropt his band, that headlong falls for haste,
Another cries behind for being last;
With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
The little pool with no small sport they follow,
Whilst he from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray;
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up, &c."

Here is another picture, still homelier, but equally complete, and as robust in its full-grown strength as the other is light and boyish:—

"As when a smith and 's man (lame Vulcan's fellows)
Call'd from the anvil or the puffing bellows
To clap a well-wrought shoe, for more than pay,
Upon a stubborn nag of Galloway,

Or unback'd jennet, or a Flander's mare,
That at the forge stand snuffing of the air;
The swarthy smith spits in his buck-horn fist,
And bids his men bring out the five-fold twist,
His shackles, shacklocks, hampers, gyves, and chains,
His linkèd bolts; and with no little pains
These make him fast; and lest all these should faulter,
Unto a post, with some six-doubled halter,
He binds his head; yet all are of the least
To curb the fury of the headstrong beast;
When, if a carrier's jade be brought unto him,
His man can hold his foot, while he can shoe him,
Remorse was so enforced to bind him stronger."

This is a Dutch picture, or one that Mr. Crabbe might have admired. The following might have adorned the pages of Spenser himself. The ascension of the fogs and mists, and the cessation of all noise, are in a true—nay, a high spirit of grandeur; and the very delicacy of the conclusion adds to it. The sense of hushing solemnity is drawn to the finest point.

"Now great Hyperion left his golden throne,
That on the dancing waves in glory shone;
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore;
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns usherèd
All drowsy night: who in a car of jet,
By steeds of iron-grey (which mainly sweat
Moist drops on all the world) drawn through the sky,
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains;
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veins
Were conduit-pipes to many a crystal spring;
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs; each river, every rill,
Sent up their vapours to attend their will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and heaven,
And as night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curly streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the green leaf swept;
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisp'rings stirr'd,
As loth to waken any singing bird."

Browne was a Devonshire man, and is supposed to have died at Ottery St. Mary, the birth-place of Coleridge. He was not unworthy to have been the countryman of that exquisite observer of Nature, himself a pastoral man, though he wrote no pastorals; for Coleridge not only preferred a country to a town life, but his mind as well as his body (when it was not with Plato and the school-men) delighted to live in woody places, "enfolding," as he beautifully says,

"Sunny spots of greenery."

And how many other great and good men have there not been, with whom the humblest lover of Arcady may, in this respect, claim fellowship? Men, nevertheless, fond of town also, and of the most active and busy life, when it was their duty. The most universal genius must, indeed, of necessity include the green districts of the

world in his circle, otherwise he would not run it a third part round. Shakspeare himself, prosperous manager as he was, retired to his native place before he was old. Do we think that, with all his sociality, his chief companions there were such as a country town afforded? Depend upon it, they were the trees, and the fields, and his daughter Susanna; and that no gentleman of the place was seen so often pacing the banks of the Avon, sitting on the stiles in the meadows, looking with the thrush at the sunset, and finding

> ——— "books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Cervantes, the Shakspeare of Spain, (for if his poetry answered but to one small portion of him, his prose made up the rest,) proclaims his truly pastoral heart notwithstanding his satire, not only in his "Galatea," but in a hundred passages of "Don Quixote," particularly the episodes. He delighted equally in knowledge of the world and the most ideal poetic life. It is easy to see, by the stories of "Marcella" and "Leandra," that this great writer wanted little to have become almost a Quixote himself, in the Arcadian line! Nothing but the extremest good sense supplied him a proper balance in this respect for his extreme romance.

Boccacio was another of these great child-like minds, whose knowledge of the world is ignorantly confounded with a devotion to it. See, in his "Admetus," and "Theseid," and "Genealogia Deorum," &c., and in the "Decameron" itself, how he revels in groves and gardens; and how, when he begins making a list of trees, he cannot leave off. Doubtless, he had been of a more sensual temperament than Cervantes; but his faith remained unshaken in the highest things. His veins might have contained an excess of the genial; but so did his heart; and when the priest threatened him in advanced life with the displeasure of Heaven, he was shocked and alarmed, and obliged to go to Petrarch for comfort.

Chaucer was a courtier, and a companion of princes; nay, a reformer also, and a stirrer out in the world. He understood that world, too, thoroughly, in the ordinary sense of such understanding; yet, as he was a true great poet in everything, so in nothing more was he so than in loving the country, and the trees and fields. It is as hard to get him out of a grove as his friend Boccacio; and he tells us, that, in May, he would often go out into the meadows to "abide" there, solely in order to "look upon the daisy." Milton seems to have made a point of never living in a house that had not a garden to it.

A certain amount of trusting goodness, surviving twice the worldly knowledge possessed by those who take scorn for superiority, is the general characteristic of men of this stamp, whether of the highest order of that stamp or not. Cowley, Thomson, and Shenstone were such men. Shenstone was deficient in animal spirits, and condescended to be vexed when people did not come to see his retirement; but few men had an acuter discernment of the weak points of others, and the general mistakes of mankind, as anybody may see by his Essays; and yet in those Essays he tells us, that he never looked upon a town or village as he went by it, without regretting that he could not know some of the good people that lived there. Thomson's whole poetry may be said to be pastoral, and everybody knows what a good

fellow he was; how beloved by his friends; how social, and yet how sequestered; and how he preferred a house but a floor-high at Richmond (for that which is now shewn as his, was then a ground-floor only) to one of more imposing dimensions, amidst

> ——— "the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
> Which men call *London*."

Cowley was a partizan, a courtier, a diplomatist; nay, a satirist, and an admirable one, too. See his "Cutter of Coleman Street," the gaiety and sharpness of which no one suspects who thinks of him only in the ordinary peacefulness of his reputation; though, doubtless, he would have been the first man to do a practical kindness to any of the puritans whom he laughed at. His friends the cavaliers thought he laughed at themselves, in this very comedy; so much more did he gird hypocrisy and pretension in general than in the particular; but Charles the Second said of him, after his death, that he had "not left a better man behind him in England." His partizanship, his politics, his clever satire, his once admired "metaphysical" poetry, as Johnson calls it, nobody any longer cares about; but still, as Pope said,

> "We love the language of his heart."

He has become a sort of poetical representative of all the love that existed of groves and gardens in those days—of parterres, and orchards, and stately old houses; but above all, of the cottage; a taste for which, as a gentleman's residence, seems to have originated with him, or at least been first avowed by him; for we can trace it no further back. "A small house and a large garden" was his aspiration; and he obtained it. Somebody, unfortunately, has got our Cowley's Essays—we don't reproach him, whoever he is, for it is a book to keep a good while; but they contain a delightful passage on this subject, which should have been quoted. Take, however, an extract or two from the verses belonging to those Essays. They will conclude this part of our subject well:—

> "Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
> Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
> Where the poetic birds rejoice,
> And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
> Pay with their grateful voice.
>
> "Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
> Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
> With all their wanton boughs dispute,
> And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
> Nor be myself, too, mute.
>
> "*Ah! wretched and too solitary he,*
> *Who loves not his own company!*
> *He'll feel the weight of it many a day,*
> *Unless he call in sin or vanity,*
> *To help to bear 't away.*
>
> • • • •
>
> "Where does the wisdom and the power divine
> In a more bright and sweet reflection shine—
> Where do we finer strokes and colours see
> *Of the Creator's real poetry,*
> Than when we with attention look
> Upon the third day's volume of the book?

If we could open and *intend* our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a bush, the radiant Deity.

* * * *

"Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which, by his own imperial hands were made.
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
To entice him to a throne again.

"'If I, my friends,' said he, 'should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis, that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost a god.'"

A noble line that—long and stately as the triumph which it speaks of. Yet the Emperor and the Poet agreed in preferring a walk down an alley of roses. There was nothing so much calculated to rebuke or bewilder them there as in the faces of their fellow-creatures even after the "happiest fight."

RECENT POEMS.

1. *Walks in the Country.* By Lord Leigh.
2. *Poems.* By Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler.
3. *Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett. 2 vols.

If poems in these times, however impressive and beautiful in themselves, need the aid of names to attract to them the incredulous and objective reader, here are volumes which have at least this general advantage—each has a name associated with other efforts, and honoured so far in public estimation as to raise rather than repress expectation.

These country walks of Lord Leigh—rustic rambles with a good-natured muse—are just such contributions to the poetry of our own days as were made in times long past by the men of leisure and scholarship, the happy enjoyers of wealth, learning, often title, always taste—a love of elegant literature, and a desire for that distinction which a cultivation of letters confers upon every man, whatever be his other honours. It is long since this noble poet attained his rank in the Parnassian peerage, and he has re-asserted his claim in every instance with success. Few men who have written so often have furnished criticisers with such slender points of objection; and if the present offering contain an example in the contrary direction, it is only that some readers will protest loudly against those political allusions sparkling over the pages inscribed to May, 1843, which other readers will extol as the beauties of the book. There are several varieties of graceful verse in this new volume; and much energetic and pointed writing, giving effect to generous and exalted sentiment in the several poems, of which we may mention "What is sentiment?" as a specimen. And in the notes to these lays, Lord Leigh tastefully commends the results of his reading to the scholar and the man of reflection.

The poems of Mrs. Butler form a little volume, which it is impossible to read without various interest, sometimes for the subject's sake, and sometimes for the personal associations woven with it. Where the writer is in earnest, our emotions are never wanting; and where indifferent, there is often a graceful, off-hand turn, or a strain of playful, careless thought that denotes a

facility which interests, while we regret its indulgence, feeling how much more with the same materials study and earnestness would have effected. The lyrical pieces, with two or three marked exceptions, are the least successful; defects of rhythm, and other inaccuracies of versification, are more readily noticed by the ear in this kind of composition; and the deceptive rhyme, which is only one to the eye, is more objectionable where the effect is to depend upon the nicest observance of art, and carelessness cannot be afforded. In the pieces of a more descriptive character, there is frequently remarkable liveliness, distinctness, and force—pictures rapid and bold, vigorous in outline, and glowingly coloured—with a vein of reflective or passionate feeling which rarely fails to awaken a response. Among the few sonnets, though all are not constructed on the strictest principle, as perfect satisfaction with this poetical dainty requires that each should be, are several possessing an impressive and elevated power, breathing fine thought in solemn music. They end the volume worthily; one we are tempted to copy :—

SONNET.

"But to be still; oh, but to cease awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life,
The sights, the sounds, the struggle and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp, biting file
Of action, fretting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence;—all that is not pain
But utter weariness. Oh, to be free
But for a while from conscious entity!
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense, and let the soul abide
Darkly and stilly, for a little space,
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race.
Oh heavens! to rest a moment, but to rest
From this quick gasping life, were to be blest."

This is no minced measure; it is bold, nervous writing, shewing, as in the passage marked, how the Shaksperian studies have enriched and directed the mind, and suggesting, as several other pieces do, as well by the tone and turn of thought, as by a quaintness of manner, recollections of some of the best of our elder writers. Let us cite, as an example, the pleasant song, "Pass thy hand through my hair, love;" it recals agreeably Carew or Withers. We have enjoyed also a touch or two of rich humour, as in a fragment written when the thermometer stood at 98° in the shade! As some of the lyrical pieces are those that moved us least, we must select from them a little poem of a more perfect kind, touching in its sentiment, and graceful in its flow :—

SONG.

"Yet once again, but once, before we sever,
Fill we one brimming cup—it is the last!
And let those lips, now parting, and for ever,
Breathe o'er this pledge, 'the memory of the past.'

"Joy's fleeting sun is set; and no to-morrow
Smiles on the gloomy path we tread so fast;
Yet in the bitter cup, o'erfilled with sorrow,
Lives one sweet drop—the memory of the past.

"But one more look from those dear eyes, now shining
Through their warm tears, their loveliest and their last,
But one more strain of hands, in friendship twining—
Now farewell all, save memory of the past."

Had the volume contained nothing but the stanzas "On a Musical Box," it should be affectionately and admiringly welcomed by all lovers of ardent feeling, pleasant fancy, and quaint harmony. And the sonnet which precedes this—what a striking picture it contains of the fearful and discordant anomalies of life, ending with a fine line—

"So rush they down to the eternal night."

We re-open the lately read pages of Miss Barrett, with a feeling of admiration and respect too strong to be entrusted to such feeble and inadequate expressions of it as we could here employ. If these volumes do not place her (about which there may be some argument) in the highest class of our poets, most [illegible]redly they do place her in the first rank of fine intellectual natures; of those who, now and then, in a great age, by their mental supremacy and universal sympathies, attain a station where admiration is not unmingled with reverence. If some of this poetry be not of the highest, it is so nearly allied to it, that the keenest sense of the exquisite essence in which the highest poetry consists, is requisite to detect and make palpable the distinction.

We merely profess to mention the appearance of this collection, and the feelings it awakens: to give the "why and because," would demand a long dissertation; the very subjects forbid us to touch lightly. The great poem, the "Drama of Exile," is the exile from Paradise, depicted in a form and with a power suited to the subject, grand and awful as it is. To discuss it adequately in a few sentences, is as impossible as the imaginative beauty and illustrative knowledge revealed in it is undoubted. The attempt to treat it so, remembering the sacredness of all the associations connected with it, would be "to do it wrong." We can simply state, that, in something of the Greek tragic shape, this lofty drama presents the "new and strange experience of the fallen humanity," as it went forth into the wilderness; and the subject is treated, in the author's words, "with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief, which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the Fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man." There was room, at least, it is remarked, "for lyrical emotion in those first steps into the wilderness." Truly; and the aim has been accomplished with such a truthfulness of power, working to its purpose, that every modest doubt, which so long held back the poem, (as we here learn,) must for ever be banished from the author's mind. The discourse of the Fallen Pair, under the reproaches of the spirits of the earth, animate and inanimate, are equally grand and pathetic. They excite tears, and they thrill us with awe, as the mournful, the compassionate, or the terrible predominates. Page after page would supply its proof; but all imperfectly, as this must necessarily do: it is Eve speaking:—

"——————— For was I not
At that last sunset seen in paradise,
When all the westering clouds flashed out in throngs
Of sudden angel faces, face by face,
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God
Held them suspended—was I not that hour
The lady of the world, princess of life,
Mistress of feast and favour? Could I touch
A rose with my white hand, but it became
Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely
Along our swarded garden, but the grass
Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand aside
A moment underneath a cornel-tree,
But all the leaves did tremble, as alive,
With songs of fifty birds, who were made glad
Because I stood there? Could I turn to look
With these twain eyes of mine, now weeping fast,
Now good for only weeping—upon man,
Angel, or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced,
Because I looked on him? Alas, alas!
And is not this much woe, to cry 'alas!'
Speaking of joy?"

The minor poems in the collection are only so in form and subject; few of them are without some weight of object, or touch of beauty. All that we can complain of is, that too many words are sometimes used—large words, not so full of meaning as of sound—that there is too much of what is called "eloquence" in the work. The introductory pages are full of interest; all is womanly, delicate, and unaffected.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Prologue.

1599.

THE ELIXIR OF LONG LIFE.

THE sixteenth century drew to a close. It was the last day of the last year, and two hours only were wanting to the birth of another year and of another century.

The night was solemn and beautiful. Myriads of stars paved the deep vault of heaven; the crescent moon hung like a silver lamp in the midst of them; a stream of rosy and quivering light issuing from the north traversed the sky, like the tail of some stupendous comet; while from its point of effluence broke forth, ever and anon, coruscations rivalling in splendour and variety of hue, the most brilliant discharge of fireworks.

A sharp frost prevailed; but the atmosphere was clear and dry, and neither wind nor snow aggravated the wholesome rigour of the season. The water lay in thick congealed masses around the conduits and wells, and the buckets were frozen on their stands. The thoroughfares were sheeted with ice, and dangerous to horsemen and vehicles; but the footways were firm and pleasant to the tread.

Here and there a fire was lighted in the streets, round which ragged urchins and mendicants were collected, roasting fragments of meat stuck upon iron prongs; or quaffing deep draughts of metheglin and ale, out of leathern cups. Crowds were collected in the open places, watching the wonders in the heavens, and drawing auguries from them, chiefly sinister, for most of the beholders thought the signs portended the speedy death of the queen, and the advent of a new monarch from the north—a safe and easy interpretation, considering the advanced age and declining health of the illustrious Elizabeth, together with the known appointment of her successor, James of Scotland.

Notwithstanding the early habits of the times, few persons had retired to rest, an universal wish prevailing among the citizens to see the new year in, and welcome the century accompanying it. Lights glimmered in most windows, revealing the holly-sprigs and laurel-leaves stuck thickly in their diamond panes; while, whenever a door was opened, a ruddy

gleam burst across the street; and a glance inside the dwelling shewed its inmates either gathered round the glowing hearth, occupied in mirthful sports—fox-i'th'-hole, blind-man's-buff, or shoe-the-mare—or seated at the ample board groaning with Christmas cheer.

Music and singing were heard at every corner, and bands of comely damsels, escorted by their sweethearts, went from house to house, bearing huge brown bowls dressed with ribbons and rosemary, and filled with a drink called "lamb's-wool," composed of sturdy ale, sweetened with sugar, spiced with nutmeg, and having toasts, and burnt crabs floating within it,—a draught from which seldom brought its pretty bearers less than a groat, and occasionally a more valuable coin.

Such was the vigil of the year Sixteen Hundred.

On this night, and at the tenth hour, a man of striking and venerable appearance was seen to emerge upon a small wooden balcony, projecting from a bay-window near the top of a picturesque structure situated at the southern extremity of London Bridge.

The old man's beard and hair were as white as snow—the former descending almost to his girdle—so were the thick overhanging brows that shaded his still piercing eyes. His forehead was high, bald, and ploughed by innumerable wrinkles. His countenance, despite its death-like paleness, had a noble and majestic cast, and his figure, though worn to the bone by a life of the severest study, and bent by the weight of years, must have been once lofty and commanding.

His dress consisted of a doublet and hose of sad-coloured cloth, over which he wore a loose gown of black silk. His head was covered by a square black cap, from beneath which his silver locks strayed over his shoulders.

This venerable personage was known by the name of Doctor Lamb, and being devoted to alchemical and philosophical pursuits, was esteemed by the vulgar as little better than a wizard. Strange tales were reported and believed of him. Amongst others, it was said he possessed a familiar, because he chanced to employ a deformed, crack-brained dwarf, who assisted him in his operations, and whom he appropriately enough styled Flapdragon.

The alchemist's gaze was fixed intently upon the heavens, and he seemed to be noting the position of the moon with reference to some particular star.

After remaining in this posture for a few minutes, the doctor was about to retire, when a loud crash arrested him, and he turned to see whence it proceeded.

Immediately before him stood the Southwark gateway—a square stone building, with a round, embattled turret at each corner, and a flat, leaden roof, planted with a forest of poles, fifteen or sixteen feet high, garnished with human heads. To

his surprise, the doctor perceived that two of these poles had just been pulled down by a tall man, who was in the act of stripping them of their grisly burthens.

Having accomplished his object, the mysterious plunderer thrust his spoil into a leathern bag with which he was provided, tied its mouth, and was about to take his departure by means of a rope-ladder attached to the battlements, when his retreat was suddenly cut off by the gatekeeper, armed with a halberd, and bearing a lantern, who issued from a door opening upon the leads.

The baffled marauder looked round, and remarking the open window at which Doctor Lamb was stationed, hurled the sack and its contents through it. He then tried to gain the ladder, but was intercepted by the gatekeeper, who dealt him a severe blow on the head with his halberd. The plunderer uttered a loud cry, and attempted to draw his sword; but before he could do so, he received a thrust in the side from his opponent. He then fell, and the gatekeeper would have repeated the blow, if the doctor had not called to him to desist.

"Do not kill him, good Baldred," he cried. "The attempt may not be so criminal as it appears. Doubtless, the mutilated remains, which the poor wretch has attempted to carry off, are those of his kindred, and horror at their exposure must have led him to commit the offence."

"It may be, doctor," replied Baldred; "and if so, I shall be sorry to have hurt him. But I am responsible for the safe custody of these heads, and it is as much as my own is worth to permit their removal."

"I know it," replied Doctor Lamb; "and you are fully justified in what you have done. It may throw some light upon the matter, to know whose miserable relics have been disturbed."

"They were the heads of two rank papists," replied Baldred, "who were decapitated on Tower Hill, on Saint Nicholas' day, three weeks ago, for conspiring against the queen."

"But their names?" demanded the doctor. "How were they styled?"

"They were father and son," replied Baldred;—"Sir Simon Darcy and Master Reginald Darcy. Perchance they were known to your worship?"

"Too well—too well!" replied Doctor Lamb, in a voice of anguish, that startled his hearer. "They were near kinsmen of mine own. What is he like who has made this strange attempt?"

"Of a verity, a fair youth," replied Baldred, holding down the lantern. "Heaven grant I have not wounded him to the death! No, his heart still beats. Ha! here are his tablets," he added, taking a small book from his doublet; "these may give the information you seek. You were right in your conjecture, doctor. The name herein inscribed is the same as that borne by the others—Auriol Darcy."

"I see it all," cried the doctor. "It was a pious and praiseworthy deed. Bring the unfortunate youth to my dwelling, Baldred, and you shall be well rewarded. Use dispatch—use dispatch!"

As the gatekeeper essayed to comply, the wounded man groaned deeply, as if in great pain.

"Fling me the weapon with which you smote him," cried Doctor Lamb, in accents of commiseration; "and I will anoint it with the powder of sympathy. His anguish will be speedily abated."

"I know your worship can accomplish wonders," cried Baldred, throwing the halberd into the balcony. "I will do my part as gently as I can."

And as the alchemist took up the weapon, and disappeared through the window, the gatekeeper lifted the wounded man by the shoulders, and conveyed him down a narrow winding staircase, contrived in one of the turrets, to a lower chamber. Though he proceeded as carefully as he could, the sufferer was evidently put to excruciating pain; and when Baldred placed him on a wooden bench, and held a lamp towards him, he perceived that his features were blackened and distorted.

"I fear it's all over with him," murmured the gatekeeper; "I shall have merely a dead body to take to Doctor Lamb. It would be a charity to knock him on the head, rather than to let him suffer thus. The doctor passes for a cunning man, but if he can cure this poor youth, without seeing him, by the help of his sympathetic ointment, I shall begin to believe, what some folks avouch, that he has dealings with the devil."

While Baldred was ruminating in this manner, a sudden and extraordinary change took place in the sufferer. As if by magic, the contraction of the muscles subsided; the features assumed a wholesome hue; and the respiration was no longer laborious. Baldred stared as if a miracle had been wrought.

Now that the countenance of the youth had regained its original expression, the gatekeeper could not help being struck by its extreme beauty. The face was a perfect oval, with regular and delicate features. A short silken moustache darkened the upper lip, which was short and proud, and a pointed beard terminated the chin. The hair was black, glossy, and cut short, so as to disclose a highly intellectual expanse of brow.

The figure of the youth was slight, but admirably proportioned. His attire consisted of a black satin doublet, slashed with white, hose of black silk, and a short velvet mantle. His eyes were still closed, and it was difficult to say what effect they might give to the face when they lighted it up; but notwithstanding its beauty, it was impossible not to admit that a strange, sinister, and almost demoniacal expression pervaded the countenance.

All at once, and with as much suddenness as his cure had

been effected, the young man started, uttered a piercing cry, and placed his hand to his side.

"Caitiff!" he cried, fixing his blazing eyes on the gatekeeper, "why do you torture me thus? Finish me at once—Oh!" And overcome by anguish, he sank back again.

"I have not touched you, sir," replied Baldred. "I brought you here to succour you. You will be easier anon. Doctor Lamb must have wiped the halberd," he added to himself.

Another sudden change. The pain fled from the sufferer's countenance, and he became easy as before.

"What have you done to me?" he asked, in a low tone; "the torture of my wound has suddenly ceased, and I feel as if a balm had been dropped into it. Let me remain in this state if you have any pity,—or despatch me, for my late agony was almost unsupportable."

"You are cared for by one who has greater skill than any chirurgeon in London," replied Baldred. "If I can manage to transport you to his lodgings, he will speedily heal your wounds."

"Do not delay then," replied Auriol, faintly; "for though I am free from pain, I feel that my life is ebbing fast away."

"Press this handkerchief to your side, and lean on me," said Baldred. "Doctor Lamb's dwelling is but a step from the gateway—in fact, the first house on the bridge. By the way, the doctor declares he is your kinsman."

"It is the first I ever heard of him," replied Auriol, faintly; "but take me to him quickly, or it will be too late."

In another moment they were at the doctor's door. Baldred tapped against it, and the summons was instantly answered by a diminutive personage, clad in a jerkin of coarse grey serge, and having a leathern apron tied round his waist. This was Flapdragon.

Blear-eyed, smoke-begrimed, lantern-jawed, the poor dwarf seemed as if his whole life were spent over the furnace. And so, in fact, it was. He had become little better than a pair of human bellows. In his hand, he held the halberd with which Auriol had been wounded.

"So you have been playing the leech, Flapdragon, eh?" cried Baldred.

"Ay, marry have I," replied the dwarf, with a wild grin, and displaying a wolfish set of teeth. "My master ordered me to smear the halberd with the sympathetic ointment. I obeyed him; rubbed the steel point, first on one side—then on the other; next wiped it; and then smeared it again."

"Whereby you put the patient to exquisite pain," replied Baldred; "but help me to transport him to the laboratory."

"I know not if the doctor will like to be disturbed," said Flapdragon. "He is busily engaged on some grand operation."

"I will take the risk on myself," said Baldred. "The youth will die if he remains here. See, he has fainted already!"

Thus urged, the dwarf laid down the halberd, and between the two, Auriol was speedily conveyed up a wide oaken staircase to the laboratory. Doctor Lamb was plying the bellows at the furnace, on which a large alembic was placed, and he was so engrossed by his task, that he scarcely noticed the entrance of the others.

"Place the youth on the ground, and rear his head against the chair," he cried, hastily, to the dwarf. "Bathe his brows with the decoction in that crucible. I will attend to him anon myself. Come to me, on the morrow, Baldred, and I will repay thee for thy trouble. I am busy now."

"These relics, doctor," cried the gatekeeper, glancing at the bag, which was lying on the ground, and from which a bald head protruded—"I ought to take them back with me."

"Heed them not—they will be safe in my keeping," cried Doctor Lamb, impatiently; "to-morrow—to-morrow."

Casting a furtive glance round the laboratory, and shrugging his shoulders, Baldred departed; and Flapdragon, having bathed the sufferer's temples with the decoction, in obedience to his master's injunctions, turned to inquire what he should do next.

"Begone!" cried the doctor, so fiercely that the dwarf darted out of the room, clapping the door after him.

Doctor Lamb then applied himself to his task with renewed ardour, and in a few seconds became wholly insensible of the presence of a stranger.

Revived by the stimulant, Auriol presently opened his eyes, and gazing round the room, thought he must be dreaming, so strange and fantastical did all appear. The floor was covered with the implements used by the adept—bolt-heads, crucibles, cucurbites, and retorts, scattered about without any attempt at arrangement. In one corner was a large terrestrial sphere; near it was an astrolabe; and near that a heap of disused glass vessels. On the other side, lay a black, mysterious-looking book, fastened with brazen clasps. Around it, were a ram's horn, a pair of forceps, a roll of parchment, a pestle and mortar, and a large plate of copper, graven with the mysterious symbols of the Isaical table. Near this was the leathern bag containing the two decapitated heads, one of which had partly rolled forth. On a table, at the further end of the room, stood a large open volume, with parchment leaves, covered with cabalistical characters, referring to the names of spirits. Near it were two parchment scrolls, written in letters, respectively denominated by the Chaldaic sages "the Malachim," and "the passing of the river." One of these scrolls was kept in its place by a skull. An ancient and grotesque-looking brass lamp, with two snake-headed burners, lighted the room. From the ceiling depended a huge, scaly sea-monster, with outspread fins, open jaws, garnished with tremendous teeth, and great goggling eyes. Near it hung the celestial sphere. The chimney-piece, which

was curiously carved, and projected far into the room, was covered with various implements of Hermetic science. Above it were hung dried bats and flitter-mice, interspersed with the skulls of birds and apes. Attached to the chimney-piece was an horary, sculptured in stone, near which hung a large star-fish. The fireplace was occupied by the furnace, on which, as has been stated, was placed an alembic, communicating by means of a long serpentine pipe, with a receiver. Within the room were two skeletons, one of which, placed behind a curtain in the deep embrasure of the window, where its polished bones glistened in the white moonlight, had a horrible effect. The other enjoyed more comfortable quarters near the chimney, its fleshless feet dangling down in the smoke arising from the furnace.

Doctor Lamb, meanwhile, steadily pursued his task, though he ever and anon paused, to fling certain roots and drugs, which he took out of glass vessels near him, upon the charcoal. As he did this, various-coloured flames broke forth—now blue, now green, now blood-red.

Tinged by these fires, the different objects in the chamber seemed to take other forms and to become instinct with animation The gourd-shaped cucurbites were transformed into great bloated toads bursting with venom; the long-necked bolt-heads became monstrous serpents; the worm-like pipes, adders; the alembics looked like plumed helmets; the characters on the Isaical table, and those on the parchments seemed traced in fire, and to be ever changing; the sea-monster bellowed and roared, and, flapping his fins, tried to burst from his hook; the skeletons wagged their jaws, and raised their fleshless fingers in mockery, while blue lights burnt in their eyeless sockets; the bellows became a prodigious bat fanning the fire with its wings; and the old alchemist assumed the appearance of the arch-fiend presiding over a witch's sabbath.

Auriol's brain reeled, and he pressed his hand to his brows, to exclude these phantasms from his sight. But even thus they pursued him; and he imagined he could hear the infernal riot going on around him.

Suddenly, he was roused by a loud joyful cry, and uncovering his eyes, he beheld the old alchemist pouring the contents of the matrass—a bright, transparent liquid—into a small phial. Having carefully secured the bottle with a glass stopper, the doctor held it towards the light, and gazed at it with rapture.

"At length," he exclaimed aloud—"at length, the great work is achieved. With the birth of the century now expiring, I first saw light, and the draught I hold in my hand shall enable me to see the opening of centuries and centuries to come. Composed of the lunar stones, the solar stones, and the mercurial stones—prepared according to the instructions of the Rabbi Ben Lucca, —namely, by the separation of the pure from the impure, the volatilization of the fixed, and the fixing of the volatile; this

elixir shall renew my youth, like that of the eagle, and give me length of days greater than any patriarch ever enjoyed."

While thus speaking, he held up the sparkling liquid, and gazed at it like a Persian worshipping the sun.

"To live for ever!" he cried, after a pause—"to escape the jaws of death just when they are opening to devour me! to be free from all accidents!—'tis a glorious thought!—ha!—I bethink me, the Rabbi said there was *one* peril against which the elixir could not guard me—*one* vulnerable point, by which, like the heel of Achilles, death might reach me! What is it?—where can it lie?"

And he relapsed into deep thought.

"This uncertainty will poison all my happiness," he continued; "I shall live in constant dread, as of an invisible enemy. But no matter! Perpetual life!—perpetual youth!—what more need be desired?"

"What more, indeed!" cried Auriol.

"Ha!" exclaimed the doctor, suddenly recollecting the wounded man, and concealing the phial beneath his gown.

"Your caution is vain, doctor," said Auriol. "I have heard what you have uttered. You imagine you have discovered the elixir vitæ."

"Imagine I have discovered it!" cried Doctor Lamb. "The matter is past all doubt. I am the possessor of the wondrous secret which the greatest philosophers of all ages have sought to discover—the miraculous preservative of the body against decay."

"The man who brought me hither told me you were my kinsman," said Auriol. "Is it so?"

"It is," replied the doctor, "and you shall now learn the connexion that subsists between us. Look at that ghastly relic," he added, pointing to the head protruding from the bag—"that was once my son Simon. His son's head is within the sack—your father's head—so that four generations are brought together."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the young man, raising himself on his elbow. "You, then, are my great-grandsire. My father supposed you had died in his infancy. An old tale runs in the family that you were charged with sorcery, and fled to avoid the stake."

"It is true that I fled, and took the name I bear at present," replied the old man; "but I need scarcely say that the charge brought against me was false. I have devoted myself to abstrusest science; have held commune with the stars; and have wrested the most hidden secrets from Nature—but that is all. Two crimes alone have stained my soul, but both, I trust, have been expiated by repentance."

"Were they deeds of blood?" asked Auriol.

"One was so," replied Darcy, with a shudder. "It was a

cowardly and treacherous deed, aggravated by the basest ingratitude. Listen, and you shall hear how it befel. A Roman rabbi, named Ben Lucca, skilled in Hermetic science, came to this city. His fame reached me, and I sought him out, offering myself as his disciple. For months, I remained with him in his laboratory—working at the furnace, and poring over mystic lore. One night, he shewed me that volume, and pointing to a page within it, said,—'Those characters contain the secret of confecting the elixir of long life. I will now explain them to you, and afterwards we will proceed to the operation.' With this, he unfolded the mystery; but he bade me observe, that the menstruum was defective on one point. Wherefore, he said, 'there will still be peril from some hidden cause.' Oh, with what greediness I drunk in his words! How I gazed at the mystic characters, as he explained their import! What visions floated before me of perpetual youth and enjoyment. At that moment, a demon whispered in my ear,—'This secret must be thine own. No one else must possess it.'"

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, starting.

"The evil thought was no sooner conceived, than acted upon," pursued Darcy. "Instantly drawing my poniard, I plunged it to the rabbi's heart. But mark what followed. His blood fell upon the book, and obliterated the characters; nor could I by any effort of memory recall the composition of the elixir."

"When did you regain the secret?" asked Auriol, curiously.

"To-night," replied Darcy—"within this hour. For nigh fifty years after that fatal night I have been making fruitless experiments. A film of blood has obscured my mental sight. I have proceeded by calcitration, solution, putrefaction—have produced the oils which will fix crude mercury, and convert all bodies into sol and luna; but I have ever failed in fermenting the stone into the true elixir. To-night, it came into my head to wash the blood-stained page containing the secret with a subtle liquid. I did so; and doubting the efficacy of the experiment, left it to work, while I went forth to breathe the air at my window. My eyes were cast upwards, and I was struck with the malignant aspect of my star. How to reconcile this with the good fortune which has just befallen me, I know not,—but so it was. At this juncture, your rash, but pious attempt occurred. Having discovered our relationship, and enjoined the gatekeeper to bring you hither, I returned to my laboratory. On glancing towards the mystic volume, what was my surprise to see the page free from blood!"

Auriol uttered a slight exclamation, and gazed at the book with superstitious awe.

"The sight was so surprising, that I dropped the heads I had brought with me," pursued Darcy. "Fearful of again losing the secret, I nerved myself to the task, and placing fuel on the fire, dismissed my attendant with brief injunctions relative to you.

I then set to work. How I have succeeded, you perceive. I hold in my hand the treasure I have so long sought,—so eagerly coveted. The whole world's wealth should not purchase it from me."

Auriol gazed earnestly at his aged relative, but he said nothing.

"In a few moments, I shall be as full of vigour and activity as yourself," continued Darcy. "We shall be no longer the great-grandsire and his descendant, but friends—companions—equals,—equals in age, strength, activity, beauty, fortune—for youth *is* fortune—ha! ha! Methinks, I am already young again!"

"You spoke of two crimes with which your conscience was burthened," remarked Auriol. "You have mentioned but one."

"The other was not so foul as that I have described," replied Darcy, in an altered tone, "inasmuch as it was unintentional, and occasioned by no base motive. My wife, your ancestress, was a most lovely woman, and so passionately was I enamoured of her, that I tried by every art to heighten and preserve her beauty. I fed her upon the flesh of capons, nourished with vipers; caused her to steep her lovely limbs in baths distilled from roses and violets; and had recourse to the most potent cosmetics. At last, I prepared a draught from poisons—yes, *poisons*—the effect of which I imagined would be wondrous. She drank it, and expired horribly disfigured. Conceive my despair at beholding the fair image of my idolatry, destroyed—defaced by my hand. In my frenzy, I should have laid violent hands upon myself, if I had not been restrained. Love may again rule my heart—beauty may again dazzle my eyes; but I shall never more feel the passion I entertained for my lost Amice — never more behold charms ravishing as hers."

And he pressed his hand to his face.

"The mistake you then committed should serve as a warning," said Auriol. "What if it be poison you have now confected? Try a few drops of it on some animal."

"No — no; it is the true elixir," replied Darcy. "Not a drop must be wasted. There is only sufficient for the purpose. You will witness its effects anon. Like the snake, I shall cast my slough, and come forth younger than I was at twenty."

"Meantime, I beseech you render me some assistance," groaned Auriol, "or, while you are preparing for immortality, I shall expire before your eyes."

"Be not afraid," replied Darcy, "you shall take no harm. I will care for you presently; and I understand leechcraft so well, that I will answer for your speedy and perfect recovery."

"Drink, then, to it!" cried Auriol.

"I know not what stays my hand," said the old man, raising the phial; "but now that immortality is in my reach, I dare not grasp it."

"Give me the potion, then," cried Auriol.

"Not for worlds," rejoined Darcy, hugging the phial to his

breast. "No, I will be young again—rich—happy. I will go forth into the world—I will bask in the smiles of beauty—I will feast, revel, sing—life shall be one perpetual round of enjoyment. Now for the trial!—ha!" and as he raised the potion towards his lips, a sudden pang shot across his heart. "What is this?" he cried, staggering. "Can death assail me when I am just about to enter upon perpetual life? Help me, good grandson! Place the phial to my lips. Pour its contents down my throat—quick! quick!"

"I am too weak to stir," groaned Auriol. "You have delayed it too long."

"Oh, heavens! we shall both perish," shrieked Darcy, vainly endeavouring to raise his palsied arm,—"perish with the blissful shore in view."

And he sank backwards, and would have fallen to the ground if he had not caught at the terrestrial sphere for support.

"Help me—help me!" he screamed, fixing a glance of unutterable anguish on his relative.

"It is worth the struggle," cried Auriol. And, by a great effort, he raised himself, and staggered towards the old man.

"Saved—saved!" shrieked Darcy. "Pour it down my throat. An instant, and all will be well."

"Think you I have done this for you?" cried Auriol, snatching the potion—"no—no."

And, supporting himself against the furnace, he placed the phial to his lips, and eagerly drained its contents.

The old man seemed paralysed by the action, but kept his eye fixed upon the youth till he had drained the elixir to the last drop. He then uttered a piercing cry, threw up his arms, and fell heavily backwards.

Dead—dead!

Flashes of light passed before Auriol's eyes, and strange noises smote his ears. For a moment he was bewildered as with wine, and laughed and sang discordantly like a madman. Every object reeled and danced around him. The glass vessels and jars clashed their brittle sides together, yet remained uninjured; the furnace breathed forth flames and mephitic vapours; the spiral worm of the alembic became red hot, and seemed filled with molten lead; the pipe of the bolt-head ran blood; the sphere of the earth rolled along the floor, and rebounded from the wall as if impelled by a giant hand; the skeletons grinned and gibbered; so did the death's head on the table; so did the skulls against the chimney; the monstrous sea-fish belched forth fire and smoke; the bald decapitated head opened its eyes, and fixed them, with a stony glare, on the young man; while the dead alchemist shook his hand menacingly at him.

Unable to bear these accumulated horrors, Auriol became, for a short space, insensible. On recovering, all was still. The lights within the lamp had expired; but the bright moonlight,

streaming through the window, fell upon the rigid features of the unfortunate alchemist, and on the cabalistic characters of the open volume beside him.

Eager to test the effect of the elixir, Auriol put his hand to his side. All traces of the wound were gone; nor did he experience the slightest pain in any other part of his body. On the contrary, he seemed endowed with preternatural strength. His breast dilated with rapture, and he longed to expend his joy in active motion.

Striding over the body of his aged relative, he threw open the window. As he did so, joyous peals burst from surrounding churches, announcing the arrival of the new year.

While listening to this clamour, Auriol gazed at the populous and picturesque city stretched out before him, and bathed in the moonlight.

"A hundred years hence," he thought, "and scarcely one soul of the thousands within those houses will be living, save myself. A hundred years after that, and their children's children will have gone to the grave. But I shall live on—shall live through all changes—all customs—all time. What revelations I shall then have to make, if I should dare to disclose them!"

As he ruminated thus, the skeleton hanging near him was swayed by the wind, and its bony fingers came in contact with his cheek. A dread idea was suggested by the occurrence.

"There is one peril to be avoided," he thought; "one peril!—what is it? Pshaw! I will think no more of it. It may never arise. I will begone. This place fevers me."

With this, he left the laboratory, and hastily descending the stairs, at the foot of which he found Flapdragon, passed out of the house.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AURIOL.

I.

THE RUINED HOUSE IN THE VAUXHALL ROAD.

LATE one night, in the spring of 1830, two men issued from a low, obscurely situated public-house, near Millbank, and shaped their course apparently in the direction of Vauxhall Bridge. Avoiding the footpath near the river, they moved stealthily along the further side of the road, where the open ground offered them an easy means of flight, in case such a course should be found expedient.

So far as it could be discerned by the glimpses of the moon, which occasionally shone forth from a rack of heavy clouds, the appearance of these personages was not much in their favour. Haggard features, stamped deeply with the characters of crime and debauchery; fierce, restless eyes; beards of several days' growth; wild, unkempt heads of hair, formed their chief personal characteristics; while sordid and ragged clothes; shoes without soles; and old hats without crowns, constituted the sum of their apparel.

One of them was tall and gaunt, with large hands and feet; but, despite his meagreness, he evidently possessed great strength: the other was considerably shorter, but broad-shouldered, bow-legged, long-armed, and altogether a most formidable ruffian. This fellow had high cheek-bones, a long aquiline nose, and a coarse mouth and chin, in which the animal greatly predominated. He had a stubby, red beard, with sandy hair, white brows and eyelashes. The countenance of the other was dark, and repulsive, and covered with blotches, the result of habitual intemperance. His eyes had a leering and malignant look. A handkerchief spotted with blood, and tied across his brow, contrasted strongly with his matted black hair, and increased his natural appearance of ferocity. The shorter ruffian carried a mallet upon his shoulder, and his companion concealed something beneath the breast of his coat, which afterwards proved to be a dark lantern.

Not a word passed between them, but, keeping a vigilant look-out, they trudged on with quick, but shambling steps. A few sounds arose from the banks of the river, and there was now and then a plash in the water, or a distant cry, betokening some passing craft; but generally, all was profoundly still. The quaint, Dutch-looking structures on the opposite bank, the line of coal-barges and lighters moored to the strand, the great timber-yards and coal-yards, the brew-houses, gas-works, and water-works, could only be imperfectly discerned; but the moonlight fell clear upon the ancient towers of Lambeth Palace,

and on the neighbouring church. The same glimmer also ran like a silver belt across the stream, and revealed the great, stern, fortress-like pile of the Penitentiary—perhaps the most dismal-looking structure in the whole metropolis. The world of habitations beyond this melancholy prison were buried in darkness. The two men, however, thought nothing of these things, and saw nothing of them; but, on arriving within a couple of hundred yards of the bridge, suddenly, as if by previous concert, quitted the road, and leaping a rail, ran across a field, and plunged into a hollow formed by a dried pit, where they came to a momentary halt.

"You've haven't been a-gammonin' me in this matter, Tinker?" observed the shorter individual. "The cove's sure to come?"

"Why, you can't expect me to answer for another as I can for myself, Sandman," replied the other; "but if his own word's to be taken for it, he's sartin to be there. I heerd him say as plainly as I'm a-speakin' to you,—'I'll be here to-morrow night—at the same hour——'"

"And that wos one o'clock?" said the Sandman.

"Thereabouts," replied the other.

"And who did he say that to?" demanded the Sandman.

"To hisself, I s'pose," answered the Tinker; "for, as I told you afore, I could see no one with him."

"Do you think he's one of our purfession—one of the Family?" inquired the Sandman.

"Bless you! no—that he ain't," returned the Tinker. "He's a reg'lar slap-up svell."

"That's no reason at all," said the Sandman. "Many a first-rate svell practises in our line. But he can't be in his right mind to come to such a ken as that, and go on as you mentions."

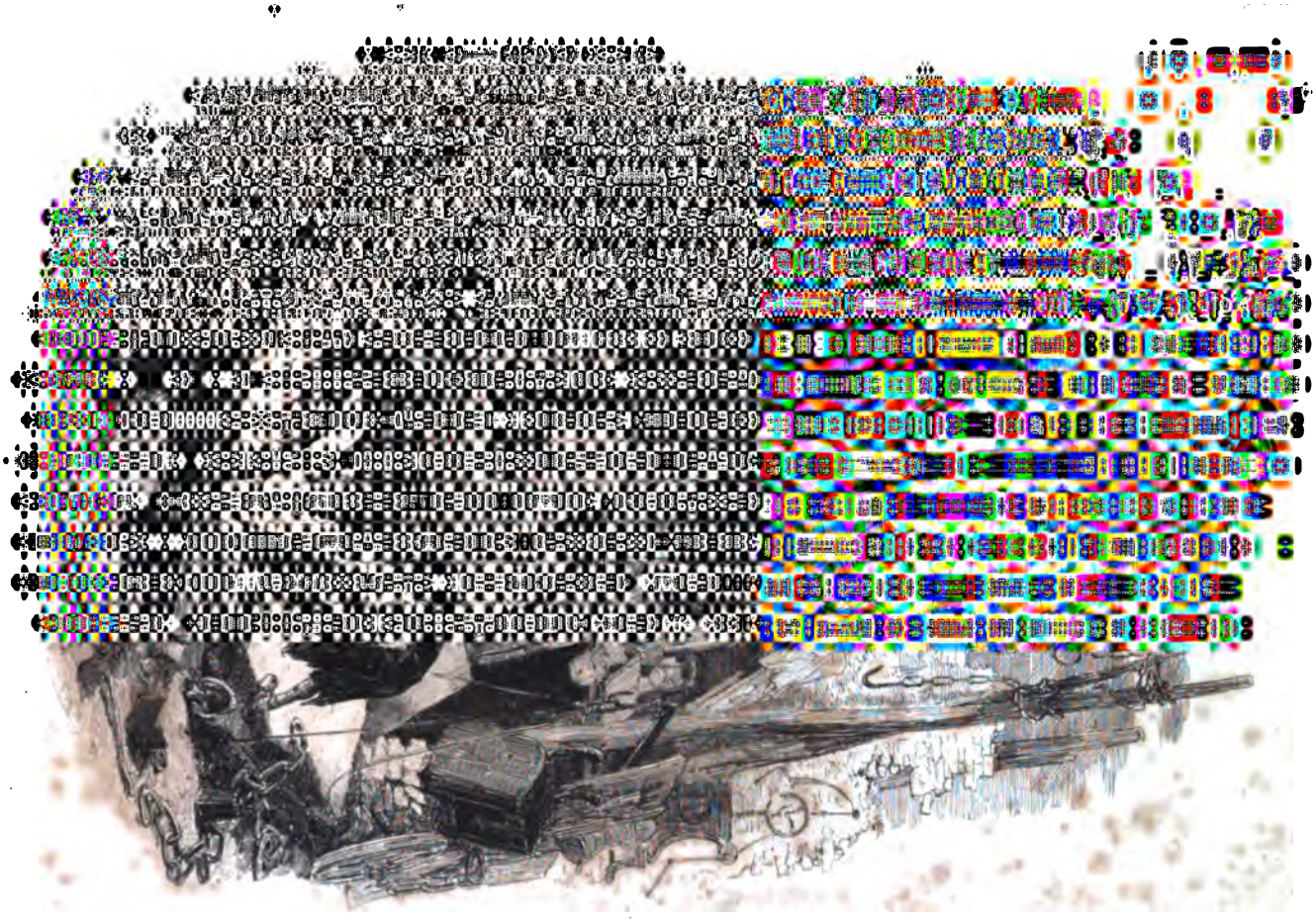
"As to that I can't say," replied the Tinker; "and it don't much matter as far as we're consarned."

"Devil a bit!" rejoined the Sandman, "except—you're sure it warn't a sperrit, Tinker. I've heerd say that this crib is haunted, and though I don't fear no livin' man, a ghost's a different sort of customer."

"Vell, you'll find our svell raal flesh and blood, you may depend upon it," replied the Tinker. "So come along, and don't let's be frightenin' ourselves vith ould vimen's tales."

With this, they emerged from the pit, crossed the lower part of the field, and entered a narrow thoroughfare, skirted by a few detached houses, which brought them into the Vauxhall-bridge Road.

Here they kept on the side of the street which was most in shadow, and crossed over whenever they came to a lamp. By and by, two watchmen were seen advancing from Belvoir-terrace, and, as the guardians of the night drew near, they crept into an alley to let them pass. As soon as the coast was clear, they ventured forth, and quickening their pace, came to a row



of deserted and dilapidated houses. This was their destination.

The range o habitations in question, more than a dozen in number, were, in all probability, what is vulgarly called "in chancery," and shared the fate of most property similarly circumstanced. They were in a sad, ruinous state — unroofed, without windows and floors. The bare walls were alone left standing, and these were in a very tumble-down condition.

In this state, the only purpose to which the neglected dwellings could be applied, was to turn them into receptacles for old iron, blocks of stone and wood, and other ponderous matters. The aspect of the whole place was so dismal and suspicious, that it was generally avoided by passengers after nightfall.

Skulking along the blank and dreary walls, the Tinker, who was now a little in advance, stopped before a door, and pushing it open, entered the dwelling. His companion followed him.

The extraordinary and incongruous assemblage of objects which met the gaze of the Sandman, coupled with the deserted appearance of the place, produced an effect upon his hardy but superstitious nature.

Looking round, he beheld huge mill-stones, enormous water-wheels, boilers of steam-engines, iron vats, cylinders, cranes, iron pumps of the strangest fashion, a gigantic pair of wooden scales, old iron safes, old boilers, old gas pipes, old water pipes, cracked old bells, old birdcages, old plates of iron, old pulleys, ropes, and rusty chains, huddled and heaped together in the most fantastic disorder.

In the midst of the chaotic mass frowned the bearded and colossal head of Neptune, which had once decorated the fore part of a man-of-war. Above it, on a sort of framework, lay the prostrate statue of a nymph, together with a bust of Fox, the nose of the latter being partly demolished, and the eyes knocked in. Above these, three wooden figures from a summer-house,—an old gentleman and two ladies,—laid their heads amicably together. On the left stood a tall Grecian divinity, or warrior, but minus the head and right hand. The whole was surmounted by an immense ventilator, stuck on the end of an iron rod, ascending, like a lightning-conductor, from the steam-engine pump.

Seen by the transient light of the moon, the various objects above enumerated produced a strange effect upon the beholder's imagination. There was a mixture of the grotesque and the terrible about them. Nor was the building itself devoid of a certain influence upon his mind. The ragged brickwork, overgrown with weeds, took with him the semblance of a human face, and seemed to keep a wary eye on what was going forward below.

A means of crossing from one side of the building to the other, without descending into the vault beneath, was afforded by a couple of planks; though as the wall on the further side was

some feet higher than that near at hand, and the planks were considerably bent, the passage appeared somewhat hazardous.

Glancing round for a moment, the Tinker leaped into the cellar, and unmasking his lantern shewed a sort of hiding-place, between a bulk of timber and a boiler, to which he invited his companion.

The Sandman jumped down.

"The ale I drank at the 'Two Fighting Cocks' has made me feel somewhat drowsy, Tinker," he remarked, stretching himself on the bulk, "I'll just take a snooze. You'll wake me up if I snore—or when our sperrit appears."

The Tinker replied in the affirmative; and the other had just become lost to consciousness, when he received a nudge in the side, and his companion whispered—"He's here!"

"Where—where?" demanded the Sandman, in some trepidation.

"Look up, and you'll see him," replied the other.

Slightly altering his position, the Sandman caught sight of a figure standing upon the planks above them. It was that of a young man. His hat was off, and his features, exposed to the full radiance of the moon, looked deathly pale, and though handsome, had a strange sinister expression. He was tall, slight, and well-proportioned; and the general cut of his attire, the tightly-buttoned, single-breasted coat, together with the moustache upon his lip, gave him somewhat of a military air.

"He seems a-valkin' in his sleep," muttered the Sandman. "He's a-speakin' to somebody unwisible."

"Hush—hush!" whispered the other. "Let's hear wot he's a-sayin'."

"Why have you brought me here?" cried the young man, in a voice so hollow that it thrilled his auditors. "What is to be done?"

"It makes my blood run cold to hear him," whispered the Sandman. "What d'ye think he sees?"

"Why do you not speak to me?" cried the young man—"why do you beckon me forward? Well, I obey. I will follow you."

And he moved slowly across the plank.

"See, he's a-goin' through that door," cried the Tinker. "Let's foller him."

"I don't half like it," replied the Sandman, his teeth chattering with apprehension. "We shall see summat as 'll scare avay our senses."

"Tut!" cried the Tinker—"it's only a sleepy-valker. Wot are you afeerd on?"

With this, he vaulted upon the planks, and peeping cautiously out of the open door to which they led, saw the object of his scrutiny enter the adjoining house, through a broken window.

Making a sign to the Sandman, who was close at his heels, the Tinker crept forward on all fours, and on reaching the window, raised himself just sufficiently to command the interior of the

dwelling. Unfortunately for him, the moon was at this moment obscured, and he could distinguish nothing except the dusky outline of the various objects with which the place was filled, and which were nearly of the same kind as those of the neighbouring habitation. He listened intently, but not the slightest sound reached his ears.

After some time spent in this way, he began to fear the young man must have departed, when all at once a piercing scream resounded through the dwelling. Some heavy matter was dislodged, with a thundering crash, and footsteps were heard approaching the window.

Hastily retreating to their former hiding-place, the Tinker and his companion had scarcely regained it, when the young man again appeared on the plank. His demeanour had undergone a fearful change. He staggered, rather than walked, and his countenance was even paler than before. Having crossed the plank, he took his way along the top of the broken wall towards the door.

"Now, then, Sandman!" cried the Tinker—"now's your time!"

The other nodded, and grasping his mallet with a deadly and determined purpose, sprang noiselessly upon the wall, and overtook his intended victim just before he gained the door.

Hearing a sound behind him, the young man turned, and only just became conscious of the presence of the Sandman, when the mallet descended upon his head, and he fell crushed and senseless to the ground.

"The work's done!" cried the Sandman to his companion, who instantly came up with the dark lantern; "let's take him below, and strip him."

"Agreed," replied the Tinker; "but first let's see wot he has got in his pockets."

"Vith all my 'art," replied the Sandman, searching the clothes of the victim. "A reader!—I hope it's well-lined. We'll examine it below. The body 'ud tell awkvard tales if any von should chance to peep in."

"Shall we strip him here?" said the Tinker. "Now the darkey shines on 'em, you see wot famous togs the cull has on."

"Do you want to have us scragged, fool?" cried the Sandman, springing into the vault. "Now, hoist him down here."

With this, he placed the wounded man's legs over his own shoulders, and, aided by his comrade, was in the act of heaving down the body, when the street door suddenly flew open, and a stout individual, attended by a couple of watchmen, appeared at it.

"There the villains are!" shouted the new comer. "They have been murdering a gentleman. Seize 'em—seize 'em!"

And as he spoke, he discharged a pistol, the ball from which whistled past the ears of the Tinker.

Without waiting for another salute of the same kind, which might possibly be nearer its mark, the ruffian kicked the lantern into the vault, and sprang after the Sandman, who had already disappeared.

Acquainted with the intricacies of the place, the Tinker guided his companion through a hole into an adjoining vault, whence they scaled a wall, got into the next house, and passing through an open window, made good their retreat, while the watchmen were vainly searching for them under every bulk and piece of iron.

"Here, watchmen!" cried the stout individual, who had acted as leader; "never mind the villains just now, but help me to convey this poor young gentleman to my house, where proper assistance can be rendered him. He still breathes; but he has received a terrible blow on the head. I hope his skull aint broken."

"It's to be hoped it aint, Mr. Thornicroft," replied the foremost watchman; "but them wos two desperate characters, as ever I see, and capable of any hatterosity."

"What a frightful scream I heard to be sure!" cried Mr. Thornicroft. "I was certain somethin' dreadful was goin' on. It was fortunate I wasn't gone to bed; and still more fortunate you happened to be comin' up at the time. But we musn't stand chatterin' here. Bring the poor young gentleman along—bring him along."

Preceded by Mr. Thornicroft, the watchmen carried the wounded man across the road towards a small house, the whole front of which, together with two wooden out-buildings, were decorated with articles of iron. The door was held open by a female servant, with a candle in her hand. The poor woman uttered a cry of horror, as the body was brought in.

"Don't be crying out in that way, Peggy," cried Mr Thornicroft, "but go and get me the brandy. Here, watchmen, lay the poor young gentleman down on the sofa—there, gently, gently. And now, one of you run to Wheeler-street, and fetch Mr. Howell, the surgeon. Less noise, Peggy—less noise, or you'll waken your young missis, and I wouldn't have her disturbed for the world."

With this, he snatched the bottle of brandy from the maid, filled a wine-glass with the spirit, and poured it down the throat of the wounded man. A stifling sound followed, and after struggling violently for respiration for a few seconds, the patient opened his eyes.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF G. P. R. JAMES.

"THE GIPSY," "MARY OF BURGUNDY," AND THEIR AUTHOR.

THERE is an incidental remark in one of the romances of Mr. James, to the effect, that if one could write the history of man's heart and its motives, how much more interesting, and instructive too, would the record be than the brightest volume that ever was written upon man's actions. It is because we hold that the stories of this popular contributor to the pleasures of the wide world of readers, wherever fiction in any of its infinite shapes is relished, are in an eminent degree combinations of the two essentials to interest and instruction—uniting with all that is bright and picturesque in man's actions, much that relates to the inner wonders of his heart and its motives,—for this reason it is, that we make the present reprint and collection of his works the subject of a welcome in these pages.

If any work were wanting to prove that this writer, besides being a powerful and brilliant chronicler of events, is a close, keen, searcher into the secrecies of humanity, an expounder of the heart's inexhaustible philosophy, and an uncompromising though unobtrusive moralist, here it is at once to be found in the opening volume of his proposed series: the series being a revised and corrected edition of those tales and novels with which he has enriched the modern library of fiction during the past twenty years, and invested history, tradition, and fancy, with fascinations for readers of all ages.

Of this design, which is to be worked out in quarterly volumes, each containing a novel, the commencement has already appeared—in a form the most attractive to the true novel-reader, presenting a page neither too meagre nor too full. The author has assigned himself the task of revising the whole of his writings, and doubtless it will be no light one, though his readers can have as little question that the result will amply reward his labours. In the production of such a series of works, of tales which must have involved so much previous research, and acquaintance with books of almost every period and country, such minute and curious knowledge, such patient investigation of subjects often quite away from the beaten track, it is quite impossible that any anxiety or habits of accuracy could be an effectual guard at all seasons against mistake; nor is it more possible that pages written with such dazzling rapidity, and with such a free and spontaneous flow of language, can be wholly free from those errors of composition, and defects in point of polish or concentration, which do not always escape the most laboured and fastidious pen. The memory possessed by Mr. James is perfectly wonderful, and more than a literary curiosity; and his style, as well as his facts, is singularly correct, if not invariably concise; but there cannot be a doubt that he is highly fortunate in this golden opportunity of revising and correcting his works, and giving them the benefit of his matured and deliberate judgment. That pleasant fortune his readers will share, unless he should happen to follow the example set by some writers, and under the plea of correcting, proceed to remodel his stories; changing the "venue" perhaps from Devon-

shire to Venice, bringing on new characters and displacing an old one, marrying off his hero instead of touchingly murdering him, or leaving a fair heroine, at the close of the scene, preparing for a nunnery instead of the nursery: whither Romance, after all, ordinarily tends, the common-place being supplementary to the sublime.

There is no danger of such grievous bewilderment to readers with good memories in Mr. James's case, if we may assume the principle of revision to be laid down in the opening story of the series. That story, moreover, has been well chosen for the introductory office; it is "The Gipsy," eminently worthy of the post of honour. This volume, we believe, has obtained a wide circulation in its present form; and we say it most cordially and unaffectedly, that it merits the widest. Few tales are calculated to interest more deeply, or to leave upon the enthusiastic and sensitive mind, a more delightful, a more lasting impression.

If we may presume to suppose that "The Gipsy," from its being selected as Volume One of the attractive series, stands high, or even highest in the estimation of its author, few of his readers, perhaps, would dissent from such a judgment. With ourselves it is an especial favourite. It takes a firm moral hold of an honest reader.

And here we may as well remark at once, that whatever defects of haste, misapprehension, or crudeness, Mr. James may detect in the course of his experiment of correcting, he is one of those authors who have nothing to erase but blots of a literary kind, perceptible, more or less, by all; nothing to strike away but redundancies or obscure passages; nothing to correct but imperfect narrative or misconstructed plot. For with as much gratification as confidence it may be declared, and every critical reader of his books must feel it to be true, that in no one portion of them, domestic or historical, is Mr. James called upon, by his conscientiousness and just feeling of responsibility as an author, to "revise or correct" any lesson inculcated by a story of his, to alter the tone or tendency of any chapter he has written, in regard to its moral influences upon the reader, young or old—to blot out a single line on the score of coarseness, or vulgarity, or offence of any kind to the highest or the nicest taste of the present time. Not a word anywhere. On the contrary, all his writings have a healthy and refining tendency; raising the mind by the contemplation of what is ennobled and exalted, softening it by pictures of suffering and endurance, moving the universal sympathies, and invigorating its virtuous passions by bold, but never overcharged delineations of evil, with misery dogging its steps, even when riot, luxury, and apparent success are of the company.

Such we believe to be the spirit of all the fictions referred to; the instructive points are never thrust forcibly into view, but neither are they ever lost sight of; no false doctrine, in respect either to sentiment or conduct, finds encouragement in any of them; a devout adoration of the Deity, we may venture to say, infuses into some appropriate scene or passage, not unfrequently, a feeling of beautiful solemnity, and is indicative of the objects and character of the writer. To say all in fewer words—his works, throughout their extent, supply by subject and by illustration, the most effective rebuke to the thoughtless undervaluers and the fanatical denouncers of novel and romance; they are sure to afford innocent pleasure, while they are not destitute of signs

that they may serve even a higher purpose. They seldom fail to beget in us a better temper towards men, and in proportion as they do that, they inspire us with a profounder reverence for the Creator.

In the feeling awakened by the story of "The Gipsy," which we may at least regard as the specimen tale of the domestic kind, all the impressions here described are embodied. The incidents of the tale, it is intimated, are true; they may or may not be, but we know the characters are; we are sure that the motives, the feelings, and the lessons to be drawn from them are very true. It is a story of actions, but more of motives, passions, and the mind; in other words, the reader derives more knowledge of the characters through the medium of their feelings and speculations, their antipathies, affinities, and prejudices, than by any actual deeds done and performed by them, though these are all perfectly consistent and expressive. The persons of the story have characters by which they would be known, though they chanced to do nothing at all. Action in this tale illustrates character with remarkable nicety.

It is a story of a supposed fratricide, the reputed murderer succeeding to a title and large estates; and his beloved son, a chivalrous and quick-spirited youth, receiving for the first time intelligence of the appalling event, when he is just on the eve of marriage, from a gipsy chief, who had been once suspected as the assassin. He was but the unseen witness of the deed, the resolute concealer of the assassin's name. When he breathes it, its effects can only be to strike down a gallant, generous youth from high nobility and affluence to a condition whose lightest penalties were exile and beggary. But the poor gipsy is a more potent spirit than Lord Dewry, dead or living, and he weaves some threads of blessedness into this web of evil. A light, golden edge, with summer hopes peering above it, is at intervals visible round the dark thunder-cloud of fate. The story is not overshadowed (none of this author's are) by pain and gloom.

The positive action comprises but few persons, and covers but a short space of time; the interest, however, is so concentrated, that from the point where it first, after long smouldering, bursts into a flame, it never for a moment abates, or ceases to lighten up all that there is of the imaginative, the wondering, and the sympathizing in the reader's nature. There is a spell cast over him, close and irresistible as that which works upon his mind, when Fenimore Cooper carries him, breathless with curiosity and suspense, over his trackless and interminable prairies. The glorious gipsy, Pharold, is a sort of Indian "pale-face," a white skin, with a red man's instincts; or rather, he is a Leatherstocking of the fields, hill-sides, and hedgeways of England. All the scenes in which he is prominently engaged are drawn with admirable power—a power that gathers strength at each repetition of its exercise: certain test of the vivid reality of the conception, and of the author's faith in his own work. In the keen gipsy's midnight excursions and adventures in park and wood, his starlight flittings on mysterious roads, his collisions with foresters and keepers to protect even the misguided and worthless of his wandering race,—above all, in those scenes where this generous and disinterested being, with courage and fidelity blending in every drop of the blood that rushes through his proud heart, is hunted and chased, hour by hour, by hound-like enemies through the tangled mazes of woods; where,

amidst a hundred perils and unspeakable persecutions, he snatches from the torrent, into which he plunged, the daughter of the family whose chief seeks his life with insatiable hatred and vindictiveness, bearing her to her very house, only to be captured; where, too, the gipsy hero, firm to meet inevitable death rather than violate a promise given, is lured in cold-blooded treachery into a trap by the youth whose life he is perilling his own to save;—we are continually reminded, in all these encounters and escapes, of the alarms, vicissitudes, agitation, excitements and suspense, of Cooper's Indian Scenes; and if we knew how to express higher admiration, the Gipsy should have it.

Pharold is a creature of the rarest virtues and the wildest and most incurable prejudices. His bitter misanthropy, his intellectual and ardent love of nature, his contempt for law and law-practices, his unconquerable aversion to the habits and usages of towns and social life, his thirst for liberty, which is the passion of its existence, are all equalled, but only equalled in intensity, by the native heroism of his heart, by the depth of his affections, by his trustworthiness under awful temptations, and by his eager love of all good and noble men. Such a character, unless bravely developed as it was richly imagined, would be apt to degenerate into the melo-dramatic and the extravagant. Pharold, on the contrary, shoots, as he should do, from the broad level of the natural, on which the character is based, into the romantic and the poetical. There is a great deal of tender and beautiful writing embodying these gipsy humanities, and the page often glows with lofty sentiment, while it sparkles with thought.

There is nothing to be read in any book much more affecting than Pharold's dejected love and unrewarded devotedness; nothing more elevating to the spirit than the spectacle of his truthfulness and dignity amidst persecutions.

And what a thrilling, well-constructed story is that of which Pharold is the humble hero! Moreover, it has a well-concealed catastrophe, mitigating the pain which had been growing excessive; though this pain is softened all through, in some degree, by a gentleness of heart and a sympathy with all genial and loving natures, that insensibly oozes through the narrative and wins one to the course of the story, wander as it will—which is never far from the point. It teaches a better lesson than despondency. But the terrible exhibition of depravity in the usurping Lord Dewry, his gradual dropping into low degrees of wretchedness and crime, the constant widening of the foul circle of sin, the spasms of daily and hourly fear, the withering influences of remorse—these required relief, and relief we have in delineations of three or four of the most genial characters that ever, by their manifest reality, made melancholy people, studious of romance, fall violently in love with real life again. These are chiefly ladies, three graces, of whom one might be a grandmother, and yet is she the first divinity of the three. Fine old Mrs. Falkland is, without exception, the most exquisite and worshipable elderly lady in all literature; every part of her conduct is delightful, and yet she is pure nature, without exaggeration or disguise. No picture could be touched with less pretence or more happy effect. But the two younger fascinaters—the high-minded, affectionate Marian, and the more frolicsome and giddy, but hardly less fervid and soft-hearted

Isadore—are heroines worthy to repose under the wings of a Mrs. Falkland. In loftier phrase, we already have the portraits of this pair, in their fresh colours and unfading lustre, placed "on the line" in the portrait-gallery of the true feminine ideal.

No extract would fully exemplify the spirit of this romance, not even one of the spirited park scenes, or the interview between the proud, guilty nobleman and the miserable gipsy lad whom he lures into treachery at which the heart sickens, it is so unspeakably base.

"Mary of Burgundy," the second volume of this edition, commences the historical series. This was the first of his works on which the author employed an amanuensis, the plan of dictation being suggested by Sir Walter Scott as a great alleviation of literary labour. The reader, by a comparison of these pages with the previous writings of Mr. James, may judge if any difference or peculiarity be consequent upon this change in the process of composition. If the plan of dictating have a general tendency, as some think, to engender a profusion of words and habits of needless elaboration—the distinction being that which exists between a written essay and a speech delivered—it should at least be remembered that "Paradise Lost" is no example of verboseness.

This romance seems to have resulted from speculations and inquiries growing out of the Three Days in Paris, and the general state of opinion in Europe at that time. Revolutions were not just then very extraordinary romances; nevertheless, Mr. James being on the actual scene of the great French drama, had opportunities of learning the motives, and even some of the secret proceedings of various agents in the giant work; and hence a train of speculation and some historical research regarding the important point, whether such insurrections are not very frequently failures, even when they appear to be successes; whether the changes commonly effected by revolutions, even where they interfere with dynasties, subvert parties, transpose factions, and threaten to alter the framework of society, are not, nevertheless, changes more apparent than real.

He remarks:—"On looking back throughout all history, I found that, in almost every case, where great movements of the masses had taken place, the ultimate results were by no means commensurate with the forces brought into operation; that institutions very similar to those which had been carried away rose again in their place; modified it is true—but slightly; and that changes of names were more commonly to be found than changes of things, as the consequences of a revolution." This is to some extent true, and the reasons are obvious. The great qualities of energy, patriotism, courage, and unity, in the assertion of rights and privilege, often displayed by a people, are called forth by the pressure of grievances, and the ill-working of institutions. With their overthrow and removal, the great effort for redress ceases; the myriads who effect the revolution are not adequate to the task of re-construction; and having with toils and sacrifices performed their part of the compact, they are apt to conclude the work accomplished, and to tolerate, in the season of comparative ease and tranquillity, re-erections under the name of new erections.

At all events, with reflections on revolutions in his mind, he turned to the striking subject of the revolt of the people of Ghent, in the time of the beautiful and interesting Mary; and in the chronicles

of Flanders, and various writers rich in the narratives of the time, he found incidents sufficiently romantic and abundant to give invention a holiday. Fiction, however, by no means sleeps through the course of these historical pages; for although the principal incidents are unquestionably authentic, imagination supplies not merely the rich colouring and the connecting scenes, but facts and characters in the liveliest profusion. It is one of the most dramatic, vigorous, and animated of his narratives, interesting us both by persons and events. The Princess herself is a noble reality, adorned with all the loveliness of fancy; and of the characters purely imaginary, Albert Maurice, the chief, stands out as a figure conceived in a masterly mould of revolutionary romance; while every modification of the character, as it is affected in its course by its own innate weaknesses and by the influence of outward circumstances, is marked with consummate discrimination. With the political philosophy of the hero and the story, we have nothing to do. The romance has now the advantage of a graphic introduction.

But it is the general preface, introductory of the series, at which we have, in conclusion, to glance. If Mr. James is herein egotistical, as he says, all that the better. The egotism of an author is generally the gain of his readers, who have no other chance of a personal meeting with him. There is little, however, of the personal in it. Of story, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, he "has none to tell;" but he affords us a pleasant peep or two into the dim opening corners of his boyish mind, and shews us how much of the pleasure derivable from the many-coloured devices of his fancy, and from his intellectual ardour and penetration, we owe to the favour and encouragement extended to his early essays in literature, by two men who will ever be known to the world as equally amiable and eminent—Washington Irving and Walter Scott. To the latter he once wrote, sending him a youthful volume, innocently asking the great author *to read it*, and promising to abide by his decision—be it to write on or desist. Scott read and advised:—Write on! Hence this splendid and prosperous series of romances! As Sir John was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, so Sir Walter was not only an immense novelist, but the cause of novels. Mr. James will readily forgive us, when we profess to be grateful to his illustrious adviser in each of the two characters.

Mr. James, however, favours us with some particulars of his boyhood. He was at a large school at Putney, where being very idle, though quick, Horace and Homer were driven into him with difficulty. But this idleness could not have been long-lived, for besides "fancying that he understood Dante," he really did know at fifteen more of the niceties of the French language than he is master of now. He tried Arabic and Persian, re-constructed papers in the "Rambler," (very unprofitably to himself, and perhaps not advantageously to Johnson,) afterwards dipped deep into religious and metaphysical controversies, and gave attention besides, for some considerable period, to comparative anatomy. But above all, when a mere child, he seems to have relished with most ardour and rapture—the "Arabian Nights!" No wonder. May we live to owe to him a thousand and one English nights.

We close with the simple mention of a fact which will interest the reader, while it exalts the author in his esteem. Mr. James acquired,

while yet in boyhood, two habits which he justly says are not common with boys. "One was to analyze all my own sensations, and the other to examine the results of other people's conduct, and apply the lesson to myself." These early-formed habits seem partly to have led him in after-life to a high and steadfast sense of the grave responsibilities of authorship, and he confidently believes that he has derived from them important advantages.

We hope, ere long, to see Mr. James upon another arena, even more distinguished than that of literature, where his varied and brilliant talents, his active habits of business, and his eloquence, are sure to be brought fully into play.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. X.

THE LEGEND OF KING ROBERT OF SICILY; SHEWING HIS PRIDE AND MISERY, AND WHO IT WAS THAT TAUGHT HIM A LESSON, AND SATE ON HIS THRONE.

HAVING skimmed over the general ground of pastoral, and reserving its latest Sicilian development for our closing number, we return to the point we diverged from, in the history of the fair island, to see what measure of honey it will best suit our Blue Jar to select for the present. And we can find none of a more surpassing sweetness, turbid as it seems at first, and as unlike pastoral as need be, than the most strange, mirthful, serious, royal, plebeian, earthly, heavenly, edifying, and most vicissitudinous legend, entitled the Legend of King Robert.

We can find nothing to equal it during the two hundred years' reign of the Saracens, who succeeded the Greeks and Romans; nor yet during the Norman sway, romantic as the origin of that was, and the work of a handful of gentlemen. Who King Robert, however, might have been, in common earthly history, whether intended to shadow forth one of those adventurous Norman chieftains, or one of the various dukes who contend for the honour of being called Robert the Devil, or whether he was Robert of Anjou, hight Robert the Wise, the friend of Petrarch and Bocaccio, and father of the calumniated Joanna, we must leave to antiquaries to determine. Suffice to say, that in history angelical, and in the depths of one of the very finest kinds of truth, he was King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban, and of the Emperor *Valemond*. A like story has been told of the Emperor *Jovinian* (whoever that prince might have been,—doubtless somebody else); and we shall not dispute that something of the kind may have occurred to him also, since very strange things happen to the most haughty of princes, if we did but know their whole lives; not excepting their being taken for fools by their own people, or meeting a rebuke, however rare, from an angel. We shall avail ourselves of any light which either of these histories of king and emperor may throw on the other.

Writers, then, inform us, that King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great valour and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient, that he did not like to bend his knee to Heaven itself, but would sit twirling his beard, and looking with something worse than indifference round about him, during the gravest services of the church.

One day, while he was present at vespers on the eve of St. John, his attention was excited to some words in the Magnificat, in consequence of a sudden dropping of the choristers' voices. The words were these: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*" (He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.) Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything of Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning of these words; and being told what it was, observed, that such expressions were no better than an old song, since men like himself were not so easily pulled down, much less supplanted by poor creatures whom people called "humble."

The chaplain, doubtless out of pure astonishment and horror, made no reply; and his majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some lapse of time, the royal "sitter in the seat of the scornful," owing, as he thought, to the sound of the organ, but in reality to a great droning fly in his ear, woke up in more than his usual state of impatience; and he was preparing to vent it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived the church empty. Every soul was gone, excepting a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions. He addressed her to no purpose: he spoke louder and louder, and was proceeding as well as rage and amaze would let him, to try if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, suddenly catching a sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffled away, first closing the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap. The very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white, for shame and rage. "Here is conspiracy—rebellion! This is that sanctified traitor, the duke. Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What ho, there! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice, through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another jibe at his prisoner:

"*I* see you, there," said he—"by the big lamp, grinning like a *rat* in a trap. How do you like your bacon?"

Now, whether King Robert was of the blood of that Norman chief who felled his enemy's horse with a blow of his fist, we know not; but certain it is, that the only answer he made the sexton was by dashing his enormous foot against the door, and bursting it open in his teeth. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as his sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

"Well," said the porter, "what do *you* want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the king, pushing back the door, with the same gigantic foot.

"Go to the devil!" said the porter, who was a stout fellow too, and pushed the king back before he expected resistance. The king, however, was too much for him. He felled him to the ground; and half strode, half rushed into the palace, followed by the exasperated janitor.

"Seize him," cried the porter.

"On your lives," cried the king. "Look at me, fellow:—who am I?"

"A mad beast and fool; that's what you are," cried the porter; "and you're a dead man, for coming drunk into the palace, and hitting the king's servants. Hold him fast."

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who was going to visit his mistress, and had been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the looking-glass in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the king, "is the world run mad? or what is it? Do your rebels pretend not even to know me. Go before me, sir, to my rooms." And as he spoke, the king shook off his assailants, as a lion does curs, and moved onwards.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him; and then looking with a sort of staring indifference in his face, said, in a very mild tone, "Some madman."

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain's hand, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.* It was another man's face, very hot and vulgar; and had something in it at once melancholy and ridiculous.

"By the living God!" exclaimed Robert, "here is witchcraft! I am changed." And, for the first time in his life, a sensation of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained. All the world believed in witchcraft, as well as King Robert; but they had still more certain proofs of the existence of drunkenness and madness; and the king's household had seen the king come forth from church as usual, and were ready to split their sides for laughter at the figment of this raving impostor, pretending to be King Robert *changed!*

"Bring him in—bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments; "the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter (for courts were not quite such well-bred places then as they are now), he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word "hideous," roared with greater laughter than before; for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling at present that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had struck him. He stopped, and essayed to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert

thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared him, for he was of great courage.

It was an angel.

But the angel was not going to disclose himself yet, nor for a long time. Meanwhile, he behaved, on the occasion, very much like a man; we mean, like a man of ordinary feelings and resentments, though still mixed with a dignity beyond what had been before observed in the Sicilian monarch. Some of the courtiers attributed it to a sort of royal instinct of contrast, excited by the claims of the impostor; but others (by the angel's contrivance) had seen him, as he came out of the church, halt suddenly, with an abashed and altered visage, before the shrine of St. Thomas, as if supernaturally struck with some visitation from Heaven for his pride and unbelief. The rumour flew about on the instant, and was confirmed, by an order given from the throne, the moment the angel seated himself upon it, for a gift of hitherto unheard-of amount to the shrine itself.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of idiots, thou shalt be crowned and sceptered with a cap and bauble, and be my fool."

Robert was still tongue-tied. He tried in vain to speak—to roar out his disgust and defiance; and half mad, indeed, with the inability, pointed, with his quivering finger, to the inside of his mouth, as if in apology to the beholders for not doing it. Fresh shouts of laughter made his brain seem to reel within him.

"Fetch the cap and bauble," said the sovereign, "and let the King of Fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit to what he thought the power of the devil; and began to have glimpses of a real though hesitating sense of the advantage of securing friendship on the side of Heaven. But rage and indignation were uppermost; and while the attendants were shaving his head, fixing the cap, and jeeringly dignifying him with the bauble-sceptre, he was racking his brains for schemes of vengeance. What exasperated him most of all, next to the shaving, was to observe, that those who had flattered him most when a king, were the loudest in their contempt, now that he was the court-zany. One pompous lord in particular, with a high and ridiculous voice, which continued to laugh when all the rest had done, and produced fresh peals by the continuance, was so excessively provoking, that Robert, who felt his vocal and muscular powers restored to him as if for the occasion, could not help shaking his fist at the grinning slave, and crying out, "Thou beast, Terranova;" which, in all but the person so addressed, only produced additional merriment. At length, the king ordered the fool to be taken away, in order to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupified; but he found himself hungry against his will, and gnawed the bones which had been chucked away by his nobles.

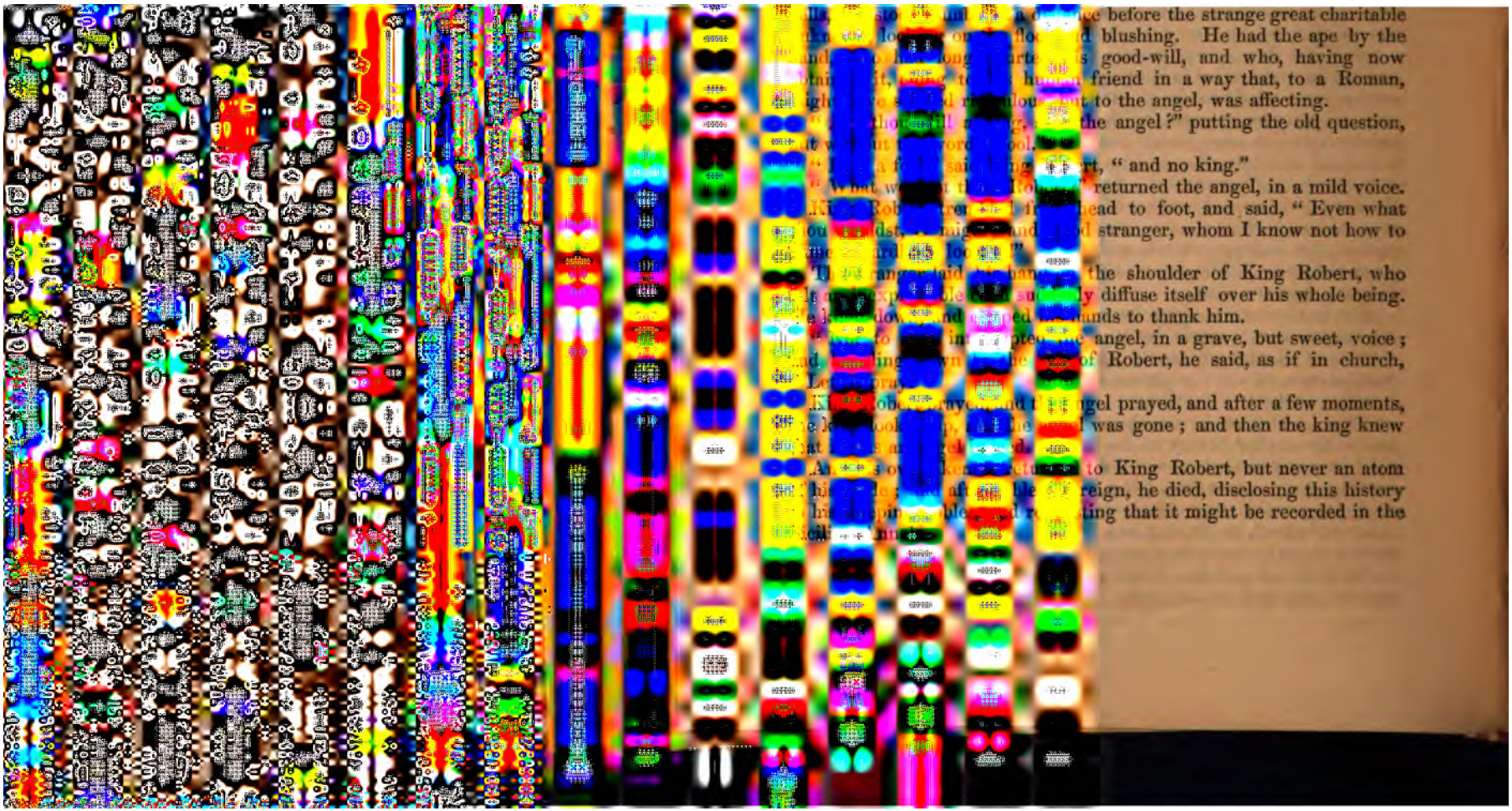
The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and subjected to every indignity that his quondam favourites could heap on him, without the power to resent it. For the new monarch seemed unjust to him only. He had all the humiliations, without any of the privileges, of the cap and bells, and was the dullest fool ever heard of. All the notice the king took of him, consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou

still a king?" Robert, for some weeks, loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but a signal for a roar of laughter, converted his speech into the silent dignity of a haughty and royal attitude; till, observing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he ingeniously adopted a manner which expressed neither defiance nor acquiescence, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered king: for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was reasonable; the nobles themselves were expected to work after their fashion—to study, to watch zealously over the interests of their tenants, to travel, and bring home new books and innocent luxuries. Half the day throughout Sicily was given to industry, and half to healthy and intellectual enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with benedictions; and the fool heard them, and began to wonder *what the devil* the devil had to do with appearances so extraordinary. And thus, for the space of time we have mentioned, he lived wondering, and sullen, and hating, and hated, and despised.

At the expiration of these two years, or nearly so, the king announced his intention of paying a visit to his brother the pope and his brother the emperor, the latter agreeing to come to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, clad in the most magnificent garments, all but the fool, who was arrayed in fox-tails, and put side by side with an ape, dressed like himself. The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face, and to bless it, the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed particularly to delight the sovereign. The fool, bewildered, came after the court-pages, by the side of his ape, exciting shouts of laughter, and, in some bosoms, not a little astonishment, to think how a monarch so kind and considerate to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them, that this fool was the most perverse and insolent of men towards the prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of indignation against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the island.

The fool had still a hope, that when his holiness the pope saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end; for though he had had no religion at all, properly speaking, he had retained something even of a superstitious faith in the highest worldly form of it. The good pope, however, beheld him without the least recognition: so did the emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with unfeigned admiration at the exalted beauty of his former altered self, and not with the old faces of pretended good-will and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility, for the first time, fell gently upon him. Instead of getting as far as possible from his companion the ape, he approached him closer and closer, partly that he might shroud himself under the very shadow of his insignificance, partly from a feeling of absolute sympathy, and a desire to possess, if not one friend in the world, at least one associate who was not an enemy.



THE REBELS: A TALE OF EMMETT'S DAYS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART I.—THE COUSINS.

Upon a bright and sunny morning in the early part of the summer of 1803, an immense funeral procession might be traced winding from the Rathfarnham road, through some of the principal streets of Dublin, over Essex-bridge, and so on towards Clontarf. The velvet trappings of the horses, the heavy plumes that decorated their heads and canopied the hearse, together with the number of mourning and other carriages that followed, bespoke the deceased lady to have been one of the higher rank of life, while the multitude of pedestrians that lengthened the procession ostensibly evinced the respect in which she had been held.

Rudely attired horsemen, bestriding steeds as rough and wild looking as if newly taken from the Kerry mountains, followed the coaches; and then came an indiscriminate throng of men and women clad in the blue-caped coat, or hooded cloak of the country—the latter drawn over the head, and held down, giving, when seen in the mass, a most sombre effect; but when occasionally thrown side-ways off the clear ruddy cheek of some young *coleen*, bestowing no little piquancy to the roguish glance of a dark Milesian eye, that might here and there be seen coquettishly peeping from under them.

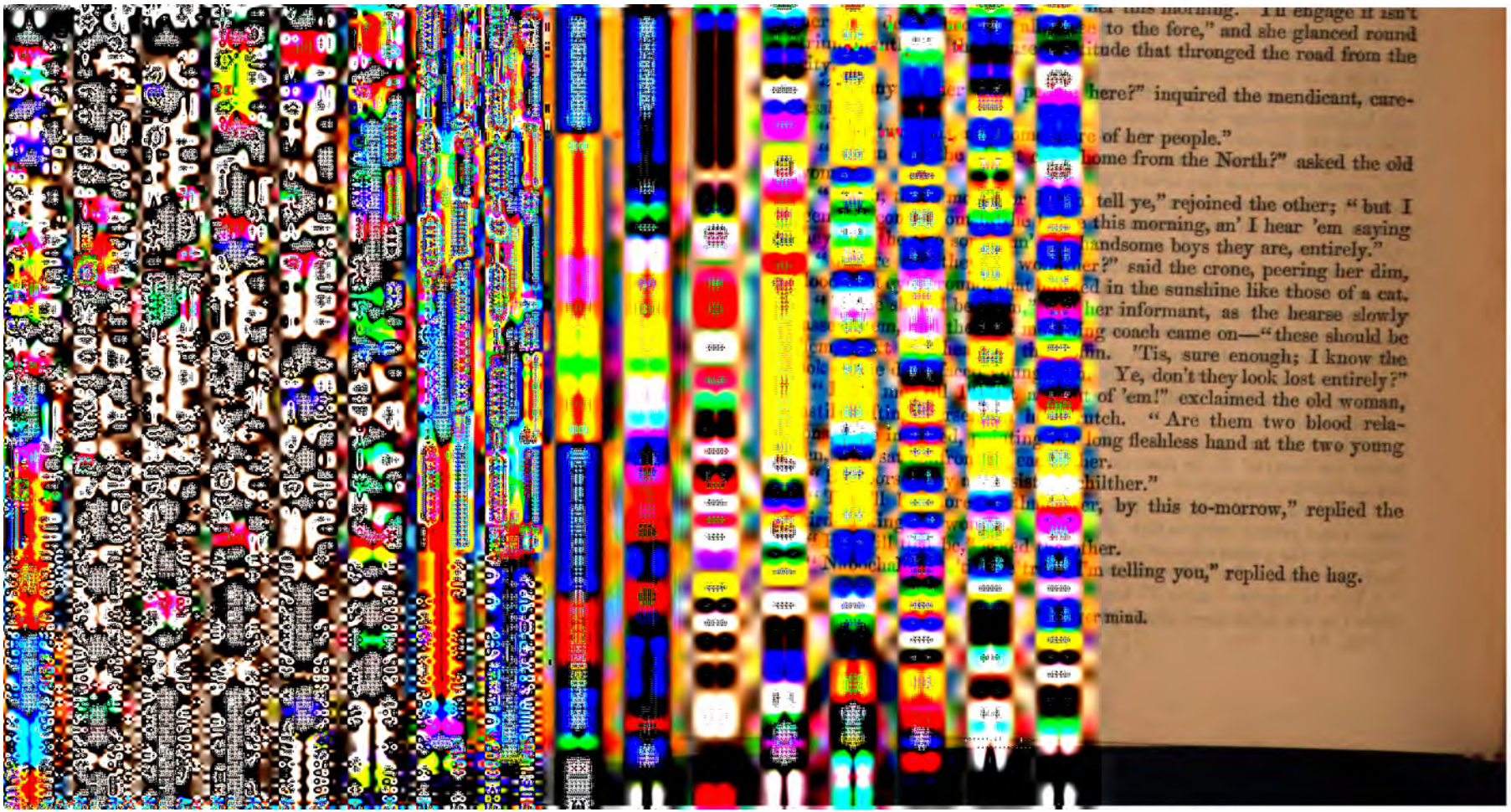
There was no "keening," as the funeral cry is technically called in Ireland; but now and then the women would break off from gossip and laughter to clap their hands, and move their heads from side to side with the peculiar action of grief. The occupants of the coach, who in right of consanguinity followed at the head of the corpse, were four young men—the two sons of the deceased, and two nephews, the children of her sister; but although thus nearly connected, it was easy to observe that on the present occasion but little kindred feeling existed between them. A gloomy silence that might have passed for the taciturnity of grief, but for the sullenness that darkened the countenances of the two elder cousins, had continued unbroken throughout their melancholy journey. When crossing the bridge, however, that leads over the canal, the narrowness of the road occasioned a temporary delay, and amongst the crowd a shrill voice was heard exclaiming—

"Where am I—at all, at all, good people? Och! I believe I'm on God's earth on a hill. Will nobody take me out of this—the eyes are dim wid me?"

"'Tis on the bridge you are, Ansty! Give us a grip of your hand before the berryin' 'll be done on ye!" answered a woman, who made one amidst the crowd.

"Take me out o' this, for the love of God!" she continued, in the same nasal whine with which she was in the habit of soliciting the charity of the passers-by—"take me out o' this, for the love of God, Nelly Orrigan! I'm kilt entirely wid the *hate*, and the druth!"

"Is it to lose the burrin'?" inquired her friend, in a tone of similar import to the modern—"Don't you wish you may get it?"



· t ye, is the makings of a fine man," said Nelly,
: the younger of the two sons; "he is the dead
"
isn't, he soon will be," replied old Ansty, with a
· dark wit of her suggestion, which appeared not to
· her companion, who continued—
· ye, there isn't an inch between himself an' the young
· for all that, he's but a gossoon. I never seen any one
· quick; 'tis only the other day since I used to see him with
young boys fishing of a summer's evening in the Dodder;
· till I hear the people say they war the brothers, I didn't
·um for the same."
· ll tell ye a greater miricle," said Ansty, her yellow, withered
distorted to more than its natural repulsiveness, by her fearful
n; "he will grow more between this an' to-morrow night, than he
· any twelve months of his life."
Yo. you're a queer woman; what meaning have ye, at all—at all?"
· Nelly, with a very perceptible shiver.
"Just what I'm saying," said old Ansty; "sit down, till we'll hav'
· huffle of the cards, an' I'll tell you the farthume of them four."
"God be good to us!" exclaimed Nelly, in real horror; "is it in
· face of the corpse, and before all the people, you'd entice me!"
"Devil a much the corpse 'ill mind us," returned the old woman; "and for them that's following her, not one of 'em but 'ud run a mile to hear what I'll tell you now."
"I'm obliged to you all the same," rejoined Nelly Orrigan; "but I intind to follow the funeral." And she endeavoured to disentangle herself from the grasp the ancient sybil retained of her cloak.
"Time enough," returned the latter; "don't you see something has crossed the hearse, more luck to it, an' they're obliged to wait this way. Sit down awhile, it 'ill be asy for you to pick up wid 'em again."
Afraid of offending her companion, Nelly reluctantly yielded to her ill luck, and once more sat down beside her.
"As I was going to tell you," continued Ansty, coming closer than ever to her victim; "the youngest of them two forenent me, will come this journey again this day week; but if it is, he'll be the length of himself before himself, all the way."
"Blessed hour! is it a corpse he'll be?" asked Nelly, breathlessly.
"As sure as I hav' a head on me," said the other, bringing her cadaverous visage into startling proximity to Nelly's.
"The cross of Christ between us an' all harm!" exclaimed Nelly, devoutly crossing herself. "But 'tis you are the wondtherful woman, Ansty Connelly! Is it his fetch you've seen?"
"That's neither here nor there," answered Ansty, mysteriously; "believe me or believe me not, till you see it come to pass. But here's another thing I hav' to tell you, the corpse hav' but a small share in bringing all these together. I see men from all counties, neither friends nor followers—what is it brought them to the burrin', do ye think?"
"'Tis yourself knows best, Ansty," replied her now thoroughly frightened companion, "I thought they were tinents, or people like myself that had a respect for her."
"Look at that man upon the rough pony that hav' his hat pulled

down over his face, and the great coat upon him; see, he keeps up to the side of the carriage that the young masther is in. Do ye know who that is?"

"Not the laste in the world!"

"Whisper!" continued the mendicant, approaching her head to the other's, "that is Mr. Robert Emmett! Now, do ye guess what's bringing them together?"

"Och! he's sold—he's lost!" exclaimed Nelly, leaping from the ground; "one of them in the car b'longs to the Castle sogers—Mr. Douglass Hewitt."

"Hould ye'r whist, ye omadhaun!" interrupted Ansty, dragging her again to her side, "unless you'd give him up to them yourself, will ye be quiet. His friends don't know him there, so 'tis hard if the Castle people would find him out!"

"Och! a yea! but these are the bad times," said Nelly, lamentingly, "when two in a house wont be of the same heart and mind; and the one blood itself 'ill belong to different factions."

"Wait awhile; why wait awhile?" said Ansty, raising herself on her crutch; "before that corpse is well under the ground, you'll know the truth of what you're saying." And with this assurance the old woman took leave of her gossip, and turning down a narrow lane at the back of the shed, disappeared.

"Faith, an' it's you're the dthroll woman, Ansty Connelly!" muttered Nelly, also rising. "Devil welcome you here, any way. I declare the heart in me is as low as a carroge's kidney,* listening to the queer talk you had."

So saying, Nelly shook the dust from her cloak, and again took her place among the crowd, pondering over all that the beggar-woman had predicted, and determining to see the end of the affair.

For the first four months of the infatuated Emmett's attempts to organize a rebellion in Ireland, government continued perfectly ignorant of the danger with which it was menaced; but after that period, rumours of his proceedings reached the authorities, although no means were taken to frustrate them, either from an idea that it was in itself too unimportant to be much regarded; or, in the cruel policy of the times, to allow time for its full development, in order to entrap a greater number of victims, and thus insure more signal vengeance than a trifling execution of two or three individuals.

Deeply imbued with the visionary and romantic projects which the unfortunate Emmett so wildly followed out, young, ardent, and impetuous, the names that still scatter a sad radiance over the otherwise dark page that is charactered with the rebellion of '98 had for many an enthusiastic son of "Old Trinity" a meretricious glare, that, *ignis-fatuus*-like, glowed only to destroy. And for none more fatally than for young Perring! Schoolfellows, and afterwards brother-col-

* A black creeping insect, something like the beetle, very much detested by the lower order of Irish, who have a legend, that on the Sunday on which our Saviour plucked the ears of corn, some Jews pursued him, and coming up to one of his followers, demanded which way he had gone. The disciple affected ignorance, when one of these insects, instigated no doubt by the devil, exclaimed, "Through the fields!—through the fields!" And to this day it is not unfrequent to observe the lower order of catholics killing them, all the while exclaiming, "Seven deadly sins off my soul!—seven deadly sins off my soul!" which they absolutely believe are remitted on the destruction of one of those Judas's insects.

legians, their imaginations had taken the same view of the political state of their country, and had arrived at the same false conclusion as to the means of amending it. But there was "method" in Perring's "madness;" and upon leaving Alma Mater, having a large and independent fortune at his command, he determined to travel; and taking advantage of the peace between England and France in 1801, he continued on the Continent till the death of his mother, and the development of his friend's projects required his return.

Doubtless in the society of many of the self-exiled or outlawed members of the cause in '98, and in a country where the crusade against monarchy was still at its height, the revolutionary principles of the young man had received no discouragement. On the contrary, it is natural to believe that his intentions in visiting France had been to methodize a scheme for the redemption of his country from the English yoke, which the impatience and rashness of the enthusiastic Emmett so completely overthrew.

Although some portion of Ansty Connelly's remarks had been overheard by the party in the coach, no comment had been made upon them, and the silence remained uninterrupted, except by the heavy, half strangled sobs of the younger son, as they approached the closing scene of his earthly portion in a mother. Douglas Hewitt, the elder of the cousins, who held a commission in a regiment at that time on duty at the castle, and who, but for his aunt's death, was about to exchange the relation of nephew for that of son-in-law, also seemed much affected, either from sympathy to the evident affliction of his relative, or from personal affection to the deceased. But her first born, Hugh, though his brow looked more than usually pale, and the dark and glossy hair that in his boyhood she so loved to part upon it, had lost its crispness, and hung down in lank masses, maintained an unmoved countenance, as if he had no concern in the sad ceremony in which he took part.

At length, the cavalcade stopped: the last duties were completed. Hugh Perring stood at the head of his mother's coffin, and saw it deposited in the vault of his ancestors with the same apparent apathy that he had exhibited on their journey; but instead of returning home, to entertain the friends and followers of his family, who had come from distant counties to pay this last mark of respect to his parent, he ceremoniously informed his cousin Douglas that, in order to spare his sister's feelings, arrangements had been made to entertain them at an inn, and coldly requested his presence. Douglas, however, pleaded duty; and throwing off the trappings of a mourner, mounted his horse which his groom had brought for him, and before returning to the castle, mingled tears with his orphan cousin at Rathfarnham. His brother, however, remained, but his presence occasioned no drawback to the plans of the elder Perring.

The wine circulated freely; and while the "quality" feasted up stairs, care was taken for the comforts of the humbler parties below; whisky-punch, and the oath of the "United Irishmen" were equally administered, and both as readily accepted, for, in a word, though ostensibly met out of respect for the dead, the funeral had been made subservient to things of even more melancholy import than the laying of a lifeless corpse in the earth.

Members were elected, plans concocted, rebellious toasts pledged

party grew too confused to offer an

imed revelry, none was now more
Perring—he laughed, sang, shouted,
ss reached its climax, burst into a
nd on his dead mother. Hugh en-
he other, springing at his throat,

nother's funeral, by making it an
Or is riot the best proof we could

passing events as to be deaf to the
sions, rose, exclaiming—
led us! Your brother is a traitor!"
imed Hugh, vainly endeavouring to

ped one of the party, rising, "in
other's a Reynolds! He's not to be
by an oath."
ercely, pushing back the inebriated
sent him some distance across the
an excellent case of assault in the

lake off his infuriated brother, who
niac. At length, the cousin, Gerald
d Sydenham Perring, transferring

tt's trial.

his rage to him, a furious struggle ensued: blows were given and returned; and while Sydenham, drawing his sword, made a desperate thrust at his antagonist, the other sprang aside, and dashed him against a heavy piece of furniture. His head struck violently against the sharp corner of the sideboard, and he never rose again.

The heavy fall—the one deep groan—and the sudden, awful silence that succeeded, sobered at once every reveller in the room; and the frantic despair of his unwitting murderer was only less terrible than the stern, tearless, unreproaching silence of the elder brother. By and by, when a surgeon, who had been called in, pronounced that life was irrecoverably fled, Hugh Perring confronted his unfortunate kinsman, and sternly bade him begone.

"Death," he said, "may be contented with two of my family within so short a period of each other; but beware, sir, how you cross my path again, or I may yet make you answerable for my brother's blood."

"Do not delay your vengeance, Hugh," exclaimed young Gerald, hoarsely. "My life is of little value to me now."

"Enough of our blood has been spilt for the present," returned Hugh, bitterly; "though, I doubt not, it would be all the better for your brother's designs if I could be put aside as well as Sydenham."

"Gentlemen!" said Gerald, appealing to the others, "bear witness for me, that it was in my cousin Hugh's defence I came between him, and——"

"Go, sir!" interrupted Perring, furiously. "Go, before I forget you are my guest, and rid myself of you as I would of a venemous reptile."

Goaded by this insult, Gerald's hand clenched instinctively, as if he had grasped a weapon; but his eye fell on the upturned, rigid features of his dead cousin, and his anger sunk before their voiceless reproach.

THE GIPSIES' TRAGEDY.

A TALE OF WELSH HAMLET HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES.

PART II.—RETRIBUTION.

The loneliest outcast of an outcast tribe, Lydia Coombe was again, after a dismal interval of hysterical frenzy, to be seen haunting the vale of Cothey *alone*, and after a further interval, though heart-broken in look and gesture, *not* alone! To loathe life, and earth, and sky—to languish for the blessing of death, even eternal death, if bringing forgetfulness—such was her first impulse; the next, the fiercer yearning still, was for one human being, but one, to tell how she loathed life, and earth, and heaven, and herself! And one *did* live—one of her own tribe, to whom she might unload that heavy heart—she could turn with a claim for sympathy—he for whom she had become that self-hating penitent! A worldly sister, not feeling half the sister-love which tormented this poor outcast, would have shrunk with horror from the man whose crime had proved that brother's ruin and death. But our unworldly sufferer writhed beneath such an agony

of remorse as allowed no alternative but comfort or death. For the last, the timidity of her sex and nature still drew her back from the tempting pool, withheld her hand when half nerved for retribution on herself; and for the former, where could she seek it? Where but on the bosom of one more guilty than herself! Perhaps the most truly pitiable of the world's rejected and condemned would be found among those from whom that world is most unanimous in withholding its pity, could the occult springs of human action be laid bare to man as they lie naked to God and angels, if angels partake of omniscience. Poetry might exhaust its illustrations on such a topic.

Should an eager hand be espied in the midst of some deep, glassy pool, beautiful with aquatic summer-flowers, snatching eagerly at a water-lily, waving with the little waves, a child, or any unreflecting person on the brink would imagine that hand's trembling to be from eagerness; its action, the playful impulse of one so happy as to disport himself with a water-flower. But a thinking creature would know that action to be the forlorn hope—the instinctive desperation of a man drowning; clutching that feeble plant because his bursting bosom is full of that dreadful water which smiles so bluely ethereal to the gazer, because he is himself in the clutch of death. Unhappy child of fatal circumstance and powerful passion—gipsy heroine of that sad tale which has given to rustic fame one, at least, of our unknown vales—might not such an image apply to thee, and thy unnatural-seeming extension of those young arms to the villain Zephaniah? More allied to despair than passion, at least, doubtless, was the spirit in which that forlornest of the world's wanderers did at last consent to become the wife of him whose preservation was to her brother death! True it was, that some fortitude—nay, some virtue, was requisite in the act of self-devotion he *ought* to have performed, and made her believe that he designed to perform. To die for another, even where demanded by justice, is a stupendous human effort. His youth and his beauty pleaded for him. His reluctance to exchange a happy bridal-tent with her for the horrid gibbet-cage with the birds of prey was at least a natural reluctance. The whisperings of vanity in young beauty, which could not but approve that reluctance, were they not also natural?

The tribe to which Zephaniah belonged, after a time, pitched their tents in the vale of Cothey. Force of habit, and now the melancholy wildness of her mind, that could less than ever tolerate the restrictions of ordinary civil life, induced Lydia to reject all offers of the housewives round of night-shelter and more social life. She preferred a lonely tent, apart from the encampment, where she might sit at the mouth, in midnight, talk to spirits that she fancied murmuring the name of Gilbert, by the river-pools, and in the rock-caverns. The scene of the crime for which he suffered was not distant—only severed by a mountain, through a *bwlch* or gorge of which, known but to the native dwellers, a chasm-like way led to the spot—and to her brother's gibbet, there erected! During her long, resolute rejection of Zephaniah's overtures of renewed love, the wretched girl had sometimes crept alone through all this blind and brambled pass by moonlight, even to where it opened on the little rushy moorish plain surrounded by mountains, whose russet monotony of treeless morass was only broken by one upright object—the gibbet and its pendent cage.

Far different from that dun, melancholy scene, was the valley where she passed the night, not long previous to her ill-omened marriage—the richly-wooded Cothey, with its greensward river border, where her tent gleamed white in the moon reflected in the still water, its whole course walled in from the world, as it seemed, by its mossy, wooded, and stupendous wall of crags. A waterfall, with its sheeted silver, high above, smoothly rolling over its ledge, and its ceaseless thunder below, added solemnity to the deep loneliness of the nook in which the little separated tent, with its fire-embers not quite extinct, appeared. Doubtless, her thoughts that night were with the dead, far more than with the living. The guilty lover had respected her grief, awed by her determined devotion of a long period to mourning, and hence won on her regard. Then the extraordinary resemblance he bore to her brother, which had proved so fatal, served to rivet her wayward fancy round that unworthy object. But it was not of him she thought that night, when, about the meeting of night and morning, she quitted the tent, and wandered to the waterfall, whose spray flew in feathery showers between her and the low, sunken moon, while the owl hooted, and the ceaseless roar itself seemed to form rather a grand accompaniment to silence than any interruption to its solemn effect on the mind's listening ear. But the density of mist now reddened, while it dilated the face of the moon, seen hanging exactly in the centre of a vast cleft in the mountain, from top to base, which, being duskily visible in a placid reach of the river, gave the headlong picture of a mighty arch, or portal, with a colossal lamp suspended in the midst. The blood-coloured disk, the heavy haze, restored to her thought the terrible morning of that juridical murder, making memory horror, and the peace of nature all round her more terrible than the wildest war of elements to a conscience at rest.

Suddenly, she heard her own name uttered by some one invisible through the fog. The voice called her again; aud stepping forward, she caught a glimpse of the face and form of the speaker, who, however, instantly retreated so far back as to be again hidden; but she saw what seemed Gilbert—her dear brother's own features, but changed, as if by age, by care and captivity, it might be thought, supposing, for a moment, that, having escaped death, or reappearing as a ghost, he wore the very aspect he did after his sufferings.

It is a very common superstitious fancy in Wales, that persons are sometimes called, or beckoned away from the door of their home, by a spiritual stranger, who leads them through dark, and in silence, to reveal the spot of some murder, or robbery, of a concealed treasure, or corpse, or sometimes to throw a key into a pool, or bog (for what purpose I never could learn), which key is pointed out in its hiding-place.

The fancy-fraught girl followed, not doubting a moment the character of her visitant, he just waving his long arm, to invite her onwards, and still availing himself of the dense white mist, to veil himself as in a shroud, and cried, as she followed—

"I have been looking for you, Gilbert—*dear* Gilbert!—long looking. Oh! you have been slow to haunt me. Lead me where you will—to death! I hope, if I may come where you are——But stop to hear me!—hear me swear——"

"Come, come!" he only muttered, hollowly, still proceeding.

inst his daughter, seen only as an
an age to attach the better part of
learned how well he had followed
be thus rewarded! Lydia, on the
intercourse to this dreadful, sepa-
only, by sad report, as the mur-
stood before her bodily, gaunt,
glorying in his murder of her

to have commenced life with her
tment, for she had not known what
other's death. Her consent, hardly
shuddered, was a self-sacrifice to
her, to good faith, by gratitude—
Those gentle feelings natural to
der the freezing perpetual presence
urdered brother was for ever in her
ne beauty or attraction more in the
Gilbert, who had nursed, and fed,
infant, in his arms, a child, upon his
nd enjoy her prattle, while at work,
niah alive, was a ceaseless source of
endearments, notwithstanding her

ough accepted lover, lifeless—gone
had allowed another to be hurried,
ch at once to that place he had at
nd every past moment of the early
assion in the gentle savage of the

mountains (as she might almost be designated), when she saw him beautiful, and thought him innocent—those unforgetable moments all came rushing now, and the gulf of sin, and blood, and conflict of passions between, vanished at once! She saw only him whom she used to watch for by the hour, at twilight, till his figure appeared on the high ridge of mountain, stealing down to her—watch intensely on his difficult descent, even till he reached her and sprung into her arms, which had never enfolded man, but her father-brother with the pure fondness of a daughter—she saw only the *innocent* lover, cut off in his bloom, and by the hand of her father, already red with the blood of her mother!

"Wretch of wretches!" the gigantic, but bowed and care-worn wanderer began, "where is my son?—where is my boy, Gilbert? Gilbert, that I recrossed the ocean on purpose to see again; not *thee*, thou warmed snake, that hast stung his bosom for cherishing thee! Here I am, alone in this my old country, lonelier than I was when working in chains in a strange one! What art thou? As strange and hateful to my sight as thy cruelty to that boy is in the sight of God, whose blood be on thy head and on thy soul? *My child?* I disown thee, as Heaven disowns. What art *thou* to me? I want *him* to welcome me—to remember me—to talk of old times with me—to work with me—*for* me, in my old age and misery, and I find him dead—dead, and without a coffin, and *you* alive! I know all. 'Twas I who hanged that murderer, and now will I do frightful justice on thee, the murderess! Kneel, and pray; for such mercy as my boy Gilbert found at the hands of both of ye, shalt thou find at mine, by the living God!"

"To my God I dare not *now*, while a fury of mad passions is tearing me thus," she said, after long silence, and tearing open the dress that pent her bosom's violent heaving; "and to *you* I will not, unless to pray you to be quick and make a love-knot—ay, a *true* love-knot eternal, of that same cord with which you have added a *third* murder to your account in heaven!"

"Thou liest!"

"I do not! Answer him, my mother's spirit, from heaven or from hell!—you that he sent into God's presence with all your sins upon you! first, my little brother; next, my mother; now, Zephaniah—are not those three?"

"Liar!" he roared; "the first is a foul falsehood altogether; and for your mother's death, it was accident. Was it likely I meant to kill her, with nothing but this naked fist? It was that lie about the child that provoked the blow, and my very love, that could not bear to see her for ever pining after the husband she forsook, as I suspected whose child that boy was, more probably than mine. As for this hell-hound that my own boy — my *certain* own — died for, dare you blame me for having been his hangman? Why, this act—this night's one *righteous* act — would redeem my soul from damnation, if my sins were scarlet ten times dyed! And if I hadn't something of the foolish father still about my man's heart, old and stony as it is, that pleads for my own flesh and blood, tigress as you are, by this you should have been in hell, sent by me, for this rebellion and this belying of me!"

"Rebel, call you me?—ha! ha! ha! I owe you nothing but my wretched birth," she answered, defying him with gestures as well as

words. "In wickedness I was begotten—then you made me motherless—then left me in the wildness of woods, me and my dear brother, to prowl like lambs shut out of a sheepfold, round the homes of strangers. When did you ever repeat the Holy name but to blaspheme? No bells ever reached this wild place, to tell me it was the Sabbath of the Lord my God. I learned not that form of words of *you*. My nature was all the guide I knew, and it would have been my saviour, too, but for love—love that rushed upon me, and became my second nature, that I must obey or die! Heaven hear my perjury, and send Gilbert's ghost to torment me here and hereafter, if I did not intend ——but why this to you? *You* call me to account?"

The infuriated giant ground his teeth, and grinned at her horribly in scorn, muttering "*intend!—intentions!*" pausing, baffled in his thirst of vengeance against one who thus defied, in the high-wrought ecstasy of despair, personal violence, and in her life-weariness, rather courted than deprecated death.

Words bitterer to her than death soon suggested themselves to his fury.

"Poor fellow!" he said in irony, twirling the pendent corpse with a spurn of his foot. "Ah, he loved thee, girl; he cried out to you by name all the while he was dying."

"Truly?" she asked, in tremulous voice; "*all the while!* Oh, God —God!"

"Truly! Ay, he was long a dying—longer than my poor boy. I made him *taste* death! I taught him what it is to be 'hanged by the neck till we be dead—dead—dead!' Thrice I relaxed the noose when he seemed gone; and thrice the first word he gasped as he revived was, 'Oh Lydia!' Ay, and every time I heard in the foggy sky, red as blood with the moonrise, Gilbert, a glorious angel, clapping his wings for joy, and shouting, 'Thanks, dear father!' I have been mad while abroad, chained down to my straw—look at the marks of the chain-sores in my arms!—and then I used to hear Gilbert—see Gilbert—couldn't sleep for thought of Gilbert, and thinking what was become of him; but *that* was madness—this was no madness."

"And *did* he name me so—only *me?* Oh, you murderer—hangman—butcher—monster!" She could speak no more, but sunk down, fainting on the ground.

"She didn't faint when *he* died!" he growled, as he looked down on her, and hollowly cursed her as she lay.

Who, in the war of the elements, in the pause of the sea-whirlwind, which, convulsing ocean, has just driven the mountain waves in one direction, shall foresee from which point the returning blast shall blow? Possibly, from the directly opposite, leaving dry the land, fathoms deep in boiling surge so lately. Even so uncertain the turns of a passion so terrible as hers, compounded of many lesser ones, (as whole sea of waves,) as that which prostrated on the earth the victim of its wildness, and her own untutored mind and desolated heart. Starting up in her deadly paleness, like a corpse roused to a hideous mockery of life by galvanic excitement, (as she by her passionate misery,) she, for the first time, seemed to feel the touch of nature towards her executioner, for she regarded him, and implored him to "do his office," and "because you love—you *seem* to love that dear brother I did love, *do* love, and would have saved with my own life—ay, life and soul, I do forgive you, *father!* and pray that God may forgive you; the first time

that ever 'father' passed my lips—woe, woe, that it should be the last! —that I must die and leave you, and never know a daughter's joy to find a father—that we must part, and *so!*—cursing and cursed as soon as met! Yet I must love anything that loves poor Gilbert; therefore, Heaven forgive me for cursing you!—forgive you—forgive this my dead love's want of courage to face justice, and die for another!—forgive a most miserable girl; so now, kiss me, and kill me, father!" Tearing bare her beautiful neck, she let her head sink on one side, and looked imploringly towards the rope that suspended her lover, feeling a desperate satisfaction in looking for the same death, and by the same instrument.

Then as the surprised Samson stood dumb, some strugglings of the father within contending with the whirlwind of a parent's fury, his breast torn with contending feelings so new to him—as some thought of her early infant beauty in which he last looked on her, flashed vague remorse on his nature—Lydia took the dead man by the hand to bid him farewell, and feeling it already stiffened, and shuddering at the dead drop of that arm, love rebelled against the *daughter's* love again, and she could not resist the impulse to say, "Oh, cruel father, that turned my loving, lovely boy to *this*—this blue-faced, hideous corpse! Nor could all your strength, giant as you are, you ruin of a man, have overcome this stripling; for oh, he was bold as he was beautiful, and good to *me*—had it not been that some wicked witch or fairy shrivelled up at his birth this arm, and deformed this dear dear hand!" And then she again passionately kissed the cold hand, which was remarkable as wanting the thumb.

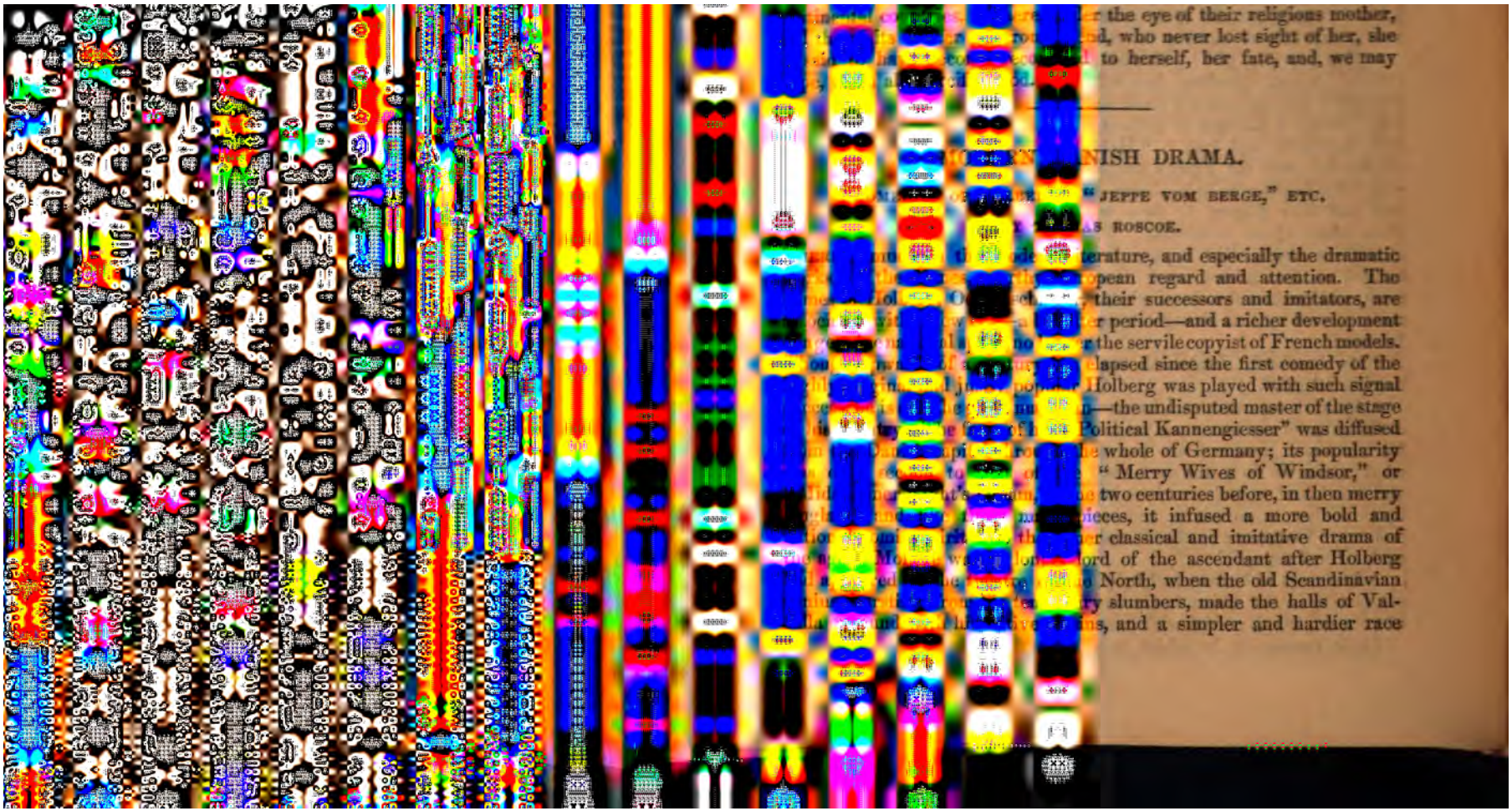
"How say you, girl? Shrivelled arm? Does his hand want the thumb? Speak, daughter, does it?" And he snatched it, and satisfied himself of that fact ere she could answer, and began to tremble all over. "So strong a likeness to Gilbert, and Gilbert *my* very picture!" he said, hurriedly and inly. "Ha!—God! I remember the name. *Zephaniah was* the gipsy's name—that begging one, whom I gave your little brother to, to be shewn for charity, on account of his wasted arm and four fingers, to show to farm housewives. His tribe came often about these mountains. Girl—girl! by the God in darkness above our heads, *that* is your brother!—that is *my* son that I have hanged on that gibbet tree! Sure as some fiend, or Satan, dogs my steps, and doubles the sin of whatever I do amiss, that was my *son!*—*mine*, proved by that strange strong likeness that was the death of his brother!"

"My brother? Zephaniah *my* brother?" she said, in a stupor of bewildered grief.

"Ay, girl—ay, sure as I have saved you and him from horrid incest, at the price of my own soul, yet he was the murderer of his brother—his unknown brother; but 'twas I divided 'em! Heaven and hell, what crimes we do in the dark, and how we plunge about in black sin and blood, and wound ourselves instead of others, when we dare to set up to be law to ourselves, and break loose from the bonds of society, and cry, 'Vengeance is mine!' rather than wait the time of Him who said, '*I* will repay!'"

A labyrinth of horrors had indeed involved this wretched family, all originating in the self-outlawry and rebellion against society of a man of no mean mind, cursed with overmastering passions.

Little remains to be added to this story of a gipsy's life. By [illegible]



the eye of their religious mother,
d, who never lost sight of her, she
to herself, her fate, and, we may

NISH DRAMA.

"JEPPE VOM BERGE," ETC.

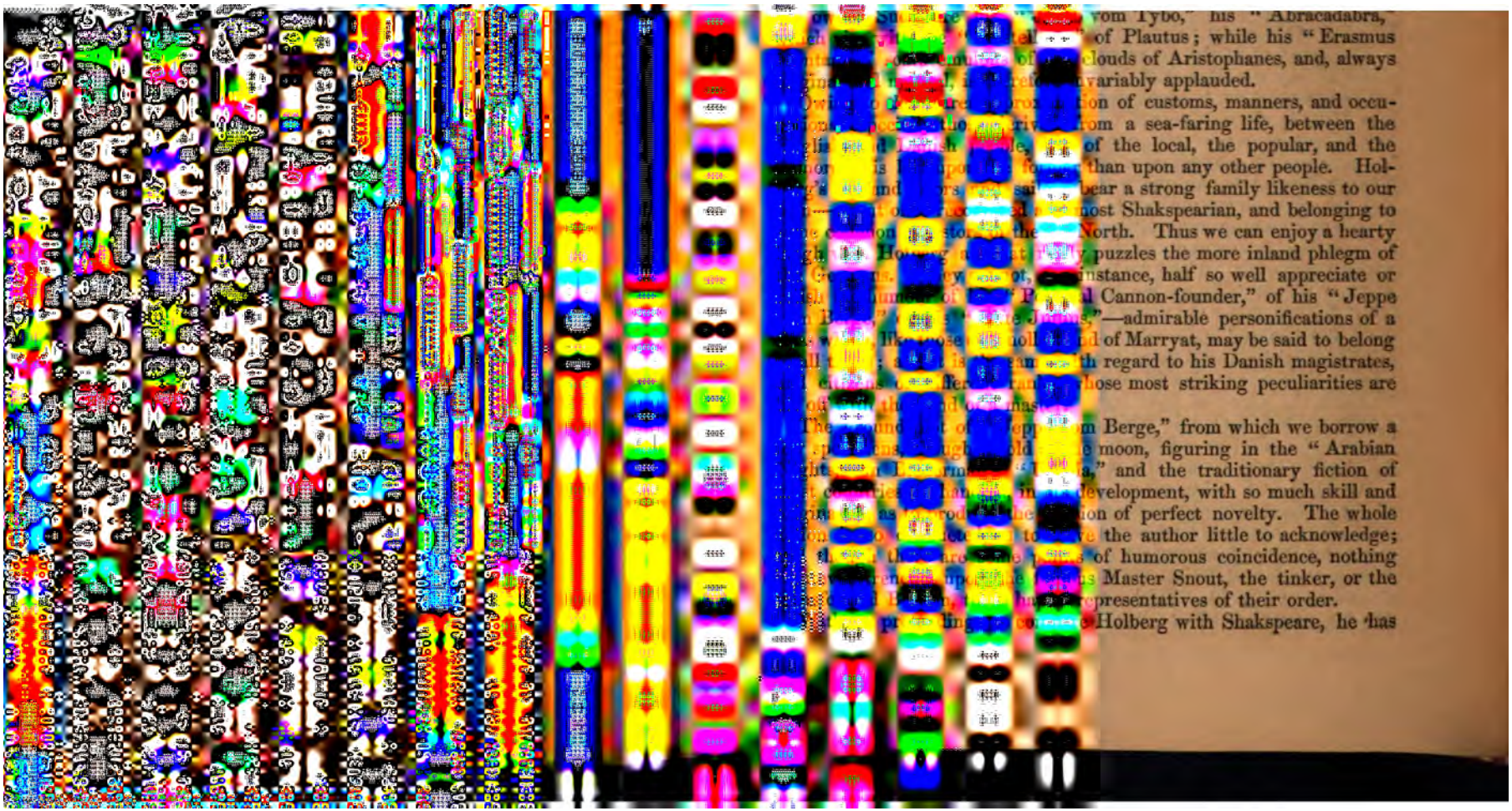
S ROSCOE.

erature, and especially the dramatic
pean regard and attention. The
their successors and imitators, are
r period—and a richer development
the servile copyist of French models.
lapsed since the first comedy of the
Holberg was played with such signal
—the undisputed master of the stage
Political Kannengiesser" was diffused
whole of Germany; its popularity
"Merry Wives of Windsor," or
two centuries before, in then merry
ieces, it infused a more bold and
r classical and imitative drama of
ord of the ascendant after Holberg
North, when the old Scandinavian
ry slumbers, made the halls of Val-
ns, and a simpler and hardier race

of bards caught enthusiasm from the very echoes of some more gigantic and godlike age. Like our few great masters, invention and perfect originality in the treatment of his subjects are the proud attributes of Holberg's muse. The first ideas of the mightiest geniuses must be the fruit of observation, and are prompted from without. Ever intent upon gathering materials with which to raise the splendid edifices of their fame, they neglect nothing. Very inferior compositions, an ancient ballad, an obsolete tale or tradition—even a scrap of verse—or mere rumour, will, in such hands, be enough to leaven the whole mass of a magnificent drama. And it was thus that the "Sir Politic Would-Be," of Saint Evremont, is believed to have suggested an outline for the exquisite political portrait exhibited by Holberg, to the infinite entertainment of all ranks of his admiring fellow-citizens. We are not among those who would wish to tear to tatters the reputations of men like Molière and Le Sage, because they borrowed from the great writers of other nations, themselves doubtless indebted not a little to classical or romantic models afforded by *their* predecessors; but, assuredly, Molière's obligations to the Spanish and Italian dramas are hardly inferior to those of the Modern French novelists to their ingenious neighbours. It is not so with Holberg. Gifted with congenial powers, he scorned to copy even Molière, though the latter, probably, as his predecessor, exercised a certain degree of influence upon the new national drama of his country. An older drama, like older people in general, must always give a tone, if not the laws, to a rising state of things; just as Plautus and Terence were the real founders of the modern classical drama both in France and Italy.

The grand art of the old dramatists lay in drawing nature and character as they saw them, and they excelled, especially in drawing from life and observation, in portraying professional characters; and it was here Holberg shewed himself a master inferior to few of his great models, and to none of his contemporaries. His doctors, his lawyers, his parsons, and military men, are both truly and wittily delineated. Though dressed in national costume, and intended for local display, they belong to every age and to every people. Another class which he represents almost as happily as the Roman writers, is the freedmen—answering to our more trustworthy house-stewards, valets, or confidential domestics. These family-agents and chroniclers, so identified with all human interests, are the peculiar forte of Holberg; he sees quite through them—he revels in their half educated presumption—their blunders and unconscious witticisms—their assumed airs and apish eccentricities, with the zest of an actual originator of the amusing scene. Like an experienced hunter, he pricks up his ears the moment he hears the sound of their egotistical trumpet, which they are apt enough to blow; and it is then he luxuriates in wit—rebounds from jest to jest—and from one ludicrous incident to another, combined with the glorious funny fancies of a perfect harlequin.

We shall soon endeavour to give a few specimens, not, we trust, wholly unamusing to the reader, nor to the minors, if not to the majors, among our theatrical establishments, which might do worse than borrow a few leaves from our old friend Holberg, instead of ransacking for ever the eternal Scribe and his brethren. They would find some characters among his official humorists far more novel, varied, and amusing, as well as better adapted to the taste of an English audience,



treated his subject with masterly power, and a strict regard to truth and nature, which, it is only fair to observe, brings him into close resemblance with the bard of Avon. Yet Holberg had not even the honour of Master Christopher Sly's acquaintance when he wrote. Though A. W. Schlegel awards the palm of excellence to Shakspeare—deservedly so, we must admit; yet, in this instance, there are numerous writers who differ from him. The best criterion, perhaps, would be to play our great bard's "Taming of the Shrew" on the Danish boards, and the Dane's production on our own. It would then appear that each was a magician in his own sphere; and that it is something like comparing the flavour of the pine-apple and the peach.

"Jeppe vom Berge" is a comedy in itself; not a long one, indeed, but full of rich, animated scenes and comic incidents, "treading upon each other's heels," as Burns observed, "as fast as they can skelter." How much art was requisite to inspire the clod itself with life? and a comic life so much more difficult than that of the Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccaccio and Dryden. To display at once the most natural character and the happiest moral in the vicissitudes of a comic dream—to dart the rays of fancy through the "dim obscure" of an imagination and intellect upon which the mildest light had scarcely ever shone: and thus, to exhibit a wisdom at once the most natural and the most entertaining is, if not to rival a Shakspeare, to strike out a new path, such as was at least worthy of a kindred spirit.

Jeppe, though no philosopher, has the misfortune to have a Socratic wife, who employs other weapons besides her tongue—a circumstance which he *feelingly* deplores. Can we wonder he sometimes drowned the recollection in that "sweet oblivion" which no exhortations of Father Matthew, charmed he ever so wisely, would have banished; and that this single foible obtained for him an unenviable notoriety, which led to the comi-tragical events which followed. When she had occasion to send poor Jeppe upon an errand, she usually made her memorandum with a stout cudgel instead of a pen, so that he might remember; and on the more important day of entrusting him to go to market, she inflicted as many blows as there were commissions, in order to impress the number upon his mind.

On his way to the city, unluckily, Jeppe had to pass the hostelry of his friend Jacob Schuster—a pass more difficult to him than any of Thermopylæ or Khyber to our ancient and modern heroes. No wonder that Jeppe stuck fast in it; and entered into a humorous argument with his hostship upon the propriety of scoring instead of paying, as being capital invested, which would consequently bear interest. Spite of his ingenuity, however, out came his virago's Kruitzers; and when all gone, and mine host had drunk Jeppe's health, he began to moralize, declaring that he would not for the world permit him to touch another glass had he mountains of gold, much less to begin a new score.

Bestowing upon his prudent friend a hearty malediction, the incensed Jeppe pursues his way, singing, at the top of his voice, his favourite drinking song:—

"Not drink with me! What, not drink with me!
When the earth drinks the dews, and the sun drinks the sea;
And the water itself sips the sun's sparkling beam;
When all nature drinks deep to *young* Life's happy dream!
Oh, who would turn recreant to customs like this,
And sit thirsting in pain; nor dare steep it in bliss?"

een his present and former self. The
ars, when he rang them, as in those
rd mayor of great London," inviting
other great men, Jeppe would have
an have been *turned* out.

rd Jeppe!
old skin;
ith the boldest,
mpagne for gin.
Row-de-dow.

ll sing him
e wood;
e Nelly,
do good.
Row-de-dow.

his spade;—
est charger,
the old blade.
Row-de-dow.

head and bare bones,
it deep,
beldam,
o sleep.
Row-de-dow."

the grand appearance, the rough
baron, was almost too much for the
who sought to hide their mirth under

octors, Lord Jeppe, his chamberlain,

and Erich, his valet; and as it abounds in traits of character, and cases in point, we the more willingly transfer it to our pages entire:

Doc. 1st. We learn, with extreme concern, that your lordship has not rested so well last night.

Cham. Too true, good sir. My lord is in a very nervous state.

Doc. 2nd. How do you feel, my lord?

Jeppe. As hearty as a buck—only somewhat dry after the brandy I drank at Jacob Schuster's. Give me a jug of beer, and I don't care if all the kit of you were hung up on the same gallows together. I want no doctors—not I.

Doc. 1st. A prognostic of delirium—raving already. (*To his colleague.*)

Doc. 2nd. The more sudden the fit, the sooner over.

Jeppe. Ay, a sharp blast and a short one for me; and, mayhap, for you, too, if I had the trussing of you.

Doc. 2nd. Permit me to feel your lordship's pulse. Quid tibi videtur? (*To his colleague.*)

Doc. 1st. Methinks he wants a vein opening.

Doc. 2nd. That is not my view of the case. Such singular accesses must be treated in a different manner. I'll be bound to say his lordship has only had an ugly dream, that has discomposed him. He has, perhaps, dreamed he was made a slave of—condemned to serfship and toil for life; or, perhaps, that he was going to be hanged. He wants pleasant conversation and good wine to dissipate these strange humours; and he might get up some private theatricals, and enjoy a few comic scenes with undoubted advantage. (*A band of music here strikes up.*)

Cham. That is a favourite air of his lordship's.

Jeppe. Very likely! Is there often these jolly-makings in the old castle?

Cham. Whenever you lordship pleases—all depends upon that. We owe everything to your lordship's goodness.

Jeppe. Devilish odd, then, that I can't remember it. Nobody ever did *me* a good turn that forgot to remind me.

Doc. 1st. It is the nature of this disease to forget what you have formerly done. I will state in confidence, for your consolation, the case of a neighbour of mine, who got so confoundedly drunk, that in two days he imagined he had lost his head. He went about looking for it.

Jeppe. I wish our bailiff Christopher, and his clerk, had got the same disease, if it would keep their hands out of honest people's pockets. But it must be a desperate attack; for he thinks, instead of having no head, that he is the head of us all. (*They all laugh—ha, ha, ha!*)

Doc. 2nd. I am glad to see your lordship so facetious. But to return to the case. After a vain search the patient recovered his head where he least expected it, in the churchyard; and is, at this time, a very industrious sexton.

Jeppe. That is very probable without having to find his head again, if he had a pickaxe and a spade. (*All—ha, ha, ha!*)

Doc. 1st. And you may, perhaps, remember the account we once had of a man who, for ten years, believed that instead of brains his head was full of nothing but flies. At last, a physician hit upon a plan of undeceiving him. He applied a large plaster covered with flies, and on removing it from his head, exhibited it to his patient, who, delighted at the expedient, was from that moment a sound man. Another was seized with the strange fancy, that he should inundate the whole city if he obeyed the dictates of nature; and it was only by raising a report that the enemy would infallibly carry it by assault if they were not drowned out, that he resolved at once to save himself and his country by overflowing their trenches. He was cured.

Doc. 2nd. I can give you another instance, my lord; that of a patient of mine in Holland. It was a still more singular delusion than that of your lordship imagining yourself to have been a common boor. He was also a nobleman, who happening to wear a gold chain of immense value, which tempted the cupidity of his host; the latter, during the night, contrived to abstract a number of the gold links. Next morning, just as his lordship was about to mount into his saddle, he threw the chain over his neck, but found it too short; half its length was gone. He declared that he had been robbed, when his host running up to him, started back, calling out with well-feigned terror, "Ah, my good lord, what has happened? Your head is twice the size it was yesterday," and at the same time he held up a mirror, that magnified to double the size. His lordship was greatly shocked, and in a piteous voice cried out, "Alas! I see the reason why the chain appeared so short but too

well; I am a doomed man!" And throwing himself from his horse, he retired to his chamber, and would, doubtless, have died, had he not sent for me.

Doc. 1st. That is not quite so certain; but assuredly, there are examples of this kind without number, which must be a great relief to your lordship. For this reason we will proceed; I had once a patient who conceived that he had a nose ten feet long, and sent his valet before him to warn people to get out of the way.

Doc. 2nd. There is also the case of a young man, who believed that he was absolutely dead. He laid himself out, and would neither eat nor drink. In vain his friends reasoned, and his physicians prescribed; for he proved to them the absurdity of persuading a dead man to eat. At length, a skilful practitioner—I need not mention names—undertook to restore his wits by the following simple process. He told one of his servants how to act the dead man, and then introduced him to his other dead patient, who inquired why he had taken up his residence with him, "Because I am a dead man," was the reply; and they then began to converse more freely. By and by, I sent the new dead man his dinner, which he eat with great zest, from time to time exclaiming, "What are *you* going to have? This is worth dying for; I never eat anything so good in my life. If I am always to feast so, I wish I may be dead a good while." "What!" said his companion, "is it proper for a dead man to eat?" "Eat! to be sure," was the reply; "if I did not eat, how could I be dead, I wonder?" This excited the curiosity of the patient; he listened—he ate—he got up, and walked out. In short, he followed his companion's example, and got quite well.

Doc. 1st. But why multiply examples; we have said enough for the benefit of his lordship, whose case seems exactly of the same kind. But he must strive to banish the delusion of his having been a labouring man.

JEPPE. Is it possible, then, that it was all a mere dream?

Doc. 2nd. To be sure; the cases I have adduced must convince the most sceptical mind.

Doc. 1st. Especially after what I have said.

JEPPE. Then is not my name Jeppe vom Berge?

Doc. 2nd. Oh, certainly not!

JEPPE. Is not that virago, Nelly, my wife?

Doc. 1st. How can she be, when your lordship is a widower?

JEPPE. What! is it not true that she has a paramour, called Mr. Erich?

Doc. 2nd. All mere imagination.

JEPPE. Now tell me. Was not I sent to buy soap for washing-day—only last night?

Doc. 1st. God forbid, your lordship!

JEPPE. And spent the money at Jacob's, and got downright——

CHAM. No! Heaven forbid! When your lordship spent nearly the whole day at the chase!

JEPPE. Do you mean to say, gents, that I am not a cuckold?

CHAM. Your honoured lady, my good lord, has been dead these many years.

JEPPE. Ay, I begin to remember. I will think no more of my old dream. I'll not be a fool, but enjoy life while I may. Strange though, that a lord should fall into such dirty and degrading ideas.

CHAM. Oh, not in the least. I have known many instances in the course of my experience a great deal more absurd. Would it be agreeable to your lordship to take a turn in the gardens while breakfast is preparing?

JEPPE. To be sure it would; and tell the rascals to make haste, for I am woundily hungry, and could drink a river dry. No more crankums about day labour and short wages for me. (*Exit* LORD JEPPE, *with his train.*)

When fairly seated in baronial state, the exercise of his lordship's powers gives rise to some admirably droll situations, happy dialogue, and well-contrasted scenes. The illusion is ably sustained to the last. Intoxicated with his grandeur, he at length resolves to hang the real lord, and some of his domestics, when it is thought high time to restore him in a deep sleep to the spot whence he was taken, and where he is found by his virago wife. Jeppe is well thrashed, afterwards arrested for breaking into the baron's castle; there is a mock trial—a mock execution. He is persuaded that he has been hanged, and with some humour, holds a colloquy from the gallows with the passengers and his vixen wife.

THE HUSBAND MALGRE LUI; OR, THE WEST INDIA ADVENTURE OF A TEXIAN NAVAL OFFICER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART II.

THE whole party, who were soon safe on shore, leaving their vessel to the mercy of the waves, which quickly broke it up, were received with the utmost hospitality by Don Mendoza and his daughter, whom both the young lady and her father were delighted to find spoke very fair Spanish. My hero further informed them, that he was a captain in the service of the republic of Texas,—that having suffered from ill health, he had demanded a furlough while his squadron was preparing for a cruise against the Mexicans, and proceeded on a trip with Captain Frontin, a regular trader between the various islands of the West Indies. Upon this, he was immediately invited to make Signor Mendoza's house his home, while Monsieur Frontin and the crew were included in the invitation, the men being handed over to the steward. Downing, who had already stolen sundry glances at the Donna Maria, was peculiarly delighted at the arrangement, and had even the audacity to fancy that a corresponding degree of pleasure had been shewn by the young lady herself. However this may be, the storm having in nowise abated, the whole party made for cover, and ere long the hospitable planter, his bright-eyed daughter, and Captain Downing and the unfortunate master and owner of the lost brig, were seated round a copious and well-supplied board, sipping coffee and tea, and enjoying the invigorating amusement of devouring hams, yams, and a vast variety of fruit.

It would be foreign to my purpose, and, besides, would evidence a very poor opinion of my readers' sagacity, were I minutely to detail how the remainder of the day passed, how Captain Downing fell desperately and irrecoverably in love with Donna Maria, and how she, interested in his unfortunate position, and pleased by his naturally easy and fascinating manners, was not very far from falling into the same line of sentiment, which was peculiarly vexatious, since nothing fans love like opposition. All I shall say is, that when papa retired to his *siesta*, and left Downing to follow his example or not, as choice should determine, he preferred the society of the young Donna to a snooze, and was entertained by her with an elegant collation in an arbour, not far distant from the house, where, amid the perfume of aromatic jessamine, sat the queen of the surrounding district, not less charming, doubtless, for her acres. He was terribly annoyed at the duenna-like appearance of an old "ghoul of a negress, as he afterwards described her; but notwithstanding the *surveillance*, he contrived to pour a flood of soft nothings into the ear of his mistress, and, however the fact may startle my phlegmatic readers, he obtained something very like encouragement. In fact, the young lady was so delighted with her guest, so very light-hearted and frank in her expressions of satisfaction, that Juno, the ebony ghoul in question, shook her woolly locks, tinged with grey, and vowed it was a decided match.

"And me no tink Donna Maria far out de way," she said, at a later

period, to the kitchen conclave, "for him 'xac'ly like Jupiter, dat was my fust lub."

Early next morning, ere the sun had spread his influence upon earth, Downing had risen, and was seeking in the delicious coolness of the dawn, to allay the feverish excitement which the tumultuous events of the preceding day, as well as his own feelings, had kindled. On his return, after a long walk, during which he had let chance direct him, he halted opposite a small but elegant cottage, with a beautifully laid out garden, on which he could not but gaze with admiration, studded as it was by the most splendid tropical plants. The cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the villa of Don Mendoza, and Downing, lying down under the shade of a sycamore tree, abandoned himself to the delicious luxury of thought. Some little anxiety, doubtless, also accompanied his mere pleasurable ideas, since the father's consent to the marriage, which he had settled in his own mind, had yet to be obtained.

Some twenty minutes elapsed, when a window was thrown open in the front of the cottage above alluded to, and a very elegantly-dressed woman, somewhere about forty, (perhaps a little on the wrong side,) but still exceedingly fine and showy, though encumbered by about twice the ordinary amount of flesh, appeared at it. Though all eyes himself, Downing was not at first remarked by the fair apparition; but suddenly, her eye alighting upon him, she threw herself into a theatrical attitude, exclaiming, in somewhat badly pronounced English, to hear which language spoken at all, surprised the captain—

"It is him—it is Tibbets!"

With these words, she, as if overcome by the excess of her emotions, fell back into the arms of a grinning negress. Unable to repress a laugh, Downing arose, and returned home, not without being anxious to learn the particular character of the madness with which he conceived the fair occupant of the cottage to be afflicted.

On reaching the villa, he found Donna Maria awaiting his return with some anxiety; for the young lady had risen somewhat earlier than usual, though her object, as explained by herself, was to attend to the arrangement of certain flower-pots, in which graceful and characteristic occupation he found her engaged.

The day passed without anything to trouble the even tenour of the lovers' way. Downing was profuse of *petit soins*, Donna Maria of smiles and grace; but towards evening, the captain was compelled to abandon the society of his charming Donna, and adjourn with the gentlemen to the portico of the house to enjoy the cool evening breeze, sip singaree, and—

"Smoke the mild Havannah."

In the course of conversation, Downing mentioned the occurrence of the morning, describing the appearance of the lady with considerable humour. He was informed that a few years previously, another vessel had been wrecked upon the island, and one Tibbets, its master, after some months' residence, had married the lady in question, but, for reasons unknown, had subsequently deserted her, leaving Mrs. Tibbets mourning, like another Calypso, for her lost Ulysses.

Downing smiled at the recital; and the subject dropped, as he thought, to be no more revived.

Several days passed; during which the captain became so completely entwined in the lady's toils, as to find it quite impossible to think of losing her, still he doubted her father's approbation, and often sought, in long and solitary walks; to ponder over every possible argument which might prove efficacious with Don Mendoza.

During these peregrinations, Downing could not forbear noticing that many persons would stop and stare at him, while the negro boys and girls would distend their ebony visages, and whisper among themselves. More than once, he heard them chuckling their well-known—"Yah—yah! Yah—yah! Tibbets, Tibbets, Tibbets! Come back! Go home to wife!" Downing was surprised and annoyed at all this; but he would have been infinitely more astonished if he had known that Mrs. Tibbets had been visited by a whole host of acquaintances, who congratulated her on the return of her truant husband.

About three weeks after Downing's arrival in Porto Rico, a ball was announced to be given at the house of the governor of Aquadilla; and Don and Donna Mendoza, as well as our hero, and the French master of the brig, were among the invited guests. Before the auspicious day arrived, Downing received numerous hints from certain acquaintances, that a scene was likely to occur there, but his naturally gay and sanguine spirit made him treat the warnings with unconcern.

The evening of the ball at length arrived, and after dancing most perseveringly with the fair Maria, the captain disappeared in search of some refreshments for her. Having sent these to the lady, according to custom, by a *darkee*, and seduced by the arguments of some of his new friends, he halted awhile to join them in a bowl of arrack punch. During his absence, which Maria considered very unreasonably protracted, the ponderous lady before-mentioned rose from a seat which she had hitherto occupied, and approached the young Donna, who, be it known, was wholly ignorant of the popular topic of discourse—namely, the return of Tibbets.

"Donna Maria Mendoza, I believe?" she said, addressing her; "my name is Mrs. Tibbets—Mrs. Tibbets!" And the stout lady put a most marked emphasis upon the words.

Donna Maria could not see the wit of this, but replied politely, "I am proud to make your acquaintance, Donna Tibbets."

"You are very good," said the stout lady, very quietly,—it was evident she was getting into a passion, notwithstanding her apparent calmness,—"but pray, if I am not too inquisitive, what is the name of that individual—that gentleman you have been dancing with?"

"Which gentleman?" replied Donna Maria with provoking serenity, but still with some little surprise. She had certainly stood up ten minutes with a cousin, and of course she could not know whether Mrs. Tibbets might not allude to him.

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Tibbets, who had some indistinct notion that Donna Maria was quizzing her; "of course I mean the person who has not many minutes left you."

"That gentleman," continued Donna Maria somewhat haughtily, and at the same time anxious to hear the result of this mysterious cross-examination, "is Captain Charles Downing, of the Texian naval service."

"Santa Maria! Mr. Downing is it? Oh, Heavens! oh, Miss, I shall faint. The ungrateful one! the deceiver! quick—some water!"

At this moment a negro was handing round some tumblers, one of which Mrs. Tibbets seized, and emptied the contents at a draught. It was brandy-punch; but doubtless, in her agitation she mistook it for water.

"Your agitation, signora," said Maria, "to say the least of it, is very strange. Do you know Captain Downing?"

"Do I know him, Donna Mendoza? Oh! can you ask me such a question? He is my husband—my faithless husband."

"Your husband!" cried Donna Maria, striving vainly to hide her confusion and anxiety under a calm exterior; "your husband! it cannot be!—at all events, he has very much deceived me."

Perfectly convinced of the tender relations existing between her supposed husband and Donna Maria Mendoza, Mrs. Tibbets now poured forth a torrent of invective, calling loudly for an old half-pay fire-eater, named Major Pocolongo. The major speedily answered the summons, and declaring Mrs. Tibbets was an ill-used woman, vowed to redress her wrongs. At this stage of the comedy, Downing made his appearance, and pushing through the crowd, was about to take a seat by the astonished Maria, when the stout lady seized him by the shoulder, crying—

"Now, Tibbets, I've got you at last. Governor—friends—Major, I have found my husband!"

Downing felt himself in what Brother Jonathan calls "a fix." The ball-room was in an uproar, the dulcet strains of the orchestra ceased, the governor and major entered upon the scene of action, Don Mendoza asked various explanations, and poor Maria appeared ready to faint.

"I protest, madam!" exclaimed Downing, now seriously alarmed; "you are mistaken—never more mistaken in your life. My name is Downing—Charles Downing; I was never called Tibbets—never, upon my soul, madam."

"It is no use, false man—I am not to be deceived! I know your tricks too well. But come back to me again, and I'll forgive you all. Come back, my Tibby—Tabby!"

This was too much for Downing, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which the whole audience joined.

At this juncture of affairs, Mr. Frontin stepped forward, with a packet of papers in his hand.

It is needless to say that an immediate explanation ensued.

In the spring of the present year I spent six weeks at the delightful villa of Mr. and Mrs. Downing, in the Isle of Porto Rico, and found that my friend's enthusiastic letters had not exaggerated in the least the beauty of his young Spanish wife. I have only to add, that, since my return to England, I have received a letter from Mrs. Major Pocolongo announcing the birth of a son to the Downings, "the very image of my late husband Tibbets."

[This story is founded on fact; some brief notice of it appeared in the [illegible] during my residence in that country.]

"WINTER WANDERINGS."

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Ain-tab.—Story of a sword.—A nocturnal ride.—Kilis, ancient Ciliza.—Panthers of Amanus.—Hostile reception from the Turkomans.—Ruins of Issus.—City of Mopsos, the soothsayer.—Aleian plain.—Reverses of Bellerophon.—City of Adana.

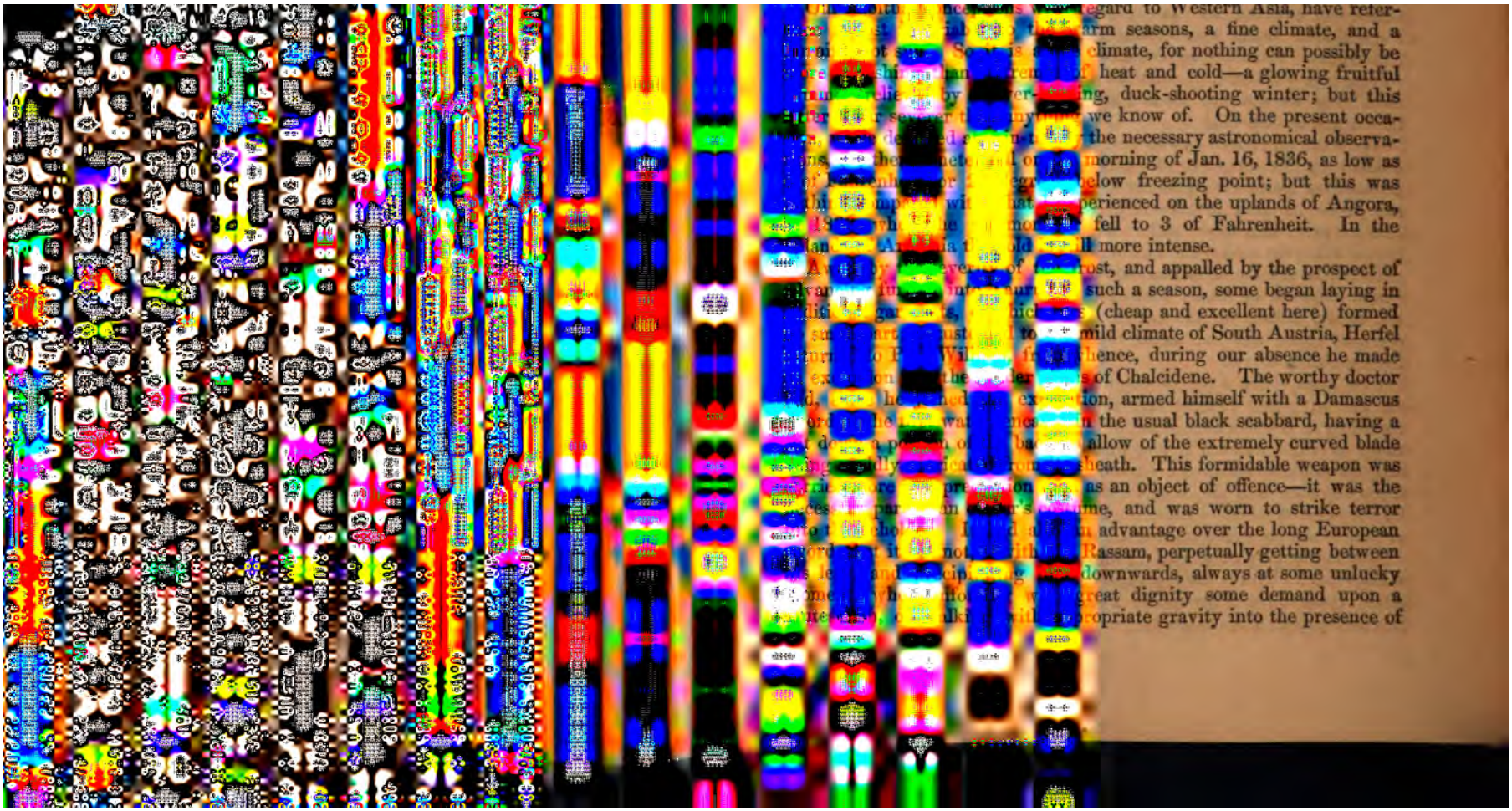
THE incomplete state of the steamers, the *Tigris* being still upon the stocks, and the necessity there was for awaiting the freshes of spring, made Colonel Chesney resolve upon a winter expedition, previous to the descent of the river. A party was accordingly formed, consisting of the colonel himself, Murphy, Thomson, Staunton, Helfer, and the author, with Yusuf Saada as interpreter, and Malta, the black cook, as artist—and a most useful one he turned out to be.

The colonel was still so ill as to require being lifted on his horse, but from the moment he began to breathe the mountain air, he rallied rapidly; nor had we far to go to obtain this, for at a distance of from five to six miles from the port, the ascent of the hills commenced, presenting at this time a dreary monotonous expanse, covered with snow in every direction.

Our start was not a successful one, and it might be said to have foreshadowed the great feature of all these "winter wanderings," in which one mistake was pretty constantly followed by another. The commissariat being long in loading, it was left to follow under Yusuf and Malta. Evening approaching, and there being no signs of its coming up, Staunton started with a view to bring up the tardy eatables; but we did not see him afterwards, nor the creature comforts, till we got to Ain-tab.

We were all roused by the zest of travel, and our spirits were enlivened by the prospect of change and adventure; but this did not prevent our perceiving that night was setting in, cold and forbidding, and made us glad to take refuge in a small village on the hill side, nearly buried in a snow-drift. We were kindly received at this place by the villagers, and if the fare was not choice, it was more than compensated for by the abundant logs of wood, which afforded a wide and genial expanse of flame, limited in its extent by no tyrannical bars, but nearly filling up the whole of a fire-place, as capacious as an ordinary room, and not unlike the open circular chimneys familiar to the Cambrian tourist.

The keen sharp frost of the night, and the mountain air, made us all rise in better health; and we started in high spirits, the snow sparkling in the morning sunshine, towards a bare, bleak, and barren range of hills, without a tree or house to diversify the prospect. A starved donkey, which we passed on the road, was surrounded by a troop of vultures of the largest kind, driven down from the mountains by the severity of the weather. They were scarcely disturbed by our presence, merely gathering together upon a neighbouring knoll, where they stood looking at us like a group of school-boys, only more fierce than playful. Not so large as the one, but about the same size as the other, these birds represent in Taurus the Conder of the Andes, and Lammer-geyer of the Alps.



a pasha. The sword, therefore, was not frequently drawn; but being one day requested to be seen, when brought out of its hiding-place, it turned out that some wily Arab had changed the blade of many piastres for an old iron hoop, rivetted with nails in the middle, into the form of a sword, and with a handle alone somewhat similar to that of the original.

Ain-tab is a considerable town, with a population of about 20,000. Its houses are built of stone, and its markets well provided, and bustling. Owing to Colonel Chesney's known partiality to the Osmanlis, we were not permitted to visit the interior of the castle. We, however, waited upon the pasha to express a little indignation at the difficulties which the transport had met with. "I have nothing to do with the affairs of the civil government," said the pasha; "if you want troops, or my sword," he added, taking it with a flourish from a recess by his side, "it is at your service; but I cannot furnish camels and bullocks."

Ain-tab has been identified with Antiochia ad Taurum, but, as Mr. Long remarks, without sufficient reason; and yet it is difficult to imagine another positioning for that town. D'Anville, however, is completely in the wrong in recognising it as the site of Deba. This is a city of Mesopotamia, situated on the Tigris, and from its positioning given by Ptolemy, after Dorbeta (Dyar-Bekr) and between Saphe (afterwards Castrum Cepha, and now Hisn Kef) and Singara; can be nothing but the Alexandrian geographer's corruption of Zabda, the Bezabde of the Romans, and now Jezireh ibn Omar. The mutation of the Z into D, has been shewn at length in the notes of Valesius to Ammianus Marcellinus, (xxiii. 6.)

I am more inclined to identify the site with the ancient Doliche, which was on the road from Nicopolis to Zeugma, and twenty-one Roman miles from the latter, identifying it with Birehjik. In the Theodosian tables, we have at Doliche the expression for either warm or salubrious springs, instead of that usually used to denote towns, and this appears to have some reference to its actual name. Doliche was also, in mediæval times, a Christian episcopate of the province of Euphratensis; and Ain-tab is still a town much favoured by Greeks and Armenians, who constitute a considerable portion of its population.

The frost had in no degree abated when we started from Ain-tab. Our road lay westward, over hill and valley, alike clothed in the same monotonous garb of white; and the rivers were stopped in their course by thick ribbed ice. Travelling, however, was by no means unpleasant; the sky was clear, the sun shone bright, and there were none of those fogs and damps which so often interfere with the wintry beauty of our own climate. Ague had returned in Giorgio's uncomfortable house, and I was at times reduced to the alternative, being unable to sit my horse, of keeping up with the party, by holding on at the tail behind! Happily, the animal thought it too much trouble to kick. We were somewhat surprised at meeting on our journey, a caravan of camels. The ship of the desert seemed rather out of his place; but the snow bore its broad padded foot, and it got on as well as on the plain.

The first day we only reached the village of Kara Weyu, corruption of the "Black Ruin," and by distances not unlikely to be Gerbediasus. There remained then for the next day a very long ride to reach Kilis. We plodded on as usual, Murphy taking the bearings, and the com-

missariat bringing up the rear, till evening was coming on apace, and there were no signs of our being nearer to the town. At length, the colonel lost patience, and getting Murphy to change his more serviceable nag for mine, which was indeed only fit to take bearings from, we started off together, to prepare accommodation for the remainder. The distance was, however, far greater than we had anticipated. After an hour or two quick trotting over an elevated plain, with here and there a village in the distance, we came to a country of rugged basaltic rocks, upon which the snow only lay in patches. The track which had hitherto guided us was, consequently, less distinct. We could only see that our road turned into a ravine, which, with many deviations, ultimately brought us, just as night was coming on, into the low country. We had then before us a dark and dense forest of olive trees, with scarcely a pathway visible, notwithstanding which, the colonel urged his horse on at a sharp canter, and when no longer able to keep up by his side, I gallantly followed in the rear. As we advanced into the wood, trunks of trees began to jut out into the narrow track, which was also occasionally intercepted by branches lower than the rider. Fallen trees further obstructed a road full of ruts and of all kinds of irregularities, while the uncertain light, breaking here and there through a gap in the trees, threw gigantic shadows before us, making each dark line appear as a pitfall; still, on and on the colonel sped, without uttering a word, as if the road had been as even and as familiar to him as the ring in Hyde Park. But the pattering of our horses' feet, and the noise of an occasional jolt against some of the above mentioned obstacles, had roused the attention of the jackals. At first, one or two, apparently highly delighted with our progress, joined in the fun, yelling most gloriously; this soon brought others, till the pack became so numerous, that the clash of the horses' feet, a bump against a tree, or our own voices used at their highest pitch, were quite inaudible. This incessant din and howling, and the careering pace which the beasts kept up, now in the track of our horses—now sweeping by our very sides, gave additional speed to the poor steeds, whose very hairs stood up like bristles. At Kilis, however, we arrived, and scatheless, too; but it was night, and the multitude had retired to rest, when the colonel stumbled upon an unfortunate boy, who was endeavouring to hide himself behind a Mussulman tomb, and he was forced, *nolens volens*, to become our guide to the house of a Christian merchant, who had relations with the expedition. This was the first, but not, as I shall have occasion to relate, the last nocturnal ride which I had with the colonel. The remainder of the party did not arrive till near day-break, fatigued, cross, and worn out; so the colonel and myself deemed it wisest to continue fast asleep.

Kilis is a large bustling town, on a rich and fertile plain, but backed by precipitous cliffs of crumbling marls and limestones, alternating with basalts. It contains thirty-two mosques, baths, houses built of stone, and about 12,000 inhabitants, chiefly Turkomans, with Armenians, Kurds, and some Osmanlis. Its bazaars are well stored, and its market good. Kilis and Ain-tab have both manufactures of leather made of goats'-skin, dyed red and yellow, and of cottons and various coloured woollens. Their chief trade may, indeed, be considered as raw hides and leather; but Ain-tab, as previously observed, abounds in

fruit and vegetables, with which it supplies the market of Aleppo and other towns; and around Kilis, besides its abundant olives, much cotton is also grown. In return for their produce, the merchants purchase English and French manufactures at Aleppo, for the bazaars.

When it is considered that Ain-tab and Kilis are the towns from whence the great plain with its numerous villages, over which the transport was carried, (and the Turkoman governor did not escape a scolding on the occasion of the colonel's visit,) and the hilly and thickly populated districts on the slopes of Taurus are in great part supplied, the nature of this activity and prosperity will be better understood, and their commercial importance estimated at its full value. We are a great deal too much accustomed—from the want of detailed maps, and from the indifference which an administration known to be inefficient and inadequate at the fountain head, and in consequence tyrannical and rapacious in its executive, naturally gives rise to—to underrate the actual resources, the vast population, and real productiveness and capabilities, and the field that lies open to, and is as yet almost unoccupied by our manufactures, in the more remote parts of the Turkish empire.

Kilis corresponds to the ancient Ciliza, which appears to have been a place of no importance, till it succeeded to Cyrrhus, the capital of the district, and which was in its immediate neighbourhood. We did not visit the ruins, but they are described by Colonel Chesney, who explored them on a former occasion, to be of an uninteresting character, and situate about sixteen miles N.W. by W. of Kilis. It is remarkable that the site of these ruins is still called Kuros by the natives, which would so far corroborate the opinion held by the early Christians, that that city was founded by the Jews, and derived its name from their liberator Cyrus, as related by Procopius (11 De Ædific. xi.), and by Gennadius, (De Scrip. Ecclesiast. cap. 89.) The opinion of antiquity appears however to have been, that it was named after a city of the same denomination in Macedonia. Cyrrhus was the country of Avidius Cassius, who rebelled against Marc Antony, and it was a Christian episcopate.

From Kilis we advanced into a hilly and wooded country, offsets of the lofty Amanus, broken up by water-courses, pathless and rugged, yet pleasant and picturesque districts enough, from the variety of scenery, the perpetual contrast of foliage, and shady tenantless glens. Colonel Chesney had a great dislike to beaten paths, so we travelled across these umbrageous wildernesses by the compass, simply directing ourselves towards the central pass over Amanus. On the morning of the second day's journey, we stumbled upon the largest of the feline tribe we had yet met with. We arrived so suddenly upon his lair, that he had not time to steal away without our obtaining a full view of his noble proportions, and spotted fur. The natives recognised him as a nimer, ourselves as the panther, for the numbers of which Amanus has been always celebrated. There may be some doubts as to whether the Amana, alluded to in the Song of Solomon (iv. 8), "Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards," alludes to the Amanus of the Greeks and Romans; as the scene, as Bochart remarks, of the sacred drama was confined to the mountains of Judea. But there can be no doubt of this being the mountain from whence Cicero

(2 Epist. ii.) said it was his intention, while in Cilicia, to obtain from the hunters panthers for the Roman exhibitions. The mountain was celebrated in all antiquity for its wild beasts. Valerius Flaccus, in the first book of the Argonauts, describes at length the hunting of tigers in Amanus, and Oppianus (lib. iii. Cynegat.) describes the same mountain as tenanted by a kind of wolf, with bosom of enormous dimensions, thick hairs, and lips of brass; and from poetry not unfounded on fact, to fact itself, the naturalist Ælian (5 de Animal. c. 56) describes the panthers of Syria as being bred in the heights of Amanus.

Our ride was not this day distinguished from others by its brevity. The clouds came down towards evening from the mountains, and enveloped us in a dense snow-storm, which obscured the atmosphere, and rendered everything at a distance of more than a yard or two from us quite invisible. We had ascended some wooded heights, which broke off to the right in abrupt precipices, while to the left they led away apparently into woods of boundless extent. There was no indication of pathway, or signs of living creatures, and we almost mechanically sped away in a northerly direction, afraid, amidst the darkness of the storm, to advance into the wood on one side, or to tumble down the precipice on the other. Night overtook us in this predicament, and although there was little difference between it and what day had latterly been, still we had begun to familiarize our minds with the idea of bivouacking in the forest, when we were rejoiced by the distant sound of barking dogs, and shortly afterwards, open land announced human industry and the approach to habitations. After what still appeared to be a long time, we arrived at the gateway of a noble-looking house, which beetled over the brow of a precipice, and looked down in solitude and stately pride upon the depths below.

The owner of this mansion, a Turkoman Bey, was unfortunately absent; notwithstanding which, however, and the time at which we came, as well as our foreign and uncouth appearance, we were most hospitably received, and welcomed into a roomy apartment, where blazing logs of wood soon made us forget the fatigues of the day, and the anxieties of a few moments past. Mansions like these, in the hilly districts, are not unfrequent; they belong to the large land-proprietors, are constructed of wood and mud, having an interior court with galleries, and when closely examined by daylight, have generally a crumbling ruinous aspect; but at night time, when the faults of detail are not so discernible, they present a mansion-like appearance, and from their great superiority to the huts of the peasants, assume a truly baronial character.

Our commissariat had been replenished at Kilis, so we gave little trouble to the hospitable Turkomans beyond the night's lodging; and receiving in the morning an intimation as to the road to be pursued, we started in a south-west direction. This, after an hour or two's ride, brought us to where the outline of the country began to change, valleys, with a central line of reeds and rushes indicating water, opened at a distance into the greater valley or plain of the Kara-su, the ancient Ænoparas, here from five to six miles in width, and abruptly limited to the west by the neatly marked out declivities of the central chain of Amanus.

At the termination of one of these transverse valleys, where it

opened upon the plain, we perceived a village, cresting a tel or mound of large dimensions, and we directed our steps towards it, with the view to obtaining a guide to the pass in the mountains. Little, however, did we anticipate the reception which awaited us. The natives watched our approach down the hills with anxiety, and arming themselves with their long muskets, quietly awaited us, seated in front of a large white house, the residence of the sheikh. We had just arrived at the foot of the hills, and became exposed, by turning round a clump of trees, which had hitherto masked us, when they opened their irregular fire, which caused us to stop suddenly, and ponder as to what next was to be done. At first, a wish was expressed that Yusuf Saada would gallop up and explain, but after he had advanced a pace or two, and stood as many shots, he returned, and the futility of this plan of proceeding became manifest. Whether by order or not, I forget now, but certainly we soon fell into a broken line, conscious that the whole was an error easy of rectification, but requiring, at the same time, to be quickly settled, to prevent accidents; and we were perhaps, also, not a little indignant at being thus assaulted by a number of shirted miscreants, for the villagers had divested themselves of their abbas or cloaks for action, and certainly presented a very shabby appearance. Murphy had just been taking the bearing of the sheikh's house with his compass at the time that the dwellers therein were taking a bearing upon him with their muskets; but he had become sensible of the necessity of putting up his watch and magnet, and of unslinging his gun; and he soon came up with us, and was in at the short gallop, which, carried on simultaneously from four or five different points, took the little group upon the hill at every side, and enveloped them before they almost knew what we were bent upon. Not a gun was fired on our part, and it can be easily imagined to what ridiculous explanations our arrival in the village gave birth to. The simple fact was, that we had been mistaken, as we all wore fezzes, for emissaries of Ibrahim Pasha's, with whom, it appeared, the villagers, of what we now learned was called Kara Baba, or the "Black Chieftain," were in hostility; and they were as much pleased to find that we were harmless travellers as we were to have reached the village in safety. Their hospitality knew no bounds. Milk, in all its various forms, was offered profusely; and the sheikh, in the excess of his satisfaction, would allow no one to act as guide but himself; and in the absence of a horse, he walked away with us, with that air of indomitable pride, which the greatest goodwill, or even a humiliating position, cannot take away from the Oriental chieftain.

We started from the Black Chieftain's home across the plain well-known to antiquity as that of Sochi, in which Darius was encamped, previous to his crossing Amanus, to deliver the Battle of Issus. There is a fashion in antiquity as well as in everything else; and Darius, having been once condemned for quitting this supposed wide plain for the more narrow one of Issus, the error has been repeated in every modern history of Alexander and of his exploits. The fact is, that the plain of the Pinarus is as wide and extensive as that of the Ænoparas; and probably, had the advantage of not being encumbered with wood, which the valley of the latter river appears to have always been. Neither plain, however, was at all adequate to the favourable evolu-

tions of the immense army of 500,000 to 600,000 troops, and chiefly cavalry, which Darius is said to have collected.

Crossing the plain, woody and fertile, but everywhere uncultivated, we arrived at the village of Ata Burunu, situated at the foot of Amanus, the natives uniformly dwelling on the slope of the hills, both to the east and west of the plain, from motives of salubrity. We were received here in a large stone house, belonging to a Kurd Bey, within which was one large apartment, divided into several compartments and arched recesses, one of which latter was large enough for the whole of our party, while the Kurd and his family occupied another.

We here learnt the unwelcome intelligence, that the Amanus was not passable at this point—"not even for birds," was the expressive language of the Kurd; and, indeed, although the colonel, who was not easily set aside from a favourite project, did not readily admit the fact, it only required to look out from the terrace of the chieftain's house at the mountains, which rose up like a wall from our feet, so perpendicular as scarcely to present footing to a goat, and clad with a slippery mantle of snow and ice, which advanced without a break into the region of clouds, to feel at once that this was a rampart not to be crossed by man at this season of the year.

The result was, that we had to start next morning, in a southerly direction, down the plain, till we began the ascent of the hills at the village and castle of Beïlan Bostandeh, from whence we gained the town and pass of Beïlan, enjoying, on our way, a comprehensive and beautiful view of the plain of Imma, with the whole expanse of the Lake of Antioch, spread out like a basin of quicksilver beneath us.

The change, on descending the ensuing day, from the rude country we have been travelling in, to the mild shores of the Mediterranean, and the fertile soil of Cilicia, was very great. There was not a flake of snow upon these ever-verdant plains and myrtle groves; and oranges and pomegranates still hung ungathered upon the trees. Passing Iskendrun, where Captain Hayes had succeeded to Mr. Martenelli, we advanced by the Cilician and Syrian gates to Bayas, and from thence to the banks of the Pinarus, where we proposed to examine the great field of battle more in detail than had been done during the previous survey of the Gulf of Alexandretta.

We found several streams of water coming down from the mountains, the most southerly of which was named Yusler, after the village it flowed through; the next was the Koi Chai, or stream of the village; and the third, and largest stream, was the Deli Chai, or "mad water," and which must hence be supposed to correspond with the ancient Pinarus.

"ποταμῶν
Τηλόθεν ἀρχομένων Πυράμοιό τε καὶ Πινάροιο,"

Curiously rendered by Avienus:

"Sulcant duo flumina terram:
Pyramus hic undas, hic voluit Pinarus æquor."

I subsequently ascertained, in 1838, that all these streams lost themselves in marshes previous to issuing into the sea, which they flow into by a number of small outlets. Both at Yusler, Koi Chai, and at all the other villages northward of the Pinarus, although no extensive ruins were met with, still there existed abundant remains of antiquity.

Hewn stones, fragments of columns or pilasters, friezes, &c., were strewn about, dovetailed into modern houses, or made to ornament Mohammedan cemeteries.

Yusler has been identified by some with Issus, from a remote relation of names; and a degree of probability is given to this identification, if we admit, with Cellarius, that when Arrian describes Darius as first taking Issus, and then proceeding, next day, to Pinarus, he was retrograding, to take up his position, previous to giving battle. But this view of the subject is contradicted by the simple language of the Nicomedian, as well, also, as by the statement of Strabo, who places Issus after Ægea, and *then* the Pinarus. The distances given by Xenophon are also satisfactory. The army of Cyrus marched, in two days, fifteen parasangs, or thirty-five geographical miles, from the Pyramus to Issus, and from that renowned city, in one march, five parasangs, or fifteen geographical miles, to the gates of Cilicia and Syria. These distances would place Issus a little northward of the Deli Chaï.

We explored the course of the Pinarus for several miles; and were tempted, on advancing into the plain, to approach the foot of the mountains, from the curious appearance of a tel, upon which we sought for traces, but without finding any, of the altars of Alexander, which, according to Q. Curtius (iii. c. 12), were erected on the banks of the Pinarus, close by where the battle was fought. The colonel and the rest of the party had, in the meantime, gone on to the northwards; and as Murphy and Thomson had commenced a round of bearings from the summit of the tel, evening at the same time coming on, I proceeded to move leisurely across the great plain of myrtle and heather, which had once been the scene of one of those wholesale butcheries which stand sorrowfully apart from incidents of a more peaceful character, and yet foremost in the annals of all nations. This great plain was by no means so easy of transit as appeared, being cut up by deep and narrow ravines, or water courses, with perpendicular sides, and which often for a time completely intercepted the horse's progress, and obliged one to ride long distances before a feasible passage could be found. It was thus dark before I came to the first village on the road, and where I found the party located in a pleasant cottage in a garden. It is almost needless to say, that poor Murphy and Thomson, who had not allowed for any difficulties on the way, did not come up till the next morning.

The day following, we passed through a large village, with luxuriant orchards, called Urzin; and we turned thence in a westerly direction, across another open country, covered with heather and myrtle, towards some extensive ruins, which lay before us. We had not proceeded far, when a quadruped, about the size of a fox, with brown fur, flat body, and short legs, and, apparently, a sharp muzzle, somewhat like a badger, but larger, and differently coloured, broke from cover. This animal so excited my curiosity, that, although badly mounted, I gave chase, in which Staunton joined. After a run of a mile or two, we got up with it; and I pulled in, in order to get a shot, when Staunton went past, and occupied such a position as to prevent my firing without the danger of hurting him or his steed. At this unlucky moment, the animal got into his burrow. It is most probable, however, that under the circumstances I should not have hit it.

Nicopolis, which has been supposed
ala, and from whence the road started,
or "Darius' pass," of Amanus, by
also, in Roman times, in the same
nce, called Epiphanea, one of the cities
piratical prisoners, whom he had cap-
e, afterwards, a Christian episcopate.
imself, when advancing upon Amanus,
as near to Epiphanea, before he as-
ription which would tally closely with
ins and of Castabala. Cicero ascend-
ountains, reduced six different strong-
ra, and Commorin, and Erana, which
n, situated upon the crest of Amanus.
d as being situated in that part of
ch were the altars of Alexander. In
further describes the castle, occupied
on of Amanus, as being that which
ep Darius in check.
nearer to the sea-shore, and was, in
useway, which formerly brought the
le—into connexion with the Amanian
therewith. Passing a small Turkoman
ed his horse, and, to do us honour,
id, and performing various equestrian
rmuz Su, the colonel shot a duck, but
oman did not believe in the fact. The
uring Cyclopean arch of noble dimen-
bed. Strabo alone distinguishes what
the Amanian gates had a station connected

Ascending the hills, we passed the village of Kurk Kulak, or the "Wolf's Ear," where is a large ruinous caravanserai, and descended thence into a plain, about three miles in width, and called Tchokar Ovah, or the "Valley of the Ditch." Leaving Murphy and the rest of the party to go forward to Misis, the colonel, Staunton, and myself, turned off into the plain, to ascertain what sport it would afford. There were no trees; but the herbage and jungle was deep, offering good cover to game. Nor were we long in finding amusement; bustards and francolins abounded, although rather shy; but our attention was called off to game of a higher quarry, by the colonel's starting off at full speed after a hunting-tiger, which had just broke cover. In the course of an hour or so, we put up no less than six of these beautiful animals, but did not succeed in killing one of them. The horses were, indeed, much terrified at being pushed after such game, and the colonel's ran away, and was with difficulty recaptured.

This plain was separated from the valley of the Pyramus by a rocky range of hills, called Jebel en Nur, or the "Mountain of Light," and these terminated over the great central plain of Cilicia by an abrupt rock, upon which were the castellated remains of Shah Meran Kaleshi (Jihan Numa, p. 602), or the "King of the Serpent's Castle."

We passed the night at Missisah, *vulgo*, Misis, a place formerly of considerable importance, but now a mere village of about a hundred houses, situate on the right bank of the river, connected with a mass of ruined dwelling-houses, and a caravanserai; on the other, by a bridge constructed in part of old materials, and from among which I copied a Greek inscription, now in Colonel Chesney's possession. There was, also, in the same neighbourhood, an artificial mound, with scattered ruins of what appeared to have been a temple.

Misis is well known as the site of Mopsuestia, more correctly written by Strabo, Mopsi Hestia, "the house or abode of Mopsus," the poet and soothsayer. It was a holy city, and an asylum, and became free under the Romans, by whom it was enlarged and embellished in the time of Hadrian. It was, also, as we learn from Procopius, remarkable for its magnitude and splendour in the middle ages; and Abu-l-feda relates that 200,000 Moslems were devoted to death or slavery in this city by Nicephoras Phocas and John Ximisces. A great many misrepresentations regarding both its situation and its name exist in the Byzantine writers, and are also propagated by Gibbon.

There are some reasons for believing that the town of Mopsus occupied one side of the river, and Mallus, where was the oracle of Amphilochus, the other. Strabo describes Mallus as built by Amphilochus, and Mopsus, the son of Apollo. Q. Curtius, in describing the progress of Alexander, says, that the Pyramus, having been passed by a bridge, they came to Mallus; and the river was, according to Scylax, navigable up to that city, which it is to the present day.

From Misis, we advanced upon the beautiful and expansive plains of Cilicia, the ancient Campus Aleius—

"Κεῖθι δὲ τὸ πεδίον τὸ Αλήιον,"

and where Bellerophon wandered—

"Forsook by Heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!"

g it thus a name. There was,
e fall of Bellerophon."

Avienus' hexameters, upon the same
on, here alluded to, is not contained in
ons of the legend; but it is in Pindar,
ng stung by a gad-fly; and hinted at

uplum grave prælet ales
equitem gravatas
Bellerophontem."

of relating what the father of poetry
was in trouble and grief, or in a fallen
nophon speaks in raptures of the large
well watered, and full of all sorts of
sesame, panic, millet, wheat, and
this plain are now cultivated; the re-
ge, interspersed with a few shrubs, and
-tree. Bustards herd upon this plain,
and the traveller can never cross it
es, which here bid defiance to the wily
that Philotas is described as leading
nder proceeded by Mallus.
ght us to Adana, which, although not
of history as its neighbour and rival
ntiquity—so much so, as to have been
been named after Adam. It does not
d eminence of old. Dio Cassius de-
ainst those of Tarsus; and it was with
of the Cilician cities to which Pompey

...s; but it is also said by Appian, that he expressly ... less frequented cities.

...d Harun al Rashid took a fancy to Adana, and embel... also his son Mohammed; and it has always remained a ... the Turkomans; and one of the family of Ramazan Ogklu, ... by name, embellished it with its chief mosque. It did not ... Osmanli dominion, till the time of Bayazid II., A.D. 1486. ...ow exceeds Tarsus, in population and commercial importance; ...at of a pasha, and of a Turkoman government; and is said to ... a population of 50,000 souls, among whom are 10,000 Chris... The houses are remarkable for being constructed of red tiles, ... old Roman houses; and the country around is distinguished ... producing abundantly the fruits of hot climates, almost every ... having its date-palm; and the sugar-cane has been imported ... Egypt. The bridge, over the Seihun, the ancient Sarus, is 325 ... in width; and the cemeteries beyond extend far away, like a great ...t of graves.

Colonel Chesney and myself had come on ahead, in order to procure lgings; and for that purpose I waited on the pasha, who referred ... to the civil governor, politely sending his servant to back the re...quest. The old Turkoman, to whom I then applied, sent a Kawas to obtain a domicile in the Christian district; but not a house would open its doors; and we were obliged, at last, to take refuge in the single apartment of an European medical gentleman, who took pity upon us. On our way thither, we met the disconsolate astronomical and commissariat part of the expedition wandering in uncertainty about the narrow winding streets, in search of those who had gone on before, and not at all delighted at being thus exposed to those jeers and insults which the Frank has always to undergo when passing through a Moslem city not much frequented by Europeans.

A LEAF FROM MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

EARLY in my theatrical career, I accepted an offer from the manageress of the Tamworth, Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon company, to play the "juvenile tragedy, and eccentric comedy,"—salary, as my letter of engagement specified, "Twenty-one Shillings per week, and benefits upon the usual terms." Managers, in those days, generally named the amount of salary in *shillings*—twenty-one, or twenty-five shillings read, and sounded more important than "One-pound-one," or "One-pound-five,"—actors, generally, calculating upon effects.

With a light heart, I mounted the roof of the coach, by which I was to travel from Yorkshire, with sufficient cash in my pocket to pay for my journey, provided I travelled economically, and a ten-pound Bank of England note, safely stitched in the lining of my waistcoat, as a *corps de reserve*, only to be brought forward upon a great emergency.

The coach by which I travelled left me at Lichfield, the nearest point to Tamworth, distant about seven miles—a mere nothing for a young pair of legs, with a light heart, to walk. Having journeyed

from Chesterfield since breakfast, I ordered dinner at the inn where the coach put me down; but although my appetite was good, I was afraid to satisfy my hunger by eating more than one-half of the very small dish of veal-cutlets placed before me, fearing I should be set down as a young Yorkshire gormandizer. In addition to the cutlet, I was favoured with an infantine apple-tart, of "smaller than the smallest size," one-half of which, according to the treatment of its predecessor the veal-cutlet, I left untouched, casting many "a longing look behind." Rising from the table with an appetite has ever been considered most wholesome, the assurance of which but poorly consoled me; with what beverage I ventured to wash down my "half-and-half" meal, I do not remember. Having paid my bill, I set off for Tamworth, with my umbrella in one hand, and a small brown paper parcel, containing a few necessaries for my journey, in the other, having sent my wardrobe forward by wagon.

I jogged on cheerfully—"Twenty-one Shillings per week," and good parts in the perspective—undecided whether I should make my first appearance in Tamworth as *Young Norval* or *Tony Lumpkin*. On arriving within two or three miles of my destination, I overtook a baker's boy, on his way home, with his donkey and panniers; and as "misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," so may a long walk with a strange companion.

I was right glad to beguile the time by chatting with this youthful Master of the Rolls, who willingly answered my inquiries as to the distance from Tamworth, the size of the town, the inns, the number of inhabitants, &c. Young Doughey was very communicative, and gave me a history of every decent-looking house we passed, its owner and occupant; how many loaves per week Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so "took in;" and how many Mr. and Mrs. This-and-that; who paid punctually, and who did not; who paid without dunning, and who did not pay at all.

As we approached nearer to Tamworth, I was delighted to behold a fine river, winding its course not far from the high-road, for I was exceedingly fond of fishing.

"That is a fine river," said I, to my travelling companion. "What river is it?"

"Well, sir," replied he, "it's that river."

"But what is the name of it?"

"Why, it's called the Tame."

"There must be plenty of good fish in it, I should think."

"Yes, the fish *is* good enough, when catched fresh."

"What kind of fish are caught there generally?"

"Well, all sorts, at times; but mostly roach, perch, and *h*eels; and sometimes other sorts."

"Ah!" said I, "I see a man on the other side of the river pulling the fish out pretty quickly. I shall not be many days in Tamworth before I try my luck in this water."

"It is a good job," said Young Rolls, "that they bite sharpish, or else that chap would be badly off. It wont be long before he comes to our shop for a threepenny loaf, stale baked; he's a very good 'un, and always pays as soon as he can, so we never mind trusting him at times."

"Who is he?" inquired I.

"Well, sir, it is one of the play-actors, fishing—maybe for his dinner! There is so few folks goes to see 'em act in Tamworth, that they don't often get any of their wages on a Saturday, and sometimes not none all the week through; and them as is best off among 'em, helps them as isn't; and they sticks by one another always. The master of 'em all is a woman—her husband's dead; and she's got behindhand, and lost a deal of money; 'cause she has grow'd so fat and over old, that our town says she is not fit to act young parts no more; and very few people goes to see her; and them as does go, has a order to go in with mostly; and sometimes they wont go *then*, 'cause she will go on taking the young women's char-ac-ters away for herself to do, though some of our people has told her she's far over big for them things now; but she never minds, but goes on doing 'em still."

"My income totters," thought I—what a prospect for a slender young man, whose means were still more slender! I wished myself back in Yorkshire; but having advanced "thus far into the bowels of the land," I resolved to pursue my way.

I informed Master Crumb-and-Crust that *I* was an actor, about to join the Tamworth corps, whose situation he had described as worse than one on half-pay, or reduced rations.

"Well, sir," said he, in an encouraging tone, "never mind; things, maybe, may get better, and you may have a good benefit on your night, for a great deal of people goes at benefits when they likes the actors. Now them as acts tragedy parts, and sings funny songs, always comes off best. Can you sing?"

"No."

"Can you act tragedy parts?"

"I am going to try."

"Can you tumble? 'cause them as can, is always safe to be liked. Mr. Grim-al-dy acted one night, from Brummagem, and was terribly liked and laughed at."

"I can't do that."

"Then I doubt you will come badly off; but maybe that's no object, 'cause they are all going to go away to Stratford-upon-Avon to act very soon; and some of the best hands is going to leave now, and get with a better set. Shall you stop long with them?"

(Not long, "thinks I to myself, thinks I.")

Thus we jogged on, until we reached the place of my destination—detestation, I might have said. I entered a respectable-looking, second-rate inn, was shewn into a neat little parlour, saw my bedroom, and after freeing myself from the dust of the road, took tea, then inquired my way to the carrier's and the stout manageress; was delighted to find my luggage safe with the former, and not very pleased to find myself in the presence of the latter.

The lady fully answered the baker's description—she *was* fat, lazy-looking, and certainly sixty.

The room of audience was adorned in the real old-fashioned country managerial style. A round table stood in the centre, covered with a soiled table-cloth, it was ornamented with spots of gravy and crumbs of bread; the salt-cellar had been left on it, and a remnant of cheese, well-crusted. There was a well-thumbed play-book before my future mistress, who was seated, making out, as I subsequently discovered, a cast of the "Rivals," for the next night's performance, when Mr.

Bartley and Mr. Mallinson were to "star it,"—the former, in *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and "The Three Singles," and the latter, in *Acres*, and *Humphrey Grizzle*,—a jug containing "real Staffordshire ale," a snuff-box, two somewhat soiled ostrich-feathers, and a tea-saucer containing spangles.

An old-fashioned mahogany (unpolished) dining-table, with one leaf up, stood on one side of the room, covered with bound and unbound books (dramatic, of course), play-bills, tickets, tin checks, and tin check-boxes. A pair of soiled, white satin shoes, bound with silver cord, a decanter, with the neck chipped, some ringlets *en papillottes*, a silver-leather helmet, (the manageress had acted the *Queen*, in the "Battle of Hexham," I found, the preceding night,) and a pot of rouge.

The old-fashioned seat of the window was covered with "odds and ends" of various kinds—slippers, and coloured hose, a dagger, a green velvet bonnet, a very faded green veil, and a small dog-collar.

The fireplace, instead of a fire-board, was adorned with an old posting-bill of the "Wood Demon," and the "Romp;" a sword, without its scabbard, was carelessly reclining on one side of the grate; and on the other, a parasol, over which ink had fallen. A black velvet robe, spotted with spangles, like stars, was thrown over the back of one chair, and a bilious-coloured, tiny mongrel cur occupied another.

A closet, the door of which stood open, disclosed sundry articles of "creature comforts" on the shelves—a piece of boiled ham, a slice of butter, a tin tea-cannister, two or three rolls of bread, a black bottle (contents unknown), a vinegar-cruet, a powder-puff, a pair of curling-irons, some old artificial flowers, with many more articles, "too tedious to mention in this here advertisement."

In the lower part of this receptacle were a pair of pattens, an umbrella, an earthen jar, usually containing spirits by the gallon, a band-box, and a pair of ladies' laced-boots, somewhat dusty.

As my future mistress was busily occupied in "making out the bill" for the next performance, I had plenty of time to scan everything in the room, including its stout occupant. She had evidently been a very fine woman, had still a brilliant eye, and was "round as a tun,"—

> "Like two single fish-women, rolled into one;"

she was in dishabille, although the day was far advanced, "all occasioned," as she said, "by a press of business, and the fatigue of the preceding evening, when she had performed *Miss Hardcastle* and *Ella Rosenberg*—*Mrs. Hardcastle* and *Mrs. Flutterman* would, in my mind, have been nearer the mark; but as I had not long before seen Mrs. Jordan, the finest comic actress of the day (of any day, I might say), then very stout, perform characters equally juvenile, I was not very much surprised, not knowing what the great lady's talents might or might not be.

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I waited patiently, as in duty bound, until the devil (the printer's) was sent "down below," and then we proceeded to business.

"It glads me, sir, to see you. When did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago, ma'am."

"Walked you from Yorkshire, all the way, sir?"

"No, ma'am; only from Lichfield."

"'From Tamworth thither is but one day's march!'"

"I walk'd it in little less than two hours, ma'am."

"Ah! You look very young, sir."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you ever play *Faulkland* in the 'Rivals?'"

"No, ma'am; never."

"We act the 'Rivals' on Friday, and the 'Three and the Deuce;' we must get you to play the *Coachman* and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*."

"I never played either of those characters, ma'am; and, if you please, I should prefer opening in something else."

"Well, sir, what have you done in the 'Rivals?'"

"*David*, ma'am."

"Let me see; *David—David*—well, sir, so let it be; you shall have it. Would you like to take a glass of ale? 'We are famous here for our ale,' as Boniface says."

"Much obliged to you, ma'am; but I have only just taken my tea."

"Well, sir, *David shall* be your opening part. I must trouble you to call at the printer's—he lives just round the corner—and tell him to put you in for *David;* your first appearance, from the Theatre Royal, York, although you never played there—it will be better than naming a smaller town. Tell the printer to leave a blank for the gentleman's name who is to play *Sir Lucius*, for I can't fix upon any one just now for it. I thought you might like to open it; but it is of no consequence, whatever, for everybody, I dare say, has to study; and it must be quite immaterial to my gentlemen what they do."

"Am I to play in the farce, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes. It is a very full piece; and some of my gentlemen have left me to-day, quite suddenly; so you must play *Renard*, the Frenchman, and double it with *Mr. Milford*."

"Shall I not look too young for it, ma'am? You know *Mr. Milford* has his daughter on the stage with him."

"Oh, never mind that, 'tis of no consequence—we can alter it, and call her your sister; it will be quite as well. I don't know who has got the book of the farce—you must find out the prompter, he can tell you; and if it be engaged, you can have it in the morning whilst we are rehearsing the play—they are both very short parts."

"Good afternoon, ma'am."

"Adieu; by the by, our prompter is going to leave us, so, if you like to prompt also, I will raise your salary two shillings a week."*

"Thank you, ma'am; but I would rather not."

"Very well, as you like; then Mr. Gray must be the man—he will do very well, if his deafness goes off; he caught a severe cold fishing in the rain, and has been somewhat deaf ever since—why my gents are so fond of fishing I cannot imagine. Good day, sir; mind how you go down stairs—there's no light—leave the door open. Once

* The prompter did leave the company, having obtained a better situation; but, as his finances were far from flourishing, the company, one and all, cheerfully subscribed to enable him to travel with his family to his new engagement. And I may here state, that actors, however slender their means, are notorious for the assistance they invariably render their needy brethren, and for the kind feelings they evince towards each other.

prospect of their breaking up.
ct, and in consequence had the ad-
who had no great devotion for study.
reless in the performance of their
me applause, and I well remember
ar" of the evening. My stout—
ss, acted *Lydia Languish;* and I
two-thirds less, she would have been
twithstanding her size, in my young

ecollection; but, as I knew nothing
en singularly good, especially as at
e accent, which must have rendered
Colman made an Irish-Yorkshire-
but I believe I produced the first

e night's salary — seven shillings!
order to proceed to Stratford-upon-
nager informed us, we were to open
vided," said he, "the building (barn)
, we shall certainly open on Monday

the immortal bard could not boast of
the temporary one, fitted up very
nded, and that, too, by the gentry of
Some years ago, a neat theatre was
nd it has never been well attended.
that I lost one week's salary, and was

compelled to change my ten-pound note—a sad change I considered it; and I determined to change my situation as soon as possible, for I felt that "any change must better my condition."

I shall never forget the astonishment of the cashier at the bank on my presenting my paper friend for change. He eyed me from head to foot—my note from letter to letter, and from figure to figure—held it up to the light to examine the water-mark, &c., it appeared to him (at least, so I fancied) to be a doubtful, if not a suspicious case. Begged my pardon for asking such a question, "But was I REALLY one of the Stratford company?" Inquired where I came from, and asked many more inquisitorial questions, concluding with, "How will you have it, sir?"

"Gold, and a five-pound note, sir, if you please."

He gave me the required change, scarcely for an instant taking his eyes from my face, "but to the last bended their light on me."

I understood from some of the company that the theatre in Stratford was always well attended, and the benefits good; I therefore banished my fears, but resolved to be very economical, and, if possible, keep my five pound note unchanged, sadly lamenting my being obliged to let off my ten-pounder to enable me to carry on the war.

Fortune *did* smile upon us. Business *was* good, though, assuredly, our company was not; we failed principally in our orchestra, which consisted of—shall I tell it?—a *fife* and *tamborine!* for the regular musicians of the company left us in Tamworth, and here we could not obtain any, the two above named excepted.

Mr. Dowton acted with us one night, during his star-engagement at Birmingham, and, for the first time, I played *Acres* and *Gregory* ("Turn Out"); he was announced to sing, in *Restive* in the farce, "All the world was born to vex me," and "Hey for the merry wedding day;" but, as Charles Mathews says in "Patter *versus* Clatter," "he didlt," for he did not like our band, strange as it may appear; and as he would not sing without an accompaniment, we "cut the songs out," and, as our manageress said, "did very well without them, terminating the performances somewhat earlier, which is always agreeable," continued she, "especially to the boarding-school mistress, who brings her young ladies at 2*s.* a head; and it saves a little—the burning of our candles; added to which, finishing early is desirable, as the people like to be home at a decent hour."

The *Quizzical Gazette*, some years ago, stated that "Mr.—— (name forgotten) acted *Hamlet* in three hours and a half, and made nothing of it." But we, in the way of time, beat him hollow; for we generally got through a five-act play and a two-act farce in the same time; and, I doubt not, in like manner, made nothing of it.

Our houses were very good, but, strange to say, at the end of the first week I received my salary—my twenty-one shillings, by instalments, and in a most extraordinary manner, as I shall relate anon.

A FEW PASSAGES ON DREAMS, NIGHT-NOISES, AND PHANTOMS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

PART III.—PHANTOMS.

"Persons, after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with *chimerical* representations as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses."—SHENSTONE: "*An Opinion of Ghosts.*"

"And *Fancy's* multiplying sight
View'd all the scenes *invisible* of night."
COWLEY.

"IT faded on the crowing of the cock," says Marcellus to Horatio, speaking of the grand phantom of Hamlet's father, the most awful apparition yet evoked by the imagination of man,—a royal shade more potent as the monarch of spirits, than while, in the body, it wielded the sceptre of the then mighty Denmark. But, with all its attributes of power, "the majesty of buried Denmark" could only "revisit the *glimpses of the moon*, making *night* hideous." As *dawn* came on, it "*faded.*" Daylight is not propitious to ghosts, who require a dim and shadowy arena,—darkness, when they can get it; or, in default of that, an artificial light which mostly includes heavy glooms favourable to "their exits and their entrances." They glimmer in front of a picture, of which the background must be obscure; and they demand in their spectators a certain frame of mind brought about either by the temporary bewilderment of somnolency, by moral or physical derangement, by sorrow or fear, by boundless credulity, or by the natural depression of mental energy existing, more or less, in all human beings at very late hours. Ghosts never prey on sagacious or healthy subjects, surrounded by cheerful accessories. "Your lordship," said Sir Thomas Wilde, the other day, to Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, "is not the *kind of man* to see apparitions; besides, you *do not eat suppers.*" Phantoms, then, must have ready-prepared witnesses, suffering under dyspepsia, or otherwise morbidly affected, and a certain apparatus, like conjurors; or they are nothing. To speak somewhat in the manner of the fantastical old physician of Norwich, one might say, "Why, ghosts are never seen in daylight, or why they generally affect a *tête-à-tête*, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." The fact is, that laughter is death to ghosts; and what but laughter would attend the appearance of one of them, at noon, in Pall Mall? Lord Byron fancied he saw a phantom of a Black Friar at Newstead Abbey; but, to use his own language, it

"Appear'd
Now in the moonlight, and now *lapsed in shade.*"

It would be the very triumph of the world of spirits if one of them could maintain its pretensions in the eye of day; this would settle all

doubt. But no; they do not dare such an issue: they know "a trick worth two of that."

An obscure writer, in 1766, thus expresses himself as to ghost-craft: "Does not every tool of superstition carefully limit his apparitions to time, place, and person—to night, to a corner, and to a coward? Why are ghosts eternally banished from sunshine and a crowd? What mighty causes restrain their stalking in daylight and in company? If they are benevolent to mankind, why should they decline opportunities of at once securing *indubitable* testimony of their existence—of accepting that reverence their nature would attract, and that gratitude their kindness would excite?"

The delusions of ghost-craft arise from a variety of causes. Some of them are accidental and natural; others brought about by morbific agency; not a few by imposture; more by fear; and many by the wilfulness of credulity in ghost-seers themselves. Let us give one or two modern instances:—

In 1807, a baronet, now living, was summoned from school to a town on the coast where his father had died suddenly. Having arrived late at night, after a fatiguing journey, and his spirits being exhausted with the unexpected loss he had sustained, the young heir requested to be shewn to his bed-room, where his sorrow and agitation were soon lulled by sleep, the "balm of hurt minds." Between one and two o'clock in the morning, he was awakened by a low, wailing sound, *dirge-like*; (so it seemed to his half-slumbering senses;) he lifted himself from his pillow and listened. It was no dream. The moaning noise continued, and grew louder and louder. While our youth looked about, by the gleam of a night-lamp in his chamber, the two leaves of a folding-door opposite him swung open as if to give space for the entrance of a ghastly pageant. It was as startling an announcement as that which in Spenser's "Faery Queene" was made to Britomart when, in "chearelesse night,

> the yron wicket open flew,
> As it with mighty levers had been tore;
> And forth yssewd, as on the ready flore
> Of some theatre, a grave personage."

Having remained awhile fixed with dismal apprehension, the young baronet crept out of bed, and stole breathlessly into the adjoining room. The first object that met his view was a figure in white drapery, and with a visage of the same colour as its robes. It seemed advancing towards him, face to face. Being, for a moment, terrified, the youth dared not proceed; and as he stopped, the spectre also became immoveable. But this was not all that encountered his gaze in that grim apartment. A coffin was there; and on it were plumes of black feathers, waving and bending as if supernaturally forced to take part in some dreary ceremony. The lamenting sound—the sudden swinging open of folding-doors, seemingly by their own impulse—the white figure—the coffin and bowing plumes—were all calculated to impress him who beheld them with a belief that ghostly influence was at work; and had he yielded to his fear and rushed from the place, he would have given another phantom-story to the already existing *veritable* stock. But, though only sixteen years of age, the youthful baronet was one of those few persons whose presence of mind rarely

deserts them. Summoning his faculties, and coolly investigating what he saw, he ascertained that the pale spectre was a reflection in a pier-glass (till then unperceived) of himself in his night-gear, which, as he moved, would of course seem to be moving towards him; the wailing noise was produced by wind through partially-opened windows, near which the corpse lay; this wind, increasing in strength during a gusty night, had forced open the folding-doors that had been only imperfectly and hastily secured (perhaps in trepidation) when a bed was prepared for the youth; and the strong breeze had also given a waving motion to the black plumes placed on his father's coffin. Having fully ascertained these points, the young mourner retired to his inner apartment, deliberately bolted the folding-doors, offered up a prayer to his Maker, and was again blessed by sleep.

The following are other instances of natural and accidental causes of spectral impressions:—

A young lady, known to the present writer, was terrified, one night, by seeing at the foot of her bed a tall shadow making perpetual obeisances. Though it is quite natural that beauty should be in the receipt of homage, the damsel, accustomed to adulation at other times, was alarmed by such intrusion at "the dead waist and middle of the night." Hiding her head under the bed-clothes, she summoned her scattered spirits, took counsel within herself, and having recovered her presence of mind, looked with a scrutinizing eye at the phantom. There it was, still making salaams according to the Eastern mode of adoration. "A figure of the other world!" thought she. "Dreadful!" How far she might have blamed her attraction for bringing such unwelcome visitants, no one can tell; but her self-possession had acquired strength; and self-possession is fatal to ghosts, whether their advent be to worship or to terrify. She arose, went to the window, and detected the "cause of the effect." Her house was on the border of a suburban by-lane, and a gas-lamp standing there had projected into the room a shadow of an intermediate tree, whose branches swayed in the night-breeze. She took care afterwards to close the shutters.

Garments hung upon pegs in bed-rooms are often, during night, taken for ghostly figures. Sir Walter Scott relates a remarkable instance of this as having occurred to himself; and many persons have been similarly deceived. We have heard of a gentleman of nervous temperament being haunted by a colossal figure robed and turbaned like a Turk, and having a fiery visage. Night after night did this gaunt apparition present itself. The visitation at length became intolerable, and the sufferer, terrified into courage,

> ("For men as resolute appear
> With too much, as too little, fear,")

resolved desperately to attack the disturber of his nocturnal slumbers. It would not do to let his impulse cool; so he jumped out of bed, rushed towards the phantom, seized it—and found the window-curtain in his grasp. The fiery face turned out to be a large brass knob, over which the upper part of the curtain was thrown.

Of those visions occasioned by morbific agency, the following are specimens:—

A lady who had been to Sierra Leone with her husband (an army

captain) was compelled to leave the settlement on account of ill-health, and return to England by herself. During the voyage, she was too weak to quit her cabin. This was divided by a screen, on one side of which was a sofa where she reclined during day; the other contained her night-berth. One afternoon, when not far from the termination of her voyage, she saw, as she reposed on the sofa, her husband (whom she had left in Africa), seated by her side. In spite of a deadly faintness that came over her, she uttered a hurried exclamation of wonder at seeing him there, when he instantly arose, and glided from her view behind the screen. A convulsive outcry brought the ship's surgeon to her cabin. "My husband is here!" gasped she; "why did you not tell me so?" "You have been dreaming, dear madam," replied the doctor; "Captain —— is at Sierra Leone with his regiment. Compose yourself." "He is here, I tell you," rejoined she with a wild emphasis. "Go behind that screen, and you will see him." The surgeon drew aside the screen, when no one appearing there, the lady, exclaiming, "Then he is dead!" sank back, and became, for a time, insensible.

This idea was too strong to be repressed. Being certain she had seen her husband's ghost, the lady felt already the desolation of a widow. Soon after landing in England, she received a letter from her husband, announcing his probable return sooner than was expected. But even this did not remove the gloomy impression. "He must have died in that horrible climate," thought she, "after his letter was dispatched." At length, however, the captain arrived in London in good health, and we believe both he and his lady are living at the present hour. This vision was nothing more than a "brain image," or hallucination of disease, aided, probably, as Coleridge says, by "one of those unconscious half-sleeps, or rather those rapid alternations of the sleeping with the half-waking state, which is *the true witching time*—

'The season
Wherein the spirits hold their wont to walk,'

—the fruitful matrix of ghosts."

By way of companion to the above, we may mention another supposed ominous appearance equally fallacious, and occasioned by morbid perceptions resulting from long watchfulness. A solicitor in London left his private house one morning, telling his wife that he should dine with a friend, and desiring her to send a change of clothes to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where, to save time, he should dress. This was accordingly done. It was the month of November. Between five and six in the evening, the lady, who, with the sweet and untiring solicitude of a mother, had several days and nights watched the bedside of a sick infant, heard a carriage draw up at her door; and, happening at that moment to be going towards the nursery, saw, from above-stairs, her husband pass into his dressing-room. "Why," said she to a woman-servant, "I thought your master was going to dinner from his chambers. Were not his clothes sent there?" "I believe so, ma'am," was the answer. "It has been neglected," responded the lady; "his carriage has just stopped at the door, and he is now in his dressing-room. Go and ask his man why the commands were disobeyed." The girl went on her errand, and returned, saying the

things had been sent as ordered, and that her master was not in the house. Strong in her first impression, the lady descended to her husband's dressing-room—that room into which, a few moments before, she had seen him enter: it was vacant! Hour after hour did she pass in dreadful perturbation. She refused to be comforted. Not knowing whither her husband intended to go, she was ignorant where to make inquiry; and only after his return would she be persuaded that a warning phantom had not been seen by her. Had any accident happened to her husband in his homeward path, nothing would have removed her belief in a supernatural vision. Her delusion was the fruit of long anxiety and sleeplessness at the couch of her child. Hypochondria had set in. It is fitting that for every accidental *coincidence* in these matters, numerous *non-coincidences* should be recorded.

The singular cases of diseased imagination manifested by Walderstein, a celebrated physician of the university of Gottingen, and by Nicolai, a German bookseller, are too well known to require recital in this place. Both these men, though terribly oppressed by phantoms of the mind, have done great service to the cause of common-sense by subjecting the phenomena under which they laboured to calm, philosophical investigation; and so perfectly had long practice given them mental command, that they were able, even when the morbid affliction was raging—when the phantoms were actually present—to examine the condition of their mind and nerves, and lay the result before their fellow-creatures.

A narration is somewhere made of a man who saw his own ghost in every apartment of his house. It was in vain that he tried to elude the apparition by going from the parlour to the study—from the study to the drawing-room—from the drawing-room to his bed-chamber; in each and all sat his other self, scaring him with ubiquity. This was, in every sense of the word, an intense *monomania*—an extravagant case of egotism, assuming the horrible.

The best explication ever given of ghost-craft, is that addressed by Cassius to his friend Brutus, after the latter imagined he had seen a phantom in his tent previously to the battle of Philippi. "In our sect, Brutus," said he, "we have an opinion that we do not always feel or see that which we suppose we do both see and feel; but our senses being credulous, and therefore easily abused, (*when they are idle and unoccupied in their own objects,*) are induced to imagine they see and conjecture that which in truth they do not. For our mind is quick and cunning to work (without either cause or matter) anything in the imagination whatsoever. And, therefore, the imagination is resembled to clay, and the mind to the potter; who, without any other cause than his fancy and pleasure, changeth it into what fashion and form he will. And this doth the diversity of our dreams shew unto us. For our imagination doth, upon a small fancy, grow from conceit to conceit, altering both in passions and forms of things imagined. The mind of man is ever occupied; and that continual moving is nothing but an imagination. But yet, there is a further cause of this in you; for you being by nature given to melancholic discoursing, and of late continually occupied, *your wits and senses having been overlaboured, do easilier yield to such imaginations.* For to say that there

are spirits, and, if there were, that they have the shape of men, or such voices, or any power at all to come unto us, it is a mockery."—(*North's Plutarch.*)

A physician of the name of Cook, living at Leigh, published in 1765 an account of certain spiritual agents who hovered about him, and supplied him with supernatural intelligence concerning his patients. This was obviously a professional puff; but such an effect did it have on the general mind, that a private gentleman (one Mr. King) thought it worth while to destroy the doctor's pretences; and completely did he demolish the nonsense. Cook pretended that to him alone was communicated these warnings. His antagonist answers in the following strain:—"If we admit the reality of your spirits, and invest them with the character of sagacious guardians of mankind, why should we limit our ideas of their number and locality? What claim has Leigh to such a share of their vigilance?—or your house to the peculiar privilege of being their office of intelligence? Men, as moral agents, are everywhere, I presume, in the same defenceless state; and equally require, and are entitled to, the same spiritual correspondence and protection. Were the favour of these gracious beings at all visibly or palpably experienced, it would not be circumscribed, nor partially distributed, nor dispensed only *to a few in the world during hours of solitude and darkness*, but, like every other display of Divine Providence, would be general, constant, and indisputable."

This applies to all ghost-stories: it is conclusive; but truth was not exactly Dr. Cook's object. To be deprived of his warning-ghosts was to lose so many patients; and accordingly, as far as in him lay, he struggled hard to establish his visions to a "liberal and enlightened public." This made King only more determined in his argument; and the result was, that he annihilated the physician and his phantoms at "one fell swoop." The controversy, though now forgotten, is well worth reading.

The following is one of the most remarkable and puzzling instances of dream in one place, and vision in another, on record. It was related about eighty years ago, and deserves to be recalled from dusty oblivion.

A student at an academy in Devonshire dreamt that he was going to London, but having parents living in Gloucestershire, thought he would visit their house in his way to the metropolis. He, accordingly, commenced his journey in imagination; and, reaching the parental home, attempted to enter at the front door, but finding it fast, went round to the back, where he gained ready admission. All was hushed: the family had retired for the night. Proceeding to the apartment where his parents lay, he found his father asleep; on which, without disturbing him, he went to the other side the bed, and perceived his mother to be broad awake. "Mother," said he, "I am going a long journey" (meaning to London), "and have come to bid you good by." Stricken with fright, and interpreting his words in a fatal sense, she replied, "Dear son, thou art dead!"—The dreamer now awoke, and took no more notice of the affair than he would of any ordinary dream. But in a few days, he received a letter from his father, informing him that his mother, while in bed, had heard him, on a certain night, (the very night of his dream,) trying the doors of the house; and after opening the back door, and coming up stairs, he appeared at her side.

occasion, at a late hour, to go to the
left there. She was in her night-dress.
nursemaid, who took part of the same
nsleep. Fearful of waking them, she
e, and finding what she sought, retired,
, stopping, however, at the foot of the
he servant, not having closed her eyes,
h, simple and natural as it was, assumed,
unearthly visitation.
her mistress, the following morning,
ed in the nursery last night!"
matter?" gasped the lady.
irit of my master's mother. She was
oom like a ghost; stopped at the foot
en vanished. I am sure we shall hear
ady; "it was myself whom you saw.
eau-de-Cologne, and took my slippers
u and the child. You must be very
before my time."
ous; and not believing her mistress's
wide an account of the apparition. It
o undeceive her, by doing, next night,
; and even when her master's mother
the servant resolutely adhered to her
th and reason are weak, indeed, when
al and the wonderful. To be terrified
can't live without what they call "*a*
of their pleasure is a wedding, a

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT CANTERBURY.

Neither the fame nor the hospitality of Canterbury of old are gone by, or extinct. True, that at the site of one of its gateways, modern cynicism has erected opposite to an old heart-shaped shield, bearing the inscription, "Welcome, 1671," a recent and tasteless slab, with the ominous word, "Farewell, 1835." But, notwithstanding the questionable politeness of this indication, opposed as it is to the geniality of that of the seventeenth century, Canterbury is still itself, and, in point of feeling, as it was when pilgrims followed in the wake of the second Henry, to lay their offerings at the shrine of Becket. Its ramparts which have resisted Danes, Normans, and parliamentary forces, still struggle into sight from amidst picturesque old houses, or are moulded into public promenades. A Norman keep, and one of its old gateways, with round towers and portcullis, still remain. Its monastic and palatial ruins, rich with historical recollections of early Christianity, of wedded loves, and of pious retribution, are also to be found adorned with leering and grotesque figure-heads, commemorative of the monks that loved "a fat swan best of any rost," and above all rises a cathedral no less venerable for antiquity than distinguished by its surpassing beauty and architectural excellence.

It is not to be wondered at that the archæologists of Great Britain, assembling as an association to examine the antiquities of a locality, to discuss antiquarian and historical subjects generally, to promote mutual intercourse, and to lend their aid in the preservation of monuments of olden time, should have made one of the most ancient cities of the empire—one from whence Christianity was first diffused over the land, and in and around which Roman, Saxon, Norman, and old English ruins bristle up at every point, or steal into view from the most obscure and remote corners, and which in one particular instance carry the eye through almost the whole series of changes effected by time in the features of Gothic architecture—the first point of their first experimental and successful meeting.

The great advantages, indeed, enjoyed by the archæologist is, that he has to do with local things, which, if not living, are still existing forms, appealing in mute eloquence to the eye, and to which, by the power of mind and genius, he lends life, resuscitating the past for the benefit of the present. Comparisons are proverbially insisted upon as objectionable; but it is impossible not to remark, that the perfect ease and genial sympathies of the British Archæologists, contrasted strongly with the apprehensiveness and frigidity of the assemblies of the men of science, and that in a manner highly favourable to those who had not gleaned austerity from the lessons of the past, or self-sufficiency from a successful wisdom.

It was the fancy of a distinguished modern writer, that peculiar and characteristic living forms might be supposed to spring from the variety, beauty, and grotesqueness of shapes and outlines, which belong to cathedral structures, and which succeed to one another in the dim light suffused through stained glass, or shaded by lengthening aisles and lofty arches, in such mysterious multitude; and the deformed tenant of the towers of Nôtre Dame, was the living form given to such an abstract idea. But far different, and far more practical, are our conceptions of propriety. No one could have attended the Association of British Archæologists at Canterbury, and met in harmony of intercourse with the numerous church dignitaries who came thither from all parts of England—from London, Oxford, Hereford, and St. Albans, but must have felt that such men, combining a fine simplicity of mind and warmth of feeling, with the highest intellectual attributes, were the best possible representatives of those noble edifices from whence they may be almost said to emanate; and that, unlike the learned and cloistered recluse of old,

rrantly executed, and would sweep from
monuments of whatsoever character. So,
difference of opinion exists. One party
dered classical; another would introduce
for ideality, and suggesting new difficulties
s been already shewn, are not beyond the
of the country.
other monuments of the dead, were soon
Such were not adapted for them. It is
passing excellence and beauty of the Gothic
n aggregation of details—the perpendicular
nted arches and lofty spires, the horizontal
loftiness of the aspiring structures which
another of designs, increasing in magnifi-
nd extent. On the contrary, the Greek
velopment of its harmonious and beautiful
or subtraction without injury. Hence it
cred edifices upon platforms or hills, best
ir horizontal lines against the wavy outline
The true position of the Gothic cathedral is
elling-houses, above which it rises in splen-
does not at all necessitate, as some have
mediate area around Canterbury Cathedral
locality) should not be open, as Mr. Britton

strictly architectonic character, we are not
ake away from, the beauty of the interior of
sential that the existence of such in a sacred
d people, in any way lead to saint or hero
ion first admitted within the bosom of its
ho had fought or fell in her cause, we cannot
y not be exhibited towards those who, by
anced her interests; or who, by honourably

defending their country, have also protected its religion. To us, the recumbent images of Archbishops Peckham and Wareham, in their long robes and mitred heads; or that of the Black Prince, lying in complete armour, on an altar tomb of grey marble, suggest in their placid repose and sculptural picturesqueness, no sentiments but those of respectful and devotional admiration. Such monuments as those of Henry the Fourth and of Joan of Navarre, his queen; of Lady Holland and her two husbands, with the customary emblem of fidelity at her feet, in St. Michael's Chapel, are to our minds at once appropriate and architectonic; and if you admit the decorated style within an edifice otherwise of Romanesque simplicity, as in the screen of Prior Henry de Estein, which separates the nave from the choir, and the florid decorations of the western transepts, you cannot object to the statueless but decorated altar tombs which adorn the eastern portion of the choir; and one of which, that of Archbishop Meopham, serves as a screen to the old Norman Chapel of St. Anselm. Neither would we bring any objections in point of appropriateness, to bear upon many other monuments of Canterbury Cathedral. The studious aspect of John Boissy, with his beard, long robes, and ruffles of the middle ages; or old Sir T. Neville, kneeling in prayer, in his coat of mail, cannot but be considered as characteristic and pleasing monuments, the effect of which is good. But such acceptance cannot be extended to all. The highly coloured and gaudy monument of Archbishop Chicele, is most unsuitable to the solemn simplicity of everything around; the fantastic heaping of skulls and bones on Dean Fotherby's monument; many of the details in the warriors' chapel—pictorial sculptures, trivial in conception and in execution, and all mere busts, being incomplete and fragmentary in character, are decidedly unarchitectonic. And although among the modern monuments, consigned without an exception to the nave, there are not many sculptural conventionalities—kneeling figures, repetitions of ancient and well-esteemed designs, or females bent over tombs in the recognised attitudes and expression of monumental grief,—still, it is to be regretfully added, that there is throughout equally little pretension or taste. With the exception of two cherubim by Rysbrack, who seem to be playing about a broken column; and a modern misery to Lieut.-Col. Stuart, there is, indeed, nothing sculptural—nothing but a long line of variously-formed mural tablets, with more or less conventional urns, and bas-reliefs, with designs familiar to every explorer of town or country churches.

Upon the subject of Canterbury Cathedral—the first and chief which presented itself to the association—an able paper was communicated by Professor Willis, in which he compared the history of the rebuilding of the choir and other portions of the cathedral by William of Sens, after the fire of 1174, as given by the Monk Gervase, with his actual examinations, and which shewed the historian to have been accurate in all his details. Professor Buckland, who for some years past has been frightening the more timid in the pursuit of science by forebodings of anticipatory earthquakes, and whose blue bag has become to many an object of serious suspicion, from being supposed to conceal portable explosive compounds, ever attendant upon the professor's movements, announced his belief that the cathedral was in daily danger of fire, from the spontaneous combustion of the exuviæ of birds, of which he had seen, at one time, as many as fifty issue from as many broken windows. Mr. Austin, the surveyor of the cathedral, naturally repudiated the possibility of such an event; but, what was more to the point, denied than any quantity of such exuviæ was allowed to accumulate. Mr. Godwin, who has for some time past turned his attention to the old masonic signs which exist on hewn stones, exhibited copies of a variety which he had met with in various cathedrals in this country and on the Continent, and which he had now, also, detected in Canterbury Cathedral. The subject is one of considerable interest, as connected with the origin of free-masonry; and similar marks are met with in the edifices of antiquity in the East, in still greater numbers, and possessing greater peculiarities.

Roman antiquities, although not of so much immediate interest as those of

ally suitable with Romney Marsh to the
ddy and slippery character of their land-
dvanced by the Rev. Mr. Barham at the
he coast has undergone since the Roman
Goodwin property, scarcely applies itself
to be the landing-place, still it is satis-
n port, and hence its condition must have
me of the first debarkation. The distance
sed at Kingston, would also tally; but
le difficulty, and which the ingenuity of
is the distances navigated after the coast
e argument in favour of Romney Marsh,
bability is now given by the discovery of
tation at that point.
rejoiced, at Rhutupia, by the discovery
lapse of time, worn away cavities on the
ing process was effected by the agency of
affixing one of the offenders to the pink
and which it quickly changed in colour.
considered by Bede to have been built by
refore of singular interest, was also made
rtunately, undergoing extensive repair,
will not pretend to say, but we were
y stone was replaced in its original situa-
says King Ethelbert—who, by the bye,
d, was lying on the ground in pieces. We
of ornamental art; the sculptured inter-
not possess any particular beauty.
ned, several other papers on Roman anti-
rest, as on the Roman roads in Kent, by
on more distant localities, by Professor
; and a great number and variety of

Roman relics were also exhibited at different times during the meetings of the association.

The chief thing accomplished in *Saxon antiquities*, was the opening of the barrows, on Barham Downs, and the heights of Bourne, commonly called Breach Downs, and which proceedings were preluded first by the distribution of a printed account of barrows, previously opened in the same locality, by Mr. Wright, one of the most distinguished and active members of the association, and by a description of the different kinds of tumuli and sepulchral mounds, by the Rev. J. B. Deane, to which was added a notice of the Cromlech, which was described as being the rich man's monument, while the simple mound of earth was the grave of the poor. "Kits Cotty House," where Mr. Wright has lately been carrying on interesting excavations, was also characterized as a sepulchral monument; and at the same meeting, Sir William Betham took occasion to notice the sepulchral nature of the Irish round towers, as established by the late discovery of a skeleton in that of Ardmore, and which deductions apparently met with the support and concurrence of Mr. Crofton Croker. Numerous objects, obtained from the different sepulchres, were laid at various times upon the table; so that, indeed, on such an occasion, a tyro might have familiarized himself with many not always accessible points of antiquarian information.

The morning on which the members of the association met, eight miles from Canterbury, on the Dover road, to witness the final opening of the Saxon graves—the upper portion of which had been previously removed—was threatening, and, for a time, turned to heavy rain. Nothing daunted, however, by this state of things, antiquaries of both sexes patiently watched the opening of no less than eight tombs—the remnants, evidently, of some poor Saxon villagers, who once dwelt by the side of a hill, now wood and fallow-enclosed, with cottages and gardens on one side, and a Quixotic-looking mill on the other, while the hill itself, an offset from the great line of the Kentish North Downs, made a rapid descent to a village, beneath which flowed the *Bourne, par excellence*.

In the first grave, the remains were found of a woman and child, they had been buried together, and with them their necklaces of various-coloured beads, which the poorer Saxons apparently wore, as is in the present day done by various of the American-Indian and Oriental tribes. A ring, and several other ornaments of no great value were found in the same grave, but it is to be remarked, that, in the graves of the richer Saxons, different articles are found of good workmanship, especially of gold filigree, which by no means evince a low state of the arts. The third grave opened was distinguished from the others, by the bones being in a greater state of preservation, the lower extremities being displayed, by excavation, in a nearly entire condition. This fragment of humanity appeared to excite much interest among many present.

The fourth opened was the tomb of a peasant warrior. His sturdy skull remained nearly entire, and by his side was the head of a spear, and a small portion of the base of a shield, of the usual Saxon form. In the seventh, a knife, five and a half inches in length, and at first supposed to have been a dagger, was found by the side of a female; and a number of rings, beads, and minor objects of interest were met with during the excavation. These graves were all superficial, and were disposed, more or less, east and west, but very irregularly so, and with the feet towards the rising sun, as demanded by the Helio-Arkite mysteries.

After refreshment at Bourne, hospitably proffered by its noble tenant, the party proceeded, with additional spirit, to Breach Downs, where, in a portion of the park attached to the mansion, barrows of greater importance had been excavated in the chalk, for a depth of about six feet, and to within a few inches of the mortuary deposit. Human bones were obtained in quantities; and patience was further rewarded, by finding, in one of them, a beautiful Saxon urn, with the usual zig-zag ornament, and a small vessel of green glass. On the contents of the urn, being afterwards explored, it was found, however, to contain only the clasp of a purse, which had held no coins; so that from this and other circumstances, notwithstanding the position and the depth of the

graves, they were considered, by the antiquaries present, to have belonged to a poor tribe.

A curious circumstance occurred, in the opening of these last barrows, that a human skeleton, evidently belonging to recent times, was found at the top of one of them. Dr. William Pettigrew remarked, that, as the Breach Downs had been once the scene of the exploits of a robber familiar to the traditions of the neighbourhood, this was not unlikely to be the record of one of his foul deeds. Dr. Buckland attempted to controvert this, by pointing out, that the most ancient, even antediluvian bones, might sometimes be in a state of perfect preservation, which was so far true, when the circumstances conducive to decomposition were not present, but they were so, in this case, the bones being quite superficial, and exposed to air, moisture, and the other recognised causes of disintegration, and yet perfect. The Dean of Hereford also called attention to the fact of such skeletons occurring on the surface of barrows, which were the remains of sacrifices made to the manes of those interred within; but it is obvious that we should, in such cases of nearly contemporaneous inhumation, expect a similar, if not greater, amount of decay to belong to the upper as to the lower remains.

A lively discussion arose upon various points of interest connected with these barrows; we will only notice the most striking. The teeth, often with the enamel very perfect, had the top of the crown worn down in a manner which indicated a diet chiefly of peas and beans, upon which, as several present remarked, the soldiery were still dieted, even to the latter periods of the middle ages. A second fact was the absence of hair, which, as it occurs in mummies, led Dr. William Pettigrew to advance an opinion, that the Saxons were shaved like the Easterns; but notwithstanding the well-attested indestructibility of hair, in some cases, it is well known that it is, also, often found wanting, on opening quite recent mortuary deposits.

An equally curious subject of investigation presented itself in the fossil bodies of recent origin, and even living things, which were found in the barrows. Mr. Wright had described, previously, the existence of skulls and bones of mice, with remains of seed, &c., and on the present occasion, similar remains were found, in addition to which, some common land-snails were found in one, and two live earth-worms in another grave. A communication was also read by Mr. T. Bateman, upon the discovery in barrows in the vicinity of Bakewell, Derbyshire, of a bed of rats' bones, a foot deep, which precluded the assumption that they had found their way into the grave. There was a diversity of opinion in explaining these appearances, and which was again returned to, at a later period, without arriving at anything more than a kind of Pickwickian clearness and lucidity.

It may be remarked, in regard to Saxon remains, that Sir William Betham took two different occasions to insist upon the so-called kelts—Saxon hatchets of stone—being adzes, or carpenters' tools, from the circumstance of one having been found inserted in wood. This, however, was, at the best, a very indecisive proof, for no one, because an axe was found imbedded in a tree, would controvert the fact of there ever having been battle-axes.

But we must leave Roman and Saxon antiquities for those of the *middle ages*, foremost among which stood the cathedral, already noticed; next in interest came the line of Norman forts, which extend from Dover, by Canterbury and Rochester, to London. All these are in, more or less, good preservation; that of Canterbury the least so; while an especial excursion was made to that of Dover, by a small party of gentlemen and ladies, including Sir Wm. Betham, Rev. Mr. Barham, W. Harrison Ainsworth, &c., and who were hospitably and kindly received by Major Davis, the commandant of Dover Castle. The Norman keep of Dover was minutely described to the meeting by the Rev. H. Hartshorne, who considered it to be one of the most perfect types of a Norman castle in existence.

A little gem of these early times, which was made the object of an especial excursion—Barfreston Church, excited much interest and attention. Although in part restored, the restoration had been carried on with so strict a regard to

archæological exigences, and so much that was untouched still remained for the scrupulous investigator, that the building was not open to much critical detraction. As to the beauty and perfection of the whole, and, indeed, of almost all the details, there were few dissentient voices. Indeed, the numerous drawings which have been published, from Grose downwards, give no idea of the neatness and fitness of each part, and of the consequent harmony and perfection of the whole. It was impossible, in contemplating such a real architectural gem, not to feel a wish to know something concerning its origin. Who founded it?—when was it built?—was in everybody's mouth; but no one could answer the question. There exists, however, a sculptured legend on the arch of the gateway, which tells, after the burlesque fashion of olden times, that, like the beautiful Chapel of Roslyn, near Edinburgh, and that of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, it owes its origin to a hunting adventure, apparently an accident, and a vow made in consequence. In one of the sculptures a gallant huntsman is going forth; in another, he is in pursuit of a hare; in a third, his horse has stumbled against a stone; in a fourth, a monkey is riding home with the hare; in a fifth, there is a consultation being held over the identical stone, which is apparently devoted to the foundation of a chapel; for in another compartment, the hunter is embracing his lady, at the happy resolution made; and in the last of the series, the monkey is fiddling for joy, at the conclusion of an incident, to which we must, no doubt, attribute the building of the beautiful chapel of the forest.

It is obvious that it is impossible for us to notice all that was done during a week's hard labour; our object has been simply to glance at things of local interest, and at the prospects of the new and promising association. There were many papers read, which, without wishing to tie the association solely to local matters, were certainly unsuitable; while, on the other hand, there were many communications of high and learned character, but which were too strictly antiquarian for the meeting, which, it is supposed, is intended to be popular from the mixed character of the audience. The description of a fresco or distemper painting (it was not determined which) in East Wickham Church, led to very active steps being taken for its preservation. It was said, but the statement has since been contradicted, that it was threatened with immediate destruction by the religious scruples of the incumbent. It was one of the greatest practical advantages of the association, among whom there were three deans present—responsible keepers of cathedral antiquities—to thus allow the public feeling to be expressed on such matters. It is evident that we are now in the age of toleration, not of indifference. Upon the subject of this painting we may find a corner to say, that the seventh compartment, which the author of the paper did not, we believe, decipher, was apparently the angel appearing to the shepherd—the star being lost by part of an arch which crossed the upper portion. This subject, also, eliminated from the Dean of Hereford an account of the etymology of "Douse it out," springing as it did from a person of that name, who, when puritanical zeal was at its height, particularly distinguished himself by his energy in white-washing old paintings in our churches and cathedrals.

So great was the influx of contributions, that some were omitted; others were only half read, and none were fully commented upon. It was a great antiquarian race, in which those who could throw in a word appeared to consider it equal to winning a prize. Visits were also made to Dr. Faussett's, the possessor of Douglas the antiquarian's collections, and which are preserved in a retired villa in the woods, looked upon with superstitious dread by the peasantry around, who believe the cellars to be full of coffins and human bones. Mr. Rolfe's collection at Sandwich was also hastily examined; and a gentleman, of equal taste and urbanity of manners—Mr. Godfrey, of the same neighbourhood, received and refreshed the fatigued antiquaries at his hospitable house.

We ought not to omit that Mr. Pettigrew, so distinguished by his researches in Egyptian antiquities, unrolled, or rather cut and chopped to pieces—for the bandages were so impregnated with bitumen, that they

would not unroll — a mummy at the theatre, an exhibition replete with curious and interesting information for the residents, for whose advantage the proceeding was chiefly intended. After the operation, the gentleman (for so he turned out to be) and the "son of the lady of the house," as he was hieroglyphically described, was placed in an erect position, his arms folded across his bosom, grimly scowling from beneath his gilded eyebrows upon the numerous ladies present, who appeared to enjoy vastly this impromptu appearance of a deceased Egyptian, upon the stage of the Canterbury theatre.

It would have been thought that the mere fact of the innocent and harmless character of the week's recreation thus afforded, so much more profitable than what is always at our command, would have ensured the good will of all parties. Not so, however, with the Athenæum, where there can ever be found a spirit of disparagement and detraction of all that is meritorious and kindly meant. It is objected by this Journal, that a careful survey of Roman remains in Great Britain, will add little or nothing to our stock-book of architectural models, as if the study of the manners, customs, &c. of by-gone people, had no object but the advancement of architecture! If the lessons afforded in such studies by the monuments (for such in the eye of the antiquary is a key, a coin, or a vase, broken or whole) of antiquity are to be neglected, because they do not always furnish models of art, so the writings of antiquity ought to be neglected, because they do not always furnish models in literature. The "stupidity that delights to doze" over bits of broken things, is an error of exceeding enthusiasm, which we are sure the ever-grumbling Athenæum will never fall into.

Far more exhilarating it was to see at Canterbury every branch of knowledge connected with archæology having its able and devoted representatives. The Ulster King-of-arms sat there side by side with Rouge Dragon; severe architecture had its Barry, Blore, Britton, Burton, Poynter, Willis, &c.; primeval antiquities, its Annesley, Artis, Bateman, Betham, Birch, Bloxam, Dawson, Deane, Ferrey, Faussett, Hale, Isaacson, Pettigrew, Smith, Way, Wright, &c.; mediæval antiquities, its Beattie, Bennet, Christmas, Corner Ellis, Hamilton, Hassells, Larking, Noble, Stapleton, &c.; history its Ainsworth, Arden, Ayrton, Barrow, Cunningham, Halliwell, Heywood, James, King, Nichols, Sharpe, Turner, &c.; even sculpture had its Westmacott; legendary history, its Barham and Croker; costume, its Planché; and geology its Buckland and König.

It would be doing an injustice to the people of Canterbury not to notice the exertions which they made to receive this host of learned men. The good-natured zeal of Mr. Neame, the mayor; and the exertions of Mr. Edward Plummer, Mr. Brent, and the other aldermen and town councillors, impressed every visitor with feelings of gratitude; and here, it must also be distinctly stated, that in point of courteousness and general urbanity, as well as in the graceful tact and good sense with which the President of the Association, Lord Albert Conyngham, got through his arduous duties, nothing could have been found more desirable, more worthy of imitation, or which could have been productive of more general satisfaction.

After such a first successful meeting, we can only say that the British Association of Archæologists possesses unlimited promises for the future, and every claim to ardent support. As an index to the popular feeling upon archæological subjects, its existence is invaluable; as a field for promoting and preserving art, it is most praiseworthy; and it can never fail, judiciously managed, to afford one of the most pleasant week's recreations that can be set apart from out of the year.

THE RAT-TAT: A STORY OF THE GENTILITIES.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THERE is often a deep moral meaning, a particular social signification, in a knock at the door.

The footman's knock is never to be mistaken; it is the only thing he does that speaks of industry, and an honest determination to earn his wages. Having performed the knock, it may be observed that he immediately starts back, and bids for an advance of terms next quarter, by dashing down with a terrific clatter, and astonishing rapidity, the carriage-steps. Who would conjecture him to be "one of those lazy rascals," as rags, hunger, and hard work, naturally love to call him?

The postman's is as expressive; profuse and powerful in its proclamation, even to the remotest closets and corners of the edifice. The tiny chimney-sweep, if the Act had not put him down, would infallibly hear it, though close jammed up at the soot-filled angle of the third story.

The reduction of the postman from the Twopenny to the Penny would, of course, have reduced his two knocks to one, as a measure of equity, and an economy of time; but that his identity must then have been merged in the general mob of knocking humanity—of that miscellaneous butcherism and bakerism, whose brazen throat is resorted to, to eke out the power of the iron instrument at the door.

There are people in London (past all doubt) who could infallibly distinguish, by deep acquaintance with the exquisite philosophy of sound, between the knock of the income-tax collector, and his who called to pay, with interest, the long out-standing account—the bill overdue five years.

The knock of the Hitchinsons and the Wappingtons, whom we don't want to see, is never recognised—never explicit or intelligible. Those families vary their knocks in the most insidious and disgusting manner.

The loud, long, lively knock, bordering in duration and violence upon the footman's own, is sure to be the modest announcement of a gentleman presenting a petition, either sentimentally on his own account, or impudently on behalf of unreclaimed sinners in New South Jericho.

The two sharp knocks with a soft one slipped in between—a sandwich for the ear, a perfect sandwich in sound—are Cousin John's; he has always an original way of his own: and the low, playful, and extremely protracted knock, or series of knocks, which seem running into the air of "Como's lake," in *Gustavus*, only spoiled as the door suddenly opens in the middle of it, is the clever performance of the pianoforte-tuner.

On the other hand, that dreary, peremptory, and most unmusical single rap, which is always sure to come long before its proper time, is the knock of the printer's devil, calling for the article.

But although some people's knocks are as symptomatic of them as their noses—and, indeed, there are such things as snub-knocks and fine Roman rat-tats—never were we aware until lately of the existence of a graduated scale of power in the common knocker; that the principle of gentility and social consequence was capable of being accu-

rately measured out upon the firm-set lower jaw of the griffin, whose head adorns the door. Little was it by us supposed—such was our pure unmingled metropolitan simplicity of mind—that the up-and-down movement of the knocker could ever by possibility be governed by the up-or-down condition of the visitor.

To our tale: reminding the candid reader, by way of moral at the beginning instead of the end, that small matters are not necessarily insignificant, and that a single word may possess the eloquence of an oration. A mere monosyllable may turn out to be a corpulent volume in a state of extreme condensation. It should be the essence of English—potted prose! So with the triviality to be here recorded.

At a stone's throw across the high road from our little study window, stands, as one of a row, a genteel residence or asylum, sometimes for a single gentleman, sometimes for a small quiet family, sometimes for a widow with a scant pension, and sometimes for a newly-married couple, of course without incumbrances. The house has been, within a twelvemonth's space—as a roving eye glancing from window to window, and carelessly noting exits and entrances, might easily discover—a receptacle for all these. It is a genteel residence, all let out. It is certainly not "commodious," nor yet "eligible"—it is genteel. All auctiondom could make no more of it.

One class of the tenantry specified above—the small quiet family—possessed, about a twelvemonth ago, the upper floor, or, rather, only the front room; for the two children slept in it, as we knew by the windows being always closed directly they disappeared in the evening, and were put to bed. They were exquisitely neat; and the mother, though she had a servant's work to do in addition to the maternal duties, was a pattern of cleanliness and quiet. The father of the little family was young, and evidently engaged in some superior mechanical employ. Marks of toil were on his dress, yet his attire was always decent, and his habits marvellously regular. His arrivals to his daily meals were as exact as clockwork. When we heard his firm full single knock, like the half of a postman's, we knew perfectly well that it was then a certain hour of the morning, noon, or eve. Neither death, nor quarter-day, though proverbial for punctuality, could be more true to their time.

Attention once drawn to this regularity, we were naturally prepared to notice any omission, and at last observed that this full single regular knock of our neighbour's was only to be heard on six days of the week. On the Sunday, the children wore brighter ribands, their gentle mother's neatness bloomed into elegance; and for the youthful father, no sign of daily labour was visible on his pleasing waistcoat, or the light-coloured essentials below. He was in his best, to be sure; but the best was good. Stultz would have stared a little perhaps; but no matter—the mechanic might have walked unsneakingly down Saint James's-street. He was an honour to his manufacturing country.

But although he went out and came home on the Sunday, we never noticed his knock. How did he get in? Perhaps his fond kind wife, proud of him, and of the waistcoat her hands had ironed for him, watched admiringly at the window as he came down the road, and had the door open ready for him! No. One Sabbath, as we happened to glance—and not without some feeling of respect—at what must be called the "gentility" of his appearance, he walked with an air of gentlemanly independence up to his own lodging-house door,

and gave a peculiarly smart off-hand "rat-tat-tat," as a thing that he was quite used to!

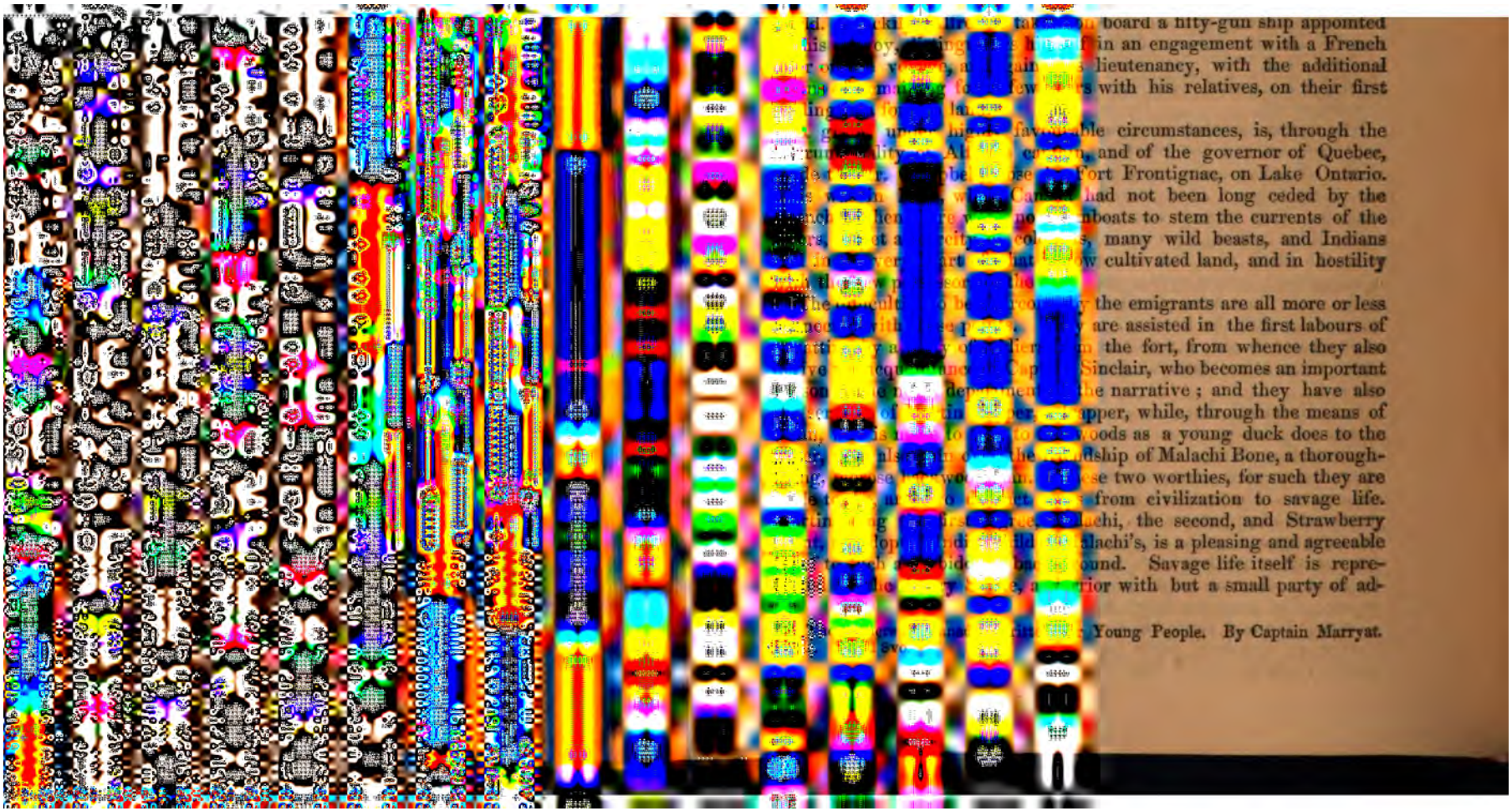
And we found that he *was* used to it, on that day of the week only! His single week-day knocks continued, but with equal regularity he delivered a rattler on the Sunday. On that one blessed day of the seven —blessings are indeed in the poor man's Sabbath!—he did no manner of work; he was his own master; his feelings underwent a change; he could take a liberty which he shrank from on Saturday; he was a gentleman, and he knocked accordingly.

This practice, while it amused us, also increased our interest for the quiet little family; and so we were glad to perceive sometime afterwards a mighty stir in the genteel edifice, with its floors separately let out. The family so attached to the gentilities were getting prosperous—getting on, as it is called; and we quite clapped our hands joyfully, as one morning, we saw the little ones at the *first*-floor window, trying to look down, and evidently thinking what a little way it was to the ground. Yes, and there too was their mother—their mamma now!—gazing out at the prospect as at a novelty, and fancying that the five trees opposite looked very different seen from the *third*-floor window.

So it was. The brightest ribands were now worn daily, and the elegance became as habitual as the neatness. But there was another change—a change in the habits of the head of the family. His appearance shared in the general improvement, his goings-out and returnings were all as exact as before; but we missed the accustomed knock. He came home to dinner as usual; but instead of crying, as was our wont, "It's just one o'clock; there's the knock," we were sadly out in the time, believing that, as no such knock was heard, it was not so late.

The fact immediately transpired. The first-floor had brought first-floor customs, and the Sunday practice became the practice of the week. No more single knocks! We had the smart "rat-tat" every day, three times. There was, no doubt, a music in the repetitions of the rap. They were so many audible proclamations of his advancement, of his ranking with the *élite* of the house. It seemed, however, to be the result of a rule laid down by the landlady. Parlour and drawing-room lodgers were to knock as they pleased; but the occupants of the upper floor were not allowed to put themselves on such a familiar footing with the knocker. People who are not worth a rap, are not expected to give half-a-dozen at the door. It was pretty to discover these secret laws of gentility, and to see how the principle worked.

A twelvemonth passed away, and we lost all interest in the progress of the little family, whose rat-tats could have no charm. When suddenly another change came. The little children were chirruping up at the top-window again, looking at the five trees from a higher point once more. The mother was there also, glancing about with a rather disconcerted and pensive air. The prosperity had been but a flash—the little agency, or the advance of income, was too good to last—and the old upper quarters were quietly, and to all appearance contentedly, resumed. They all seem quite cheerful, and amazingly regular as before. Out goes the father after breakfast, and back he comes to dinner. We now again know when it is one o'clock, by the knocker —save on Sundays, when happily the spirit of independence and gentility still prevails in the "rat-tat."


board a fifty-gun ship appointed
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lieutenancy, with the additional
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and of the governor of Quebec,
Fort Frontignac, on Lake Ontario.
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from civilization to savage life.
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ound. Savage life itself is repre-
ior with but a small party of ad-

Young People. By Captain Marryat.

herents, but who carries on a systematic hostility against the new colonists.

Beginning with the clouds of musquitoes, and the whistling and hissing of frogs, the party are soon introduced to the minor inconveniences of being thrown into almost immediate contact with nature untainted by art, and lands unreclaimed by man. Even the ladies are constituted into "a female rifle brigade." The arrival of winter was, however, a more serious trial. Mary and Emma are startled on their daily visit to the cow-house by a hungry wolf, whom little John comes up in time to despatch. The well-drawn character of this precocious backwoodsboy, comes out in all its force upon this occasion. Having killed the wolf, he shoulders his rifle, and saying, "He's dead," turned round and walked back to the house.

"On his return, he found that the party had just come back from hauling up the punt, and were waiting the return of the Miss Percivals to go to breakfast.
"'Was that you who fired just now, John?' said Martin.
"'Yes,' replied John.
"'What did you fire at?' said Alfred.
"'A wolf,' replied John.
"'A wolf! Where?' said Mr. Campbell.
"'At the cow-lodge,' replied John.
"'The cow-lodge!' said his father.
"'Yes; killed Sancho!"
"'Killed Sancho! Why, Sancho was with your cousins.'
"'Yes,' replied John.
"'Then where did you leave them?'
"'With the wolf,' replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly
"'Merciful Heaven!' cried Mr. Campbell, as Mrs. Campbell turned pale, and Alfred, Captain Sinclair, Martin, and Henry, seizing their rifles, darted out from the house, and ran with all speed in the direction of the cow-house.
"'My poor girls!' exclaimed Mr. Campbell.
"'Wolf's dead, father,' said John.
"Dead! why didn't you say so, you naughty boy?' cried Mrs. Campbell.
"'I wasn't asked,' replied John."

The same winter an Indian woman, abandoned by her tribe from having dislocated her ankle, was found in the woods, brought in, nursed, and having recovered and received a supply of provisions, left them three weeks afterwards to rejoin her friends.

Great was the delight of the whole party when the return of spring brought with it a pleasant greensward, open waters, and chirping, twittering birds. Greater extent was now given to the farming operations; the skins obtained in winter were sent to market, and stock was purchased with the produce of their sale; palisade fences were erected, and more winter-houses; while a field of maize that was sown did not fail to bring down the bears. A fearful fire, which involved miles of forest, threatened the total destruction of the new settlement, which only a sudden rain averted; and this summer the Angry Snake makes his first appearance, according to received custom, as if accidentally dropt from a cloud, and that, when the party were inopportunely engaged in examining the stores.

The consequence is, that on the ensuing winter, an intended surprise by the Indians is thwarted by Master John, who shoots one of the savages disguised as a wolf; but in revenge for the injury thus unintentionally committed, the Angry Snake carries off the second son, Percival, on a hunting day, when Alfred has a dangerous encounter with, and is severely bit by, a puma.

As the family think that the youth perished in the snow, after the bitterness of the loss was over, Percival is little thought of till Malachi finds a letter, written by the Indian woman, who had been succoured and protected by the settlers, informing him, by a series of amusing hieroglyphics, that Percival is prisoner with the Angry Snake, at a distance of twelve days' journey to the westward.

The fourth summer, the Young Otter, an emissary of the Angry Snake's, arrives to negotiate the surrender of Percival, but he is made a prisoner, and, in return for this, the Angry Snake makes further capture of Mary Percival, of whom Captain Sinclair had become the acknowledged suitor. Incidents now crowd one upon another, the pursuit of the Indians is the great achievement, crowning other minor events. The following of the trail, at one moment lost by the wily Indians, keeping along the course of a river bed, at another by taking a canoe, and coasting along, instead of crossing direct over, a lake, is full of breathless excitement. The Strawberry Plant is in all her glory, and Martin and Malachi are now heroes. Little John had been left behind, but the second day of the pursuit, "they had finished their meal, and were sitting round the embers of the fire, conversing, and calculating the probabilities as to their overtaking the Indians, when Martin sprang up, with his rifle ready to bring to his shoulder.

"What is it?" said Alfred, in a low tone, as Martin held up his finger as a sign for silence.

"There's somebody coming this way; he is behind that large tree," said Martin. "I see his head now, but it is too dark to make out who it may be."

As Martin said this, a low and singular sort of whistle between the teeth was heard, upon which Strawberry gently put down Martin's rifle with her hand, saying—

"It is John."

It was John, and when asked how he got there:

"Followed trail," replied John.

On the route, Strawberry finds, by a broken twig, that the woman friendly to the settlers, was of the party, and had left, where possible, signals of the trail; but, after crossing the lake, they find the same female struck down by a blow of a tomahawk, from suspicion being excited by her movements. She is relieved, and, recovering rapidly, acts as guide, by a nearer road, to the Indian encampment, where Percival is found dressed in leggings, and Indian shirt of deer-skin, carrying in his hand his bow and arrows, and with an eagle's feather stuck in his hair, above the left ear. What is more singular, after his recapture, (as, according to our author, invariably takes place in every instance where the parties are very young,) he had forgotten his language and his friends. Shortly after the recapture of Percival, the Angry Snake and his followers arrive, bearing Mary Percival on a litter. But we must not anticipate details; they are carried to a happy, eventful, and unforeseen conclusion, and what we have said, we feel convinced, is only just sufficient to give an interest and insight into the adventures of the Canadian settlers, and the very simple and yet effective and dramatic manner in which they are presented to the reader.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

THE DOG-FANCIER.

THE ROOKERY! Who that has passed Saint Giles's, on the way to the city, or coming from it, but has caught a glimpse, through some narrow opening, of its squalid habitations, and wretched and ruffianly occupants! Who but must have been struck with amazement, that such a huge receptacle of vice and crime should be allowed to exist in the very heart of the metropolis, like an ulcerated spot, capable of tainting the whole system! Of late, the progress of improvement has caused its removal; but whether any less cogent motive would have abated the nuisance, may be questioned. For years the evil was felt, and complained of, but no effort was made to remedy it, or to cleanse these worse than Augean stables. As the place is now partially, if not altogether, swept away, and a wide and airy street passes through the midst of its foul recesses, a slight sketch may be given of its former appearance.

Entering a narrow street, guarded by posts and cross-bars, a few steps from the crowded thoroughfare brought you into a frightful region, the refuge, it was easy to perceive, of half the lawless characters infesting the metropolis. The coarsest ribaldry assailed your ears, and noisome odours afflicted your sense of smell. As you advanced, picking your way through kennels flowing with filth, or over putrescent heaps of rubbish and oyster-shells, all the repulsive and hideous features of the place were displayed before you. There was something savagely picturesque in the aspect of the place, but its features were too loathsome to be regarded with any other feeling than disgust. The houses looked as sordid, and as thickly crusted with the leprosy of vice as their tenants. Horrible habitations they were, in truth. Many of them were without windows, and where the frames were left, brown paper or tin supplied the place of glass; some even wanted doors, and no effort was made to conceal the squalor within. On the contrary, it seemed to be intruded on observation. Miserable rooms almost destitute of furniture; floors and walls caked with dirt, or decked with coarse flaring prints; shameless and abandoned-looking women; children without shoes and stockings, and with scarcely a rag to their backs: these were the chief objects that met the view. Of men few were visible—the majority being out on business, it is to be presumed; but where a solitary

obstructions they encountered in
somewhat wider cross street, which
ance, and then struck into an entry,
a swing door that admitted them
ey found a dwarfish person wrapped
reat-coat, seated on a stool with a
d a cutty in his mouth, the glow of
thered features. This was the deputy
they were about to enter. Addressing
r, the ruffians passed on, and lifting
entered a sort of kitchen, at the
a cheerful fire with a large copper
On one side of the room was a
ral men of sinister aspect and sordid
at cards. A smaller table of the
the fire, and opposite it was a
per rooms. The place was dingy
the floors could not have been
walls were begrimed with filth.
ead resting on a heap of coals
as black as a chimney-sweeper,
waiter. The principal light was
against the wall, with a tin reflector
with his back turned towards it,
al, clad in a velveteen jacket, with
aistcoat, drabknees, a faded black

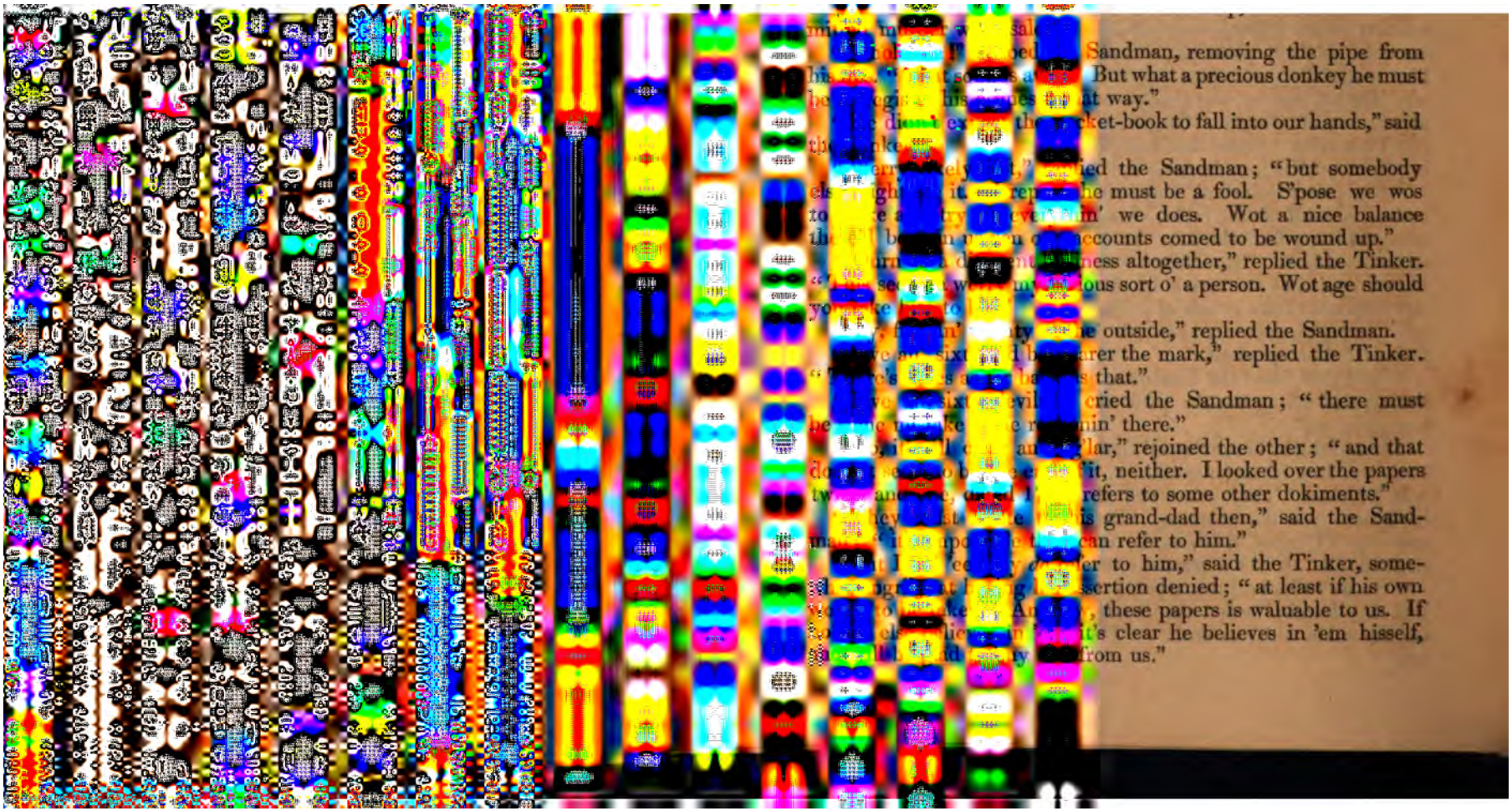
silk neckcloth, tied in a great bow, and a pair of ancient Wellingtons ascending half-way up his legs, which looked disproportionately thin when compared with the upper part of his square, robustious, and somewhat pursy frame. His face was broad, jolly, and good-humoured, with a bottle-shaped nose, fleshy lips, and light grey eyes, glistening with cunning and roguery. His hair, which dangled in long flakes over his ears and neck, was of a dunnish red, as were also his whiskers and beard. A superannuated white castor with a black hatband round it, was cocked knowingly on one side of his head, and gave him a flashy and sporting look. His particular vocation was made manifest by the number of dogs he had about him. A beautiful black and tan spaniel, of Charles the Second's breed, popped its short snubby nose and long silken ears out of each coat pocket. A pug was thrust into his breast, and he carried an exquisite Blenheim under either arm. At his feet reposed an Isle of Sky terrier, aud a partly-cropped French poodle, of snowy whiteness, with a red worsted riband round its throat. This person, it need scarcely be said, was a dog-fancier, or, in other words, a dealer in, and a stealer of dogs, as well as a practiser of all the tricks connected with that nefarious trade. His self-satisfied air made it evident he thought himself a smart clever fellow,—and adroit and knavish he was, no doubt, —while his droll, plausible, and rather winning manners, helped him materially to impose upon his customers. His real name was Taylor, but he was known among his companions by the appellation of Ginger. On the entrance of the Sandman and the Tinker, he nodded familiarly to them, and with a sly look inquired—"Vell, my 'arties—vot luck?"

"Oh, pretty middlin'," replied the Sandman, gruffly. And seating himself at the table, near the fire, he kicked up the lad who was lying fast asleep on the coals, and bade him fetch a pot of half-and-half. The Tinker took a place beside him, and they waited in silence the arrival of the liquor, which, when it came, was disposed of at a couple of pulls, while Mr. Ginger, seeing they were engaged, sauntered towards the card-table, attended by his four-footed companions.

"And now," said the Sandman, unable to control his curiosity longer, and taking out the pocket-book, "we'll see wot fortun' has given us."

Saying which, he unclasped the pocket-book, while the Tinker bent over him in eager curiosity. But their search for money was fruitless. They examined the pockets, but not a single bank-note was forthcoming. There were several memoranda and slips of paper, a few cards, and an almanack for the year—that was all. It was a great disappointment.

"So we've had all this trouble for nuffin', and nearly got shot into the bargin," cried the Sandman, slapping down the book on the table with an oath. "I vish I'd never undertaken the job."


Sandman, removing the pipe from
But what a precious donkey he must
t way."
et-book to fall into our hands," said
ed the Sandman; "but somebody
e must be a fool. S'pose we wos
in' we does. Wot a nice balance
ccounts comed to be wound up."
ness altogether," replied the Tinker.
ous sort o' a person. Wot age should
outside," replied the Sandman.
rer the mark," replied the Tinker.
s that."
cried the Sandman; "there must
in' there."
lar," rejoined the other; "and that
it, neither. I looked over the papers
refers to some other dokiments."
is grand-dad then," said the Sand-
an refer to him."
er to him," said the Tinker, some-
sertion denied; "at least if his own
these papers is waluable to us. If
it's clear he believes in 'em hisself,
rom us."

"That's a view o' the case worthy of an Old Bailey lawyer," replied the Sandman. "Wot's the gemman's name?"

"The name on the card is AURIOL DARCY," replied the Tinker.

"Any address?" asked the Sandman.

The Tinker shook his head.

"That's unlucky agin," said the Sandman. "Ain't there no sort o' clue?"

"None votiver, as I can perceive," said the Tinker.

"Vy, zounds, then, ve're jist vere ve started from," cried the Sandman. "But it don't matter. There's not much chance o' makin' a bargain vith him. The crack o' the scull I gave him has done his bus'ness."

"Nuffin' o' the kind," replied the Sandman. "He alvays recovers from every kind of accident.

"Alvays recovers!" exclaimed the Sandman, in amazement. "Wot a constitootion he must have."

"Surprisin'!" replied the Tinker; "he never suffers from injuries—at least, not much; never grows old; and never expects to die; for he mentions wot he intends doin' a hundred years hence."

"Oh, he's a lu-nattic!" exclaimed the Sandman—"a downright lu-nattic; and that accounts for his wisitin' that ere ruined house, and a-fancyin' he heerd some one talk to him. He's mad, depend upon it. That is, if I ain't cured him."

"I'm of a different opinion," said the Tinker.

"And so am I," said Mr. Ginger, who had approached unobserved, and overheard the greater part of their discourse.

"Vy, vot can you know about it, Ginger?" said the Sandman, looking up, evidently rather annoyed.

"I only know this," replied Ginger, "that you've got a good case, and if you'll let me into it, I'll engage to make summat of it."

"Vell, I'm agreeable," said the Sandman.

"And so am I," added the Tinker.

"Not that I pays much regard to wot you've bin a-readin' in his papers," pursued Ginger; "the gemman's evidently half-cracked, if he aint cracked altogether—but he's jist the person to work upon. He fancies hisself immortal—eh?"

"Exactly so," replied the Tinker.

"And he also fancies he's committed a lot o' murders?" pursued Ginger.

"A desperate lot," replied the Tinker.

"Then he'll be glad to buy those papers at any price," said Ginger. "Ve'll deal vith him in regard to the pocket-book, as I deals vith regard to a dog,—ask a price for its restitootion."

"We must find him out first," said the Sandman.

"There's no difficulty in that," rejoined Ginger. "You must be constantly on the look out. You're sure to meet him some time or other."

"That's true," replied the Sandman; "and there's no fear of his knowin' us, for the wery moment he looked round I knocked him on the head."

"Arter all," said the Tinker, "there's no branch o' the purfession so safe as yours, Ginger. The law is favourable to you, and the beaks is afeerd to touch you. I think I shall turn dog-fancier myself."

"It's a good business," replied Ginger, "but it requires a edication. As I wos sayin', we gets a high price sometimes for restorin' a favourite, especially ven ve've a soft-hearted lady to deal vith. There's some vimen as fond o' dogs as o' their own childer, and ven ve gets one o' their precious pets, ve makes 'em ransom it as the brigands you see at the Adelphi or the Surrey sarves their prisoners, threatenin' to send first an ear, and then a paw, or a tail, and so on. I'll tell you wot happened t'other day. There wos a lady—a Miss Vite, as was desperate fond of her dog. It wos a ugly warmint, but no matter for that,—the creater had gained her heart. Vell, she lost it; and somehow or other I found it. She vos in great trouble, and a friend o' mine calls to say she can have the dog agin, but she must pay eight pound for it. She thinks this dear, and a friend o' her own adwises her to wait, sayin' better terms will be offered; so I sends vord by my friend that if she don't come down at once, the poor animal's throat will be cut that werry night."

"Ha!—ha!—ha!" laughed the others.

"Vell, she sent four pound, and I put up with it," pursued Ginger; "but about a month arterwards she loses her favourite agin, and strange to say I finds it. The same game is played over agin, and she comes down with another four pound. But she takes care this time that I shan't repeat the trick; for no sooner does she obtain pursession of her favourite than she embarks in the steamer for France, in the hope of keepin' her dog safe there."*

"Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortinate Miss Bailey!—Fol-de-riddle-tol-ol-lol—unfortinate Miss Bailey!" sang the Tinker.

"But there's dog-fanciers in France, ain't there?" asked the Sandman.

"Lor' bless 'ee, to be sure there is," replied Ginger; "there's as many o' the Fancy i' France as here. Vy, ve drives a smartish trade wi' them through them foreign steamers. There's scarcely a steamer as leaves the port o' London but takes out a cargo o' dogs. Ve sells 'em to the stewards, stokers, and sailors—cheap—and no questins asked. They goes to Ostend, Antverp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and sometimes to Havre. There's a Mounseer Coqquilu as comes over to buy dogs, and ve takes 'em to him at a house near Billinsgit market."

"Then you're alvays sure o' a ready market somehow," observed the Sandman.

"Sartin," replied Ginger, "cos the law's so kind to us. Vy,

* For a verification of this and several of the cases subsequently mentioned, the reader is referred to the "Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Dog Stealing." It is to be hoped that the infamous and notorious system of theft and extortion practised by these rogues, almost with impunity, will be speedily abolished, by adopting the suggestions of the Committee.

bless you, a perliceman can't detain us, even if he knows ve've a stolen dog in our persession, and ve svears it's our own; and yet he'd stop you in a minute if he seed you vith a suspicious-lookin' bundle under your arm. Now, jist to shew you the difference atwixt the two perfessions:—I steals a dog—walue, may be, fifty pound, or p'raps more. Even if I'm catched i' the fact I may get fined twenty pound, or have six months' imprisonment; vile if you steals an old fogle, walue three fardens, you'll get seven years abroad, to a dead certainty."

"That seems hard on us," observed the Sandman, reflectively.

"It's the *law!*" exclaimed Ginger, triumphantly. "Now ve generally escapes by payin' the fine, cos our pals goes and steals more dogs to raise the money. Ve alvays stands by each other. There's a reg'lar horganization among us; so ve can alvays bring vitnesses to svear vot ve likes, and ve so puzzles the beaks, that the case gets dismissed, and the constable says, 'Vich party shall I give the dog to, your vorship?' Upon vich, the beak replies, a shakin' of his vise noddle, 'Give it to the person in whose persession it was found. I have nuffin' more to do vith it.' In course the dog is delivered up to us."

"The law seems made for dog-fanciers," remarked the Tinker.

"Wot d'ye think o' this?" pursued Ginger. "I wos a-standin' at the corner o' Gray's Inn-lane vith some o' my pals near a coach-stand, ven a lady passes by vith this here dog—an' a beauty it is, a real long-eared Charley—a follerin' of her. Vell, the moment I spies it, I unties my apron, whips up the dog, and covers it up in a trice. Vell, the lady sees me, an' gives me in charge to a perliceman. But that si'nifies nuffin'. I brings six vitnesses to svear the dog vos mine, and that I'd actilly had it since it vos a blind little puppy, and wot's more I brings its *mother*, and that settles the pint. So in course I'm discharged; the dog is given up to me; and the lady goes avay lamentin'. I then plays the amiable, an' offers to sell it her for twenty guineas, seein' as how she had taken a fancy to it, but she von't bite. So if I don't sell it next week, I shall send it to Mounseer Coqquilu. The only vay you can go wrong is to steal a dog wi' a collar on, for if you do, you may get seven years' transportation for a bit o' leather and a brass plate vorth a shillin', vile the animal, though vorth a hundred pound, can't hurt you. There's *law* again—ha, ha!"

"Dog-fancier's law!" laughed the Sandman.

"Some of the Fancy is given to cruelty," pursued Ginger, "and crops a dog's ears, or pulls out his teeth to disguise him; but I'm too fond o' the animal for that. I may frighten old ladies sometimes, as I told you afore, but I never seriously hurts their pets. Nor did I ever kill a dog for his skin, as some on 'em does."

"And you're always sure o' gettin' a dog, if you vants it, I s'pose?" inquired the Tinker.

"Alvays," replied Ginger. "No man's dog is safe. I don't

care how he's kept, ve're sure to have him at last. Ve feels our vay with the sarvents, and finds out from them the walley the master or missis sets on the dog, and soon after that the animal's gone. Vith a bit o' liver, prepared in my partic'lar vay, I can tame the fiercest dog as ever barked, take him off his chain, an' bring him arter me at a gallop."

"And do respectable parties ever buy dogs knowin' they're stolen?" inquired the Tinker.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Ginger, "sometimes first-rate nobs. They put us up to it themselves; they'll say, 'I've jist left my Lord So-and-So's, and there I seed a couple o' the finest pointers I ever clapped eyes on. I vants you to get me *jist sich another couple*.' Vell, ve understands in a minnit, an' in doo time the identicle dogs finds their vay to our customer."

"Oh! that's how it's done?" remarked the Sandman.

"Yes, that's the vay," replied Ginger. "Sometimes a party 'll vant a couple o' dogs for the shootin' season; and then ve asks, 'Vich vay are you a-goin'—into Surrey or Kent?' And accordin' as the answer is given ve arranges our plans."

"Vell, yourn appears a profitable and safe employment, I must say," remarked the Sandman.

"Perfectly so," replied Ginger. "Nothin' can touch us till dogs is declared by statute to be property, and stealin' 'em a misdemeanour. And that won't occur in my time."

"Let's hope not," rejoined the other two.

"To come back to the pint from vich we started," said the Tinker;—"our gemman's case is not so surprisin' as it at first appears. There are some persons as believe they never will die—and I myself am of the same opinion. There's our old deputy here—him as ve calls Old Parr,—vy, he declares he lived in Queen Bess's time, recollects King Charles bein' beheaded perfectly vell, and remembers the Great Fire o' London, as if it only occurred yesterday."

"Walker!" exclaimed Ginger, putting his finger to his nose.

"You may larf, but it's true," replied the Tinker. "I recollect an old man tellin' me that he knew the deputy sixty years ago, and he looked jist the same then as now, neither older nor younger."

"Humph!" exclaimed Ginger. "He don't look so old now."

"That's the cur'ousest part of it," said the Tinker. "He don't like to talk of his age unless you can get him i' the humour; but he once told me he didn't know why he lived so long, unless it were owin' to a potion he'd swallowed, vich his master, who was a great conjuror in Queen Bess's days, had brew'd."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Ginger. "I thought you too knowin' a cove, Tinker, to be gulled by such an old-vife's story as that."

"Let's have the old fellow in and talk to him," replied the Tinker. "Here, lazy-bones," he added, rousing the sleeping youth, "go an' tell Old Parr ve vants his company over a glass o' rum-an'-vater."

THE KING'S SON.

A BALLAD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"Why so sorrowful, my son?
Why so pallid and distress'd?
Why that look so woe-begone?
And that heaving of the breast?
Hast not wealth enough to spend
On the joys thou lovest best?"

"I have wealth enough to spend—
All thy jewels and thy gold,
All that usurers could lend,
Piled before me, fifty-fold,
Could not ease me of the pain
That consumes me uncontroll'd."

"Could not ease thee of thy pain!
Art thou longing for the hour
When thy sire shall cease to reign,
And thine enemies shall cower?
Art thou longing for my crown,
And my sceptre and my power?"

"No!—I care not for thy crown,
Nor thy sceptre, nor thy state,
Could my wishes bring thee down
Thou shouldst flourish high and great;
But thou'st done me mortal wrong,
And hast changed my love to hate.

"Thou hast done me mortal wrong—
Thou, so feeble, old, and grey—
Thou, so weak, whilst I am strong,
Thou hast stolen my bride away,
And art rival of thy son,
In the waning of thy day:

"Art the rival of thy son
For a maid that he adored;—
Hast her trusting heart undone,
Though she wept and she implored;—
But she hates thee as do I,
Thou voluptuous—thou abhorr'd!

"But she hates thee as do I,
O thou rust upon the steel!
O thou cloud upon the sky!
O thou poison in the meal!
Who hast changed our joy to woe,
Which no time can ever heal!

"Who hast changed our joy to woe,
Bringing blight upon her heart,—
Bringing tears that as they flow
Burn the eyeballs where they start:
Buying Beauty for a price,
Like a jewel in the mart.

"Buying Beauty for a price,
When the priceless gem was mine;—
When thy blood is cold as ice,
Nor can warm with love nor wine,
Trying vainly to be young,
And to kneel at Beauty's shrine.

"Trying vainly to be young,
When thy limbs with palsy shake,
And to woo with flattering tongue,
When for Jesus' blessed sake
Thou shouldst make thy peace with God
Ere the grave thy body take!"

Fiercely flash'd the old king's eye—
To his forehead rush'd the blood—
And the veins were swollen high
By the anger-driven flood.
But his tongue refused to speak,
And he trembled where he stood.

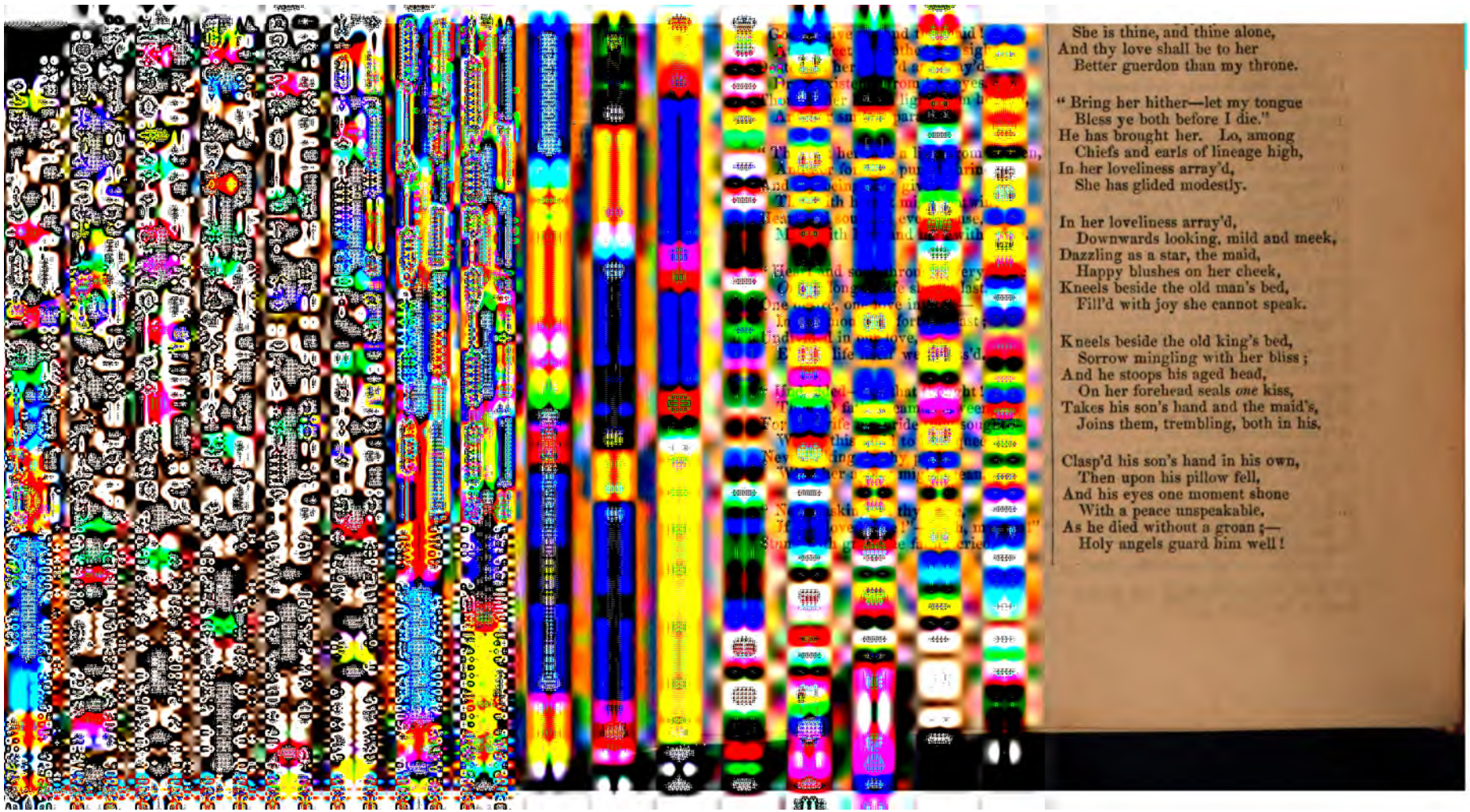
But his tongue refused to speak
All the madness of his brain;
From his eyes it seem'd to reek,
In his lips it curl'd in pain;
In each feature of his face
Swell'd in anger and disdain.

In each feature of his face
Shone a moment, like a fire,
But no longer: from his place
Falling, conquer'd by his ire,
Senseless on the ground he lay,
Struck by apoplexy dire.

O'er him bent his sorrowing son,
Weeping tears of bitter woe,
For the ill his words had done
To his father lying low,
With his venerable head
And his long hair white as snow.

And that venerable head
Burning, throbbing, up he raised,
On his knees, as on a bed,
And till succour came, still gazed
On that pain-distorted cheek,
Awed, remorseful, and amazed.

Awed, remorseful, and heart-sore,
But with courage calm and kind,
To his couch his sire he bore,
Deep repentance in his mind;
And for many a weary day
Watch'd him, patient and resign'd.



She is thine, and thine alone,
And thy love shall be to her
Better guerdon than my throne.

"Bring her hither—let my tongue
Bless ye both before I die."
He has brought her. Lo, among
Chiefs and earls of lineage high,
In her loveliness array'd,
She has glided modestly.

In her loveliness array'd,
Downwards looking, mild and meek,
Dazzling as a star, the maid,
Happy blushes on her cheek,
Kneels beside the old man's bed,
Fill'd with joy she cannot speak.

Kneels beside the old king's bed,
Sorrow mingling with her bliss;
And he stoops his aged head,
On her forehead seals *one* kiss,
Takes his son's hand and the maid's,
Joins them, trembling, both in his.

Clasp'd his son's hand in his own,
Then upon his pillow fell,
And his eyes one moment shone
With a peace unspeakable,
As he died without a groan;—
Holy angels guard him well!

PAINTING AND DESIGN.*

"WHAT are these marbles remarkable for?" said a respectable gentleman at the Museum, to one of the attendants, after looking attentively round all the Elgin marbles.

"Why, sir," said the man, with propriety, "because they are so like life!"

"Like life!" repeated the gentleman with the greatest contempt—"Why, what of that?" and walked away.

If we are to believe Mr. Haydon, this worthy gentleman must have been a Senior Royal Academician; some contemporary or follower of Reynolds, who said, "It is better to diversify our particulars from the broad and general idea of things, than vainly attempt to ascend from particulars to this general idea;"—in fact, to form a general and broad idea of nature and life, and then to condescend to study the details by which such manifest themselves. What progress could philosophy ever have made upon such principles; and what could have been expected of painting under such tuition?

It would be a profound egotism on the part of Mr. Haydon, if he were to claim to himself the sole credit of having advocated and introduced correct principles of art into this country: it came here with the pressure from without. Long ago adopted on the Continent, it came as a natural sequence of international communication, where, opposed for a time by the great portrait painters of the day, its triumph was still sure and certain. Wilkie dissected under Charles Bell with Haydon, but Wilkie contented himself with applying the principles thus gained at the fountain-head of all knowledge—intimacy with details, which can alone lend boldness to the hand—while Haydon, from a peculiarity of mental constitution, rushed into the lists of opposition, and willingly sought and gained martyrdom in the cause of art reformation. It is hard to be in the right, and never to have it allowed; and it is equally hard to see principles we have always advocated, ultimately take the ascendant, and to remember that we have toiled without reward, and suffered without relief, in their cause. But this only shews that it is wiser for genius to prove its superiority by its works, than by its arguments. This was the manner in which Byron proved to the Edinburgh reviewers, that *he was* a poet.

Wilkie, Edwin Landseer, Eastlake, Mulready, Lance, Collins, and a host of others, have worked on the principles advocated by Burke, Haydon, and others, of drawing with an exact knowledge of the anatomy or structure of parts. Public competition, as opened by her Majesty's Commission of Fine Arts, and, it is to be hoped, by the Art Union, offers fields independent of, and equally honourable with, the acquiescences of an Academy, even if all its members had continued in their preference of colour to correct design; and we have now a commission for the improvement of design in manufactures, and it is to be hoped we shall soon have a school of design, as applied to art generally.

Reynolds was of opinion that art would rise to its greatest glory in

* Lectures on Painting and Design. By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. London: Longman and Co.

England, and Haydon, who is a generous critic, says, "I know no glory to which it can rise, where his genius will not be felt." West said, he knew no people, since the Greeks, so capable of carrying it to the greatest excellence. And Richardson said, "I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but if ever the great, the beautiful, and grand style of art revives, it will be in England;" to which, with his customary enthusiasm, Haydon adds, "Stay in Britain all ye who glory in enterprise; stay in Britain, and make her greater than Italy!"

Every painter has his beau-ideal in art. Reynolds had his Michael Angelo; Haydon has his Phidias; and far be it from us to detract from the extraordinary merits of the so-called Elgin marbles; but we doubt very much if the Greeks were acquainted with human anatomy. Mr. Haydon argues this question at length, in the affirmative; and yet his conclusions are singular, for he almost admits that the surgeons of Greece were not, as is generally admitted, till Galen's time, acquainted with human anatomy; and yet, from a passage of Hippocrates, in which that great man says that anatomy belongs less to the medical art, than to the art of design; he believes that the adorner of the Parthenon was acquainted with anatomy, while the eminent medical men of antiquity were in ignorance thereof. Is it utterly impossible for art to have moulded the back of Theseus, or the veins on Neptune's breast, without a school of anatomy? Is it not often the province of genius to seize upon those facts which are only methodically classed ages afterwards? Did not all the great masters of the middle ages, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raffaelle, Correggio, Rubens, and Vandyke, master the human head before the great principles upon which alone the standard of perfection, in this most beautiful portion of the human figure, the most important and the most intellectual, even as now advocated by Haydon, were discovered?

But admitting, as is now done by all unperverted judgments, that correctness of design is essential to a high school of art, and that such correctness can only be obtained by a study of nature and of details, still we doubt very much if either art would be advanced or benefited, or even if it is possible to establish *a standard* of perfection in the human form. "The exertions of painters and sculptors," says the author of "The Studies of Nature," "in general do them much honour; but they demonstrate the weakness of art, which falls below nature just in proportion as it aims at uniting more of her harmonies."

Such a standard would inevitably require to be modified with the qualities to be represented. Thus Haydon himself very truly points out that the muscular division of the arm in heroes of antiquity, born strong and high-bred, is stringy, neat, and elegant, and quite different from that vulgarity of a paviour's or blacksmith's arms, with which Michael Angelo, whose anatomy was always excessive, gifted his Moses; and yet such a design, unfit for an Achilles or a Theseus, would be quite correct in a Hercules—indeed, we see it carried to its extreme in the Torso.

Comparing the position of the eyes in man and in quadrupeds, it is found that in man they are generally at the centre, while those of the quadruped are above the centre; hence Mr. Haydon adopts this as the principle for a standard head, but there have been exceptions to this rule—Hippocrates, Socrates, Bacon, Buchanan, and Sir Walter Scott, had their eyes below the centre. The standard is not, therefore, applicable in painting high intellectual character.

Again, the standard of form in the head itself would not apply alike to a Socrates and a Nero, no more than the same contour of face would apply to a Diana and a Niobe. In such cases, as in all others, art must be regulated by the closest possible study of nature, and not of an admitted, fixed, and arbitrary standard; and it is by such a union of nature with the ideal, that high art will achieve perfection.*

It is a pleasing subject of contemplation to find that in these lectures upon the all-importance of design in painting, the basis reposes upon a sound doctrine, and that it embraces at the onset, the existing perfection of knowledge. Mr. Haydon's anatomy is not the superficial anatomy admitted by many; it comprises the anatomy of expression as first given to the scientific world by Sir Charles Bell, and those physiological theories for the peculiar formation of the human head which are becoming daily more accepted by rising anatomists. The principles, therefore, advocated by Mr. Haydon, however much they may be subsequently extended, are likely to remain in their elementary constitution, as stable as the frieze of the Parthenon itself. It is curious, however, to remark upon other points, how often he who is cunning of foil and fence is incompetent when thrown upon his own resources; so long as Mr. Haydon is on the offensive, he is sparkling and brilliant, but like many others, when he has to resign action for deed, he is much less successful; take for example his definition of composition as "the art of arranging the quantities composed of the parts, which make up the materials used to convey to the mind, through the eye, the story intended." Was ever anything less felicitously expressed? Much more agreeable is the following:

"Let your colour be exquisite, let your light and shadow be perfect, let your expression be touching, let your forms be heroic, let your lines be the very thing, and your subject be full of action; you will miss the sympathy of the world, you will interest little the hearts of mankind, if you do not lay it down as an irrefutable law, that no composition can be complete, or ever will be interesting or deserve to be praised, that has not a beautiful woman, excepting a series." How amusing, too, his remarks upon what he calls "amiable impostors in genius," men always going to do great things, but never doing them! characters we meet with every day in all departments of human labour. "I have known men who never began, and yet were morally sincere in their intentions to begin, and yet they have died actually without beginning;" and who has not known such, and is not he the most successful author or painter who supplies the pabulum for minds so constituted; who enable them to say, "This is what I shall do when I take up the pen or the pencil," or to mutter, with pleasing self-

* Certain general and incontrovertible principles may be obtained, as Mr. Haydon has laid down, from a comparison of man with the brute; but these principles do not constitute a standard man—an idea which concentrates in one the perfection of many men, and not points of superiority or of distinction between man and brute. Mr. Haydon, we observe, varies his standard to suit the necessities of the subject. The principles upon which it is constructed may, therefore, be indisputably correct; and yet the result cannot be called a standard, unless we read that word in the meaning of an authoritative fact, so far as it goes; but not a fact fixed and unalterable, as a steel yard in a town-hall. That man has a broad knee-pan, and a quadruped a narrow one, is an incontrovertible fact; but a broad pan-bone no more constitutes a standard man, than does a high forehead, absent in the brute; the standard would, in this case, be the perfection of the knee or forehead in man, as compared with other men.

tle is wanting to giving so great and

FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

EIGH HUNT.

NO. XI.

FFICIENTLY EXPRESSED.—BEES AND THEIR
ITALIAN POET.—WAXEN TAPERS.—A BEE
.—HUMAN PROGRESSION.

next number, it behoves us not to let
ers, the poets, induce us to forget the
make honey itself. We are not going
about them than we can help. The
ture are without end; and as to those
appear to be settled—nay, even most
oming up every day, in these extraor-
think the points over again, and doubt
ng as we supposed. Not only are bee-
es of Huber respecting the operations
nture seem almost prepared to re-open
e equivocal generation of the bee, and
of Mr. Cross at issue with the con-

know not; but, sure we are, that it
e the praise and glory of the bee can
before people cry out to authors, "Say

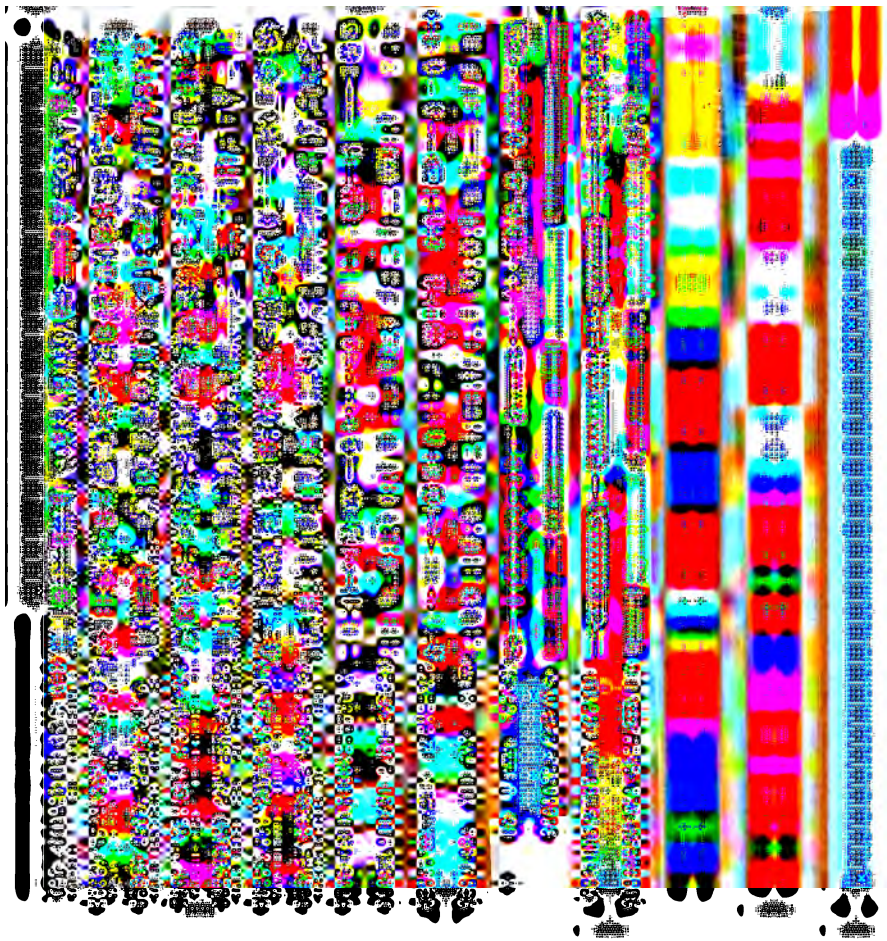
no more; you have said too much already of its wonderfulness—too much of the sweetness and beauty of its productions." Too much, we are of opinion, cannot be said of any marvel in nature, unless it be trivial or false. The old prosaical charge against hyperbolical praises of the beautiful, we hold to be naught. Ask a lover, and he will say, and say truly, that no human terms can do justice to the sweetness in his mistress's eyes—to the virgin bloom on her cheek. If words could equal them, Nature would hardly be our superior. Hear what is said on the point by that genuine old poet, Kit Marlowe:—

"If all the pens that ever poets held,
Had fed the feelings of their master's thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one's poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

TAMBURLAINE, First Part; act v., scene 2.

Did any one ever sufficiently admire—did he, indeed, ever notice—the *entire elegance* of the habits and pursuits of bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour; their avoidance of everything squalid (so unlike flies); their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instance of carcases of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighbourhoods, thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to anything purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good? A writer of elegant Italian verse, who recast the book of Virgil on Bees, has taken occasion of their supposed dislike of places abounding in *echoes*, to begin his poem with a pretty conceit. He was one of the first of his countrymen who ventured to dispense with rhyme; and he makes the bees themselves send him a deputation, on purpose to admonish him not to use it:

"Mentre era per cantare i vostri doni
Con alte rime, o verginette caste,
Vaghe angelette de le erbose rive,
Preso dal sonno in sul spuntar de l'alba,
M'apparve un coro de la vostra gente,
E da la lingua onde s'accoglie il mele,
Sciolsono in chiara voce este parole:—
'O spirto amico, che dopo mill' anni
E cinquecento rinnovar ti place
E le nostre fatiche e i nostri studi,
Fuggi le rime e 'l rimbombar sonoro.



[illegible] the [illegible] our small people,
[illegible] which they take the honey,
[illegible] these earnest words :—
[illegible] the long lapse
[illegible] rs, dost please thee sing
[illegible] fun, we pray thee, rhyme.
[illegible] nding noise. Full well
[illegible] isible voice which sits
[illegible] e, Echo by name,
[illegible] d thou know'st—
[illegible] e, who was herself
[illegible] irst found out rhyme.
[illegible] heresoe'er she dwells,
[illegible] hate and dread
[illegible] babble."

[illegible] peaker of that choir;
[illegible] ut some honey drops,
[illegible] if flight aloft.
[illegible] ity made strong,
[illegible] your race renown'd
[illegible] m the clangs of rhyme.
[illegible] lestial boon,
[illegible] tery of the dew,
[illegible] the flowers,
[illegible] he diligent bees
[illegible] uch art, that men
[illegible] odorous, fair, and tall,
[illegible] holy shrines.
[illegible] fly and strange!
[illegible] the beautiful!

"The Bees" of Rucellai

[illegible] old, that the tapers here alluded to, are [illegible] ars. Rucellai was a kinsman of the [illegible] es Leo and Clement; and his first mode

of bespeaking favour for his bees, was by associating them with the offices of the church. Beautiful are those tapers, without doubt; and well might the poet express his admiration at their being the result of the work of the little unconscious insect, who compounded the material. So, in every wealthy house in England, every evening, where lamps do not take its place, the same beautiful substance is lit up for the inmates to sit by, at their occupations of reading, or music, or discourse. The bee is there, with her odorous ministry. In the morning, she has probably been at the breakfast-table. In the morning, she is honey; in the evening, the waxen taper; in the summer noon, a voice in the garden, or the window; in the winter, and at all other times, a meeter of us in books. She talks Greek to us in Sophocles and Theocritus; Virgil's very best Latin, in his Georgics; we have just heard her in Italian; and besides all her charming associations with the poets in general, one of the Elizabethan men has made a whole play out of her,—a play in which the whole *dramatis personæ* are bees! And a very sweet performance it is, according to Charles Lamb, who was not lavish of his praise. It was written by Thomas Day, one of the fellows of Massinger and Decker, and is called the "Parliament of Bees." Lamb has given extracts from it, in his Dramatic Specimens, observing, in a note, that—

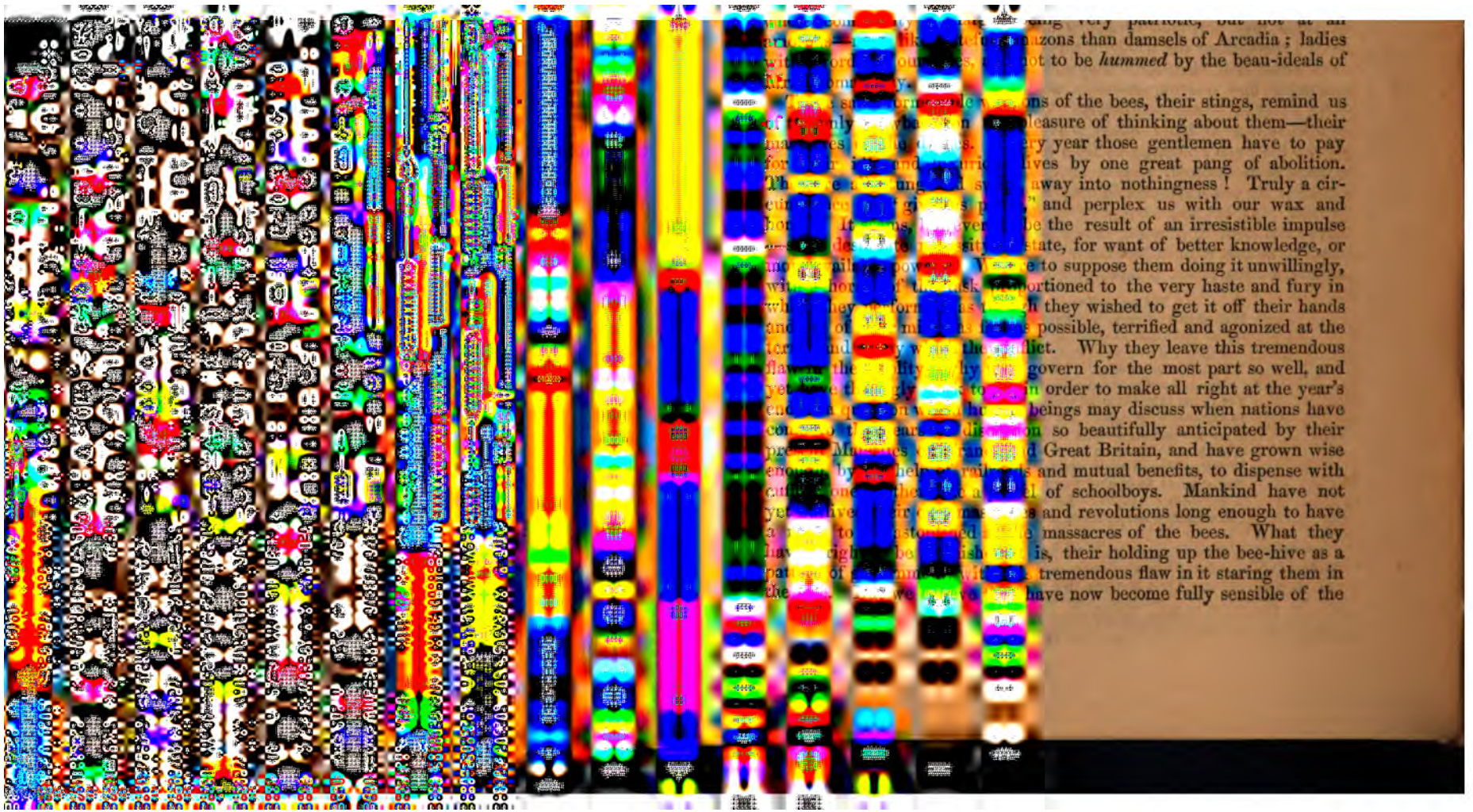
"The doings,
The births, the wars, the wooings,

of these pretty winged creatures are, with continued liveliness, portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old drama, in words which bees would talk with, could they talk: the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies while we read them. Surely bees were never so be-rhymed before." (Vol. ii. Moxon's edition, p. 156.) Would to heaven that a horrid, heavy-headed monster called Hepatitis,—who has been hindering us from having our way of late, in the most unseasonable manner, and is at this minute clawing our side and shoulder for our disrespect of him, would have allowed us to go to the British Museum, and read the whole play for ourselves. We might have been able to give the reader some pleasant tastes of it, besides those to be met with in Mr. Lamb's book. The following is a specimen. Klania, a female Bee, is talking of her lovers:—

"Philon, a Bee
Well skill'd in verse and amorous poetry,
As we have sate at work, *both on one rose*, *
Has humm'd sweet canzons, both in verse and prose,
Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a Bee
(Although not so poetical as he)
Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,
In summer evenings on his well tuned pipe.
Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,
(Our hive being clean swept and our day's work done—)
Would play us twenty several tunes; yet I
Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.
Then there's Amniter—for whose love fair Leade
(That pretty Bee) flies up and down the mead

* "Prettily pilfered," says Lamb, "from the sweet passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where Helena recounts to Hermia their school-days' friendship:

'We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles, both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.'"



awkwardness of the analogy. Assuredly we should find no Archbishop of Canterbury now-a-days arguing in the style of his predecessor, in the play of Henry the Fifth :—

> " So work the honey bees;
> Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
> The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
> They have a king, and officers of sorts;
> Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
> Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
> Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
> Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home
> To the tent-royal of their emperor;
> Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
> *The singing masons building roofs of gold;*
> The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
> The poor mechanic porters crowding in
> Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
> The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
> Delivering o'er to executors pale
> The lazy yawning drone."

Alas! in Bee-dom, the archbishop himself, inasmuch as he was no wax-chandler, would have been accounted one of these same lazy, yawning drones, and delivered over to the secular arm. Bees do not teach men, nor ought they. We have some higher things among us, even than wax and honey; and though we have our flaws, too, in the art of government, and do not yet know exactly what to do with them, we hope we shall find out. Will the bees ever do that? Do they also hope it? Do they sit pondering, when the massacre is over, and count it but a bungling way of bringing their accounts right? Man, in his self-love, laughs at such a fancy. He is of opinion that no creature can think, or make progression, but himself. What right he has, from his little experience, to come to such conclusions, we know not; but it must be allowed, also, that we know as little of the conclusions of the bees. All we feel certain of is, that with bees, as with men, the good of existence far outweighs the evil; that evil itself is but a rough working towards good; and that if good can ultimately be better without it, there is a thing called hope, which says it may be possible. We take our planet to be very young, and our love of progression to be one of the proofs of it; and when we think of the good, and beauty, and love, and pleasure, and generosity, and nobleness of mind and imagination, in which this green and glorious world is abundant, we cannot but conclude that the love of progression is to make it still more glorious, and add it to the number of those older stars which are probably resting from their labours, and have become heavens.

We had hoped to conclude this article with a passage or two from an admirable book just published, called "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." We know not the author, and must not seek to know, for he intimates that he wishes to remain concealed; but we earnestly recommend it for its benignity, modesty, and profundity, to all who ever speculate on the origin of themselves and their fellow-creatures, and who cannot contemplate the smallest being in the universe without rising into thoughts of the greatest.

probable that, although Alexander is
ing his sickness at this place from
he in reality suffered from the con-

had sole on in advance, to secure
the French consul. We found M. Gilet
ished in a convenient house, with a good
took place before the dinner hour, and
related deliciously intoxicating slight appe-
ster of the party were getting on.
you?" exclaimed the lady, with a sum-

two more in the rear," was the answer
and our hostess started to make prepara-
dispatory ice had, however, been broken
just in time to sit down to a European
hour.
French consuls in the East, was a person
and refreshment than what our con-
generally in the same country, was, among
ologist, and had been engaged for some
hat against madame's inclination—in ex-
chief monument of ancient times, which

walled-in space, in the form of a parallelo-
enty paces long by sixty broad, and the
high and fifteen thick. Within this en-
es of masonry, placed broadways, at its

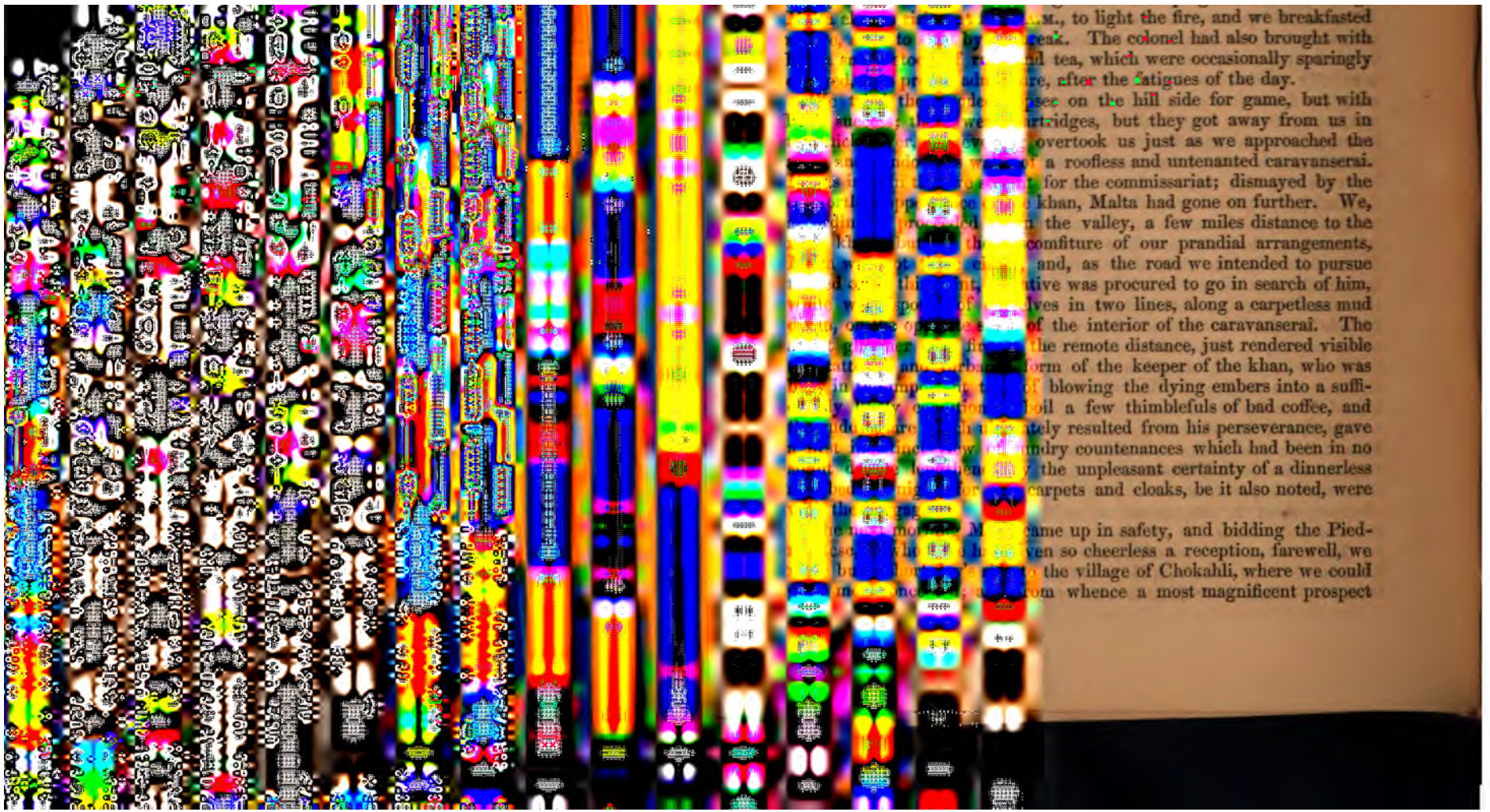
opposite ends; and it was in one of these that the consul was carrying on his operations, but without any success, or any objects being met with that indicated the sepulchral character of the monument. It has been advanced with some degree of probability, that this is the mausoleum of the Emperor Julian, whose remains were brought from the field of slaughter, on the banks of the Euphrates, to this city; but the monument appeared, from its general simplicity and rude structure, to belong to a more remote antiquity; and it might also be asked, if sepulchral, why should there be two isolated masses within the enclosure? This ancient ruin stood in a picturesque situation in the woods, outside of the existing town.

The malaria of the country returned upon us at Tarsus; but this did not prevent an excursion to the falls of Cydnus, a wooded, rocky, and picturesque spot, close by which is a grotto, one of the many in Anterior Asia, to which the mediæval legend of the Seven Sleepers is attached.

From Tarsus we advanced into the wooded and hilly districts on the southern slopes of Taurus. We entered into these by low, undulating, naked hills, of snow-white gypsum, which led the way into open, grassy, and uncultivated valleys. The second range we arrived at was higher, wooded in parts, and in part cultivated, with interspersed villages. The third range, still in the ascending series, was composed of sandstones, which were remarkable for being divided into polygonal masses, like a tesselated pavement; and still more so, from containing numerous fossil oysters of a gigantic size, being from a foot to eighteen inches in breadth, and of great weight. Passing several villages of Turkomans, we arrived at a fourth and more extensive hilly district, on the summit of which we found a Roman arch, and the fragments of a sarcophagus, and close by, the traces of an ancient causeway, which led from Tarsus to the Cilician gates. The country after this assumed a more Alpine aspect. The valleys were narrow, and broken up by rounded hills, bearing castellated buildings, or covered with trees and shrubs, while naked rocks towered up beyond in perpendicular precipices many hundred feet in height, the crags above which were dotted with sturdy pine-trees, breaking the monotony of the wide-spreading snow.

At Mezarluk we entered a narrow and picturesque pass, having perpendicular cliffs on our left hand, in which were numerous sepulchral grottoes, whence its Turkish name, and several tabular inscriptions no longer legible. In the glen below we saw several foxes, and squirrels were playing in the trees about. We passed the night at the village of Bostan-luk Koi, situated in a wood upon the hill side, and the next morning the baggage having been sent down the valley of the rivulet, which flows out of the Golek Boghaz, with orders to stop at the first caravanserai, we proceeded up the valley to the south, to visit the lead-mines, the works at which had been lately reassumed by the pasha, under the superintendence of a Piedmontese; but were, as yet, in a very incipient state, and had not extended beyond the erection of furnaces, and the separation of useless matters from the results of former excavations.

The resident director afterwards accompanied us over the hills, by the foot of a lofty castle, which domineers over the narrowest part of the Golek Boghaz or Cilician gates, to the entrance into this ancient


.M., to light the fire, and we breakfasted
eak. The colonel had also brought with
l tea, which were occasionally sparingly
re, after the fatigues of the day.
see on the hill side for game, but with
tridges, but they got away from us in
overtook us just as we approached the
a roofless and untenanted caravanserai.
for the commissariat; dismayed by the
khan, Malta had gone on further. We,
the valley, a few miles distance to the
comfiture of our prandial arrangements,
and, as the road we intended to pursue
tive was procured to go in search of him,
lves in two lines, along a carpetless mud
of the interior of the caravanserai. The
the remote distance, just rendered visible
orm of the keeper of the khan, who was
blowing the dying embers into a suffi-
oil a few thimblefuls of bad coffee, and
tely resulted from his perseverance, gave
ndry countenances which had been in no
the unpleasant certainty of a dinnerless
carpets and cloaks, be it also noted, were

came up in safety, and bidding the Pied-
ven so cheerless a reception, farewell, we
the village of Chokahli, where we could
om whence a most magnificent prospect

was presented to us, of the whole extent of the Cilician plains, with the sea beyond, Cyprus islanded on its far-off bosom, and itself skirted by lofty Amanus, with the isolated peak of Mount Casius leading away to the indistinct outline of distant Lebanon.

The following day, while the remainder of the party were getting ready, the colonel and myself went out to try the woods for game, in doing which we got out of the proper direction, and thus lost our horses, and the ever-vanishing commissariat; nor did we rejoin them and the rest of the party, till three days' long and devious wanderings along the foot of Taurus, brought us to the ancient Armenian and patriarchal town of Sis, where we found them located in safe and snug quarters.

The ensuing morning, the colonel and myself started northwards into the mountains, to visit an old castle, called Kara Sis, or Black Sis. We advanced by a hilly and wooded country to some heights, on which was the village, called Yedezli, about six miles from Sis. Beyond this the country became irregularly mountainous, and very wild in appearance; and from the midst of this forbidding-looking tract, two rocky eminences—one to the north, the other a little east of north—made themselves prominent by their isolated position, bold precipitous sides, and table summits. Upon these stood the ruins of castles, one of which was called Andal Kal'eh; the other, Kara Sis, and to the latter of which, as the most extensive, we bent our steps.

After a long trot, by rough and stony roads, of a further six miles, we gained the foot of the hill, and clambering to the summit, found nothing but a crumbling wall of black basalt, without form or shape, to reward our toil, or attest the era of construction, and not a human being to cheer us with a local tradition. It was evidently, however, a ruin of considerable antiquity, and was, probably, with its sister rock-fort, a stronghold of the Reubinian dynasty of Armenians, who retired into the fastnesses of Cilicia before the invasion of Yengiz Khan, and for a long time made Sis the seat of their circumscribed rule. These Armenians became at one time warlike and powerful on the plains of Cilicia, upon which they descended from their mountain strongholds to harass and plunder their Christian crusading brethren, and from whence they, for a time, successfully resisted the ultimately victorious Turkomans. In the time of Diogenes Romanus, they drove back a large body of these warrior herdsmen, who were again cut off in their retreat at the bridge of Mopsuestia, by the Prince of Antioch, (called by old historians, by the absurd name of Chatagurio,) who had taken up his position at that place.

We were not at all sorry to set off on our return; but the difficulties of the road were so great, that darkness overtook us by the time we gained the acclivities of the Yedezli hills. Not to be benighted, we trusted in our steeds finding their way, and put them to a canter. Everything went on prosperously over the hills, where stones were numerous, but not large, and the myrtle bushes so small as to offer but a slight impediment to the progress of our horses, who, when not observing them in time to get out of the way, passed safely through the midst of them; but on the descent, matters altered considerably for the worse, and the aspect of the country presented a material difference. Shrubs of myrtle, Christ's-thorn, and dwarf-oaks of sturdy breed, had attained considerable size, overtopping at times horse and

s plain is, in its southern portions, in-
hills, called the "Mountains of Light,"
lated rock, bearing the castle of the King
aracter belongs to its northern portions.
mmit of a similarly isolated rock. At a
range of rocky limestone hills advanced
ed us to follow a nearly due southerly
ey of the Pyramus, we were able to turn
d, and rising abruptly out of the plain,
bearing the ruins of a castle call Tum;
ward, and up the valley of the Pyramus,
erfectly isolated, rocky eminence, which
le of ancient Anazarbus, once the metro-

Turkomans lay on the plain, which was
their herds; and after advancing a dis-
consisting of Murphy, Thomson, and the
ruins of a city, which, as far as I am aware,
ited by any Europeans in modern times,
ded onwards, with the rest of the party,

wall, evidently of Saracenic origin, and
d out from the rock in a south-westerly
und, to meet the bed of the river, which,
s past the north-eastern aspect of the
round its base, to take a south-westerly
passing, and, for defensive purposes,
cropolis of the city. Entering within
ast area included within to be naked and
aces of a dwelling-house, or of any other

structure or public edifice. Traversing this desolate and abandoned space, we gained the foot of the rock, which we ascended, amid innumerable massive ornamented lids of sarcophagi, evidently of the Byzantine epoch, and surpassing, in number, anything I ever met with in Anterior Asia,—evidencing the former greatness and riches of the inhabitants of this episcopal city, and reminding us, as memorials of humanity, that Anazarbus had, among other learned and distinguished citizens, the poet Oppianus, and the physician Dioscoris.

There were various buildings still standing upon the crest of the hill; among which were an Imaum of Mohammedan times, and a castle, as the Turks or Arabs had left it, whoever may have been its founders. Although there was not a living being in the neighbourhood, these edifices were still in excellent keeping; and it was only with some trouble and exertion that we were able to explore all the various chambers and recesses of this lonely and tenantless fabric.

Anazarbus (Αναζαρβος) does not appear to have been a town of the same remote antiquity as some which we have previously described on the plains of Cilicia. It is certain, from the notices of Procopius (Hist. Arcan, cap. xviii.), and of Cedrenus (p. 299), that it became, in the middle ages, the metropolis of the second Cilicia, as Cilicia Campestris was then called; yet it obtained but occasional and passing notice in the history of the time, until it was totally destroyed by an earthquake, in the seventh year of the Emperor Justinian's reign. It may also be indistinctly gathered from Suidas that it suffered in a similar manner, in the time of Nero. It was, however, rebuilt, and obtained among some an enviable notoriety, as the spot where John Comnenus received his death-wound, while hunting the wild boar. According to the historians, his spear-hand, being forced back by the boar turning upon him, it was hurt by a poisoned arrow, which lay in a quiver at his back. The wound was slight, but the poison active, and he was recommended by the surgeons of the day to have the arm amputated; but the emperor refused, saying, that the Greek empire could not be governed with one hand; and he accordingly perished soon after.

The original name of the city appears to have been Aïn-Zerbah, from a spring which issues from the castle rock; and the Romans appear not to have understood this, for Pliny calls it the city of the Anazarbeni, now Cæsarea; Ptolemy calls it Cæsarea ad Anazarbum; and Stephanus says it was called Anazarba, from the neighbouring hill, or from being built by Anazarbus! It was called, by the first emperors, Cæsarea, a term of distinction; and, by Suidas, Dio-Cæsarea; but coins of the time of Lucius Verus and Valerian have Anazarbus simply. Several other coins mark the river as Anazarb.

After a round of distant bearings, superadded to a rough triangulation of the neighbouring area, we descended by the eastern face of the rock, through a dense growth of Christ's thorn; but we found the river quite unfordable, and had thus to turn back, round the north face of the hill, and then to continue up the bed of the river, in a northerly direction, instead of, as we had hoped, cutting across the country, to overtake the remainder of the party. We had thus to ride several miles out of our way, till we reached a bridge, which the others must have passed over in an hour or two after the time that we first separated from them. Night overtaking us, we were obliged to seek

us evening, from their unwillingness to
rses, or guides for the journey, for the
by peaceable Turkomans, but by rude,
ds.
us into the wooded, irregular, hilly dis-
id-day, we were brought to, by a river
to the Pyramus, which was swollen by
formidable obstacle to our progress.
ds, and much consequent delay, the Kurd
ford, which was passed without accident,
ep and the current strong. We were
this delay, by darkness, before arriving
ling through an upland forest, by a very
lights were perceived, at a considerable
our right, and from the bottom of which
tars reflected from the sea. By a now
separated in the obscurity; and as the
on ahead, announced the neighbourhood
ional gun, to collect the wanderers, this
e villagers, whom we found, afterwards,
when, after some toil and trouble given
rived at the houses, all from different
them well closed against access. After
guides coming up, a correspondence was
mately kindly received, a boy being, at
fruitless errand of finding a telescope,
forest.
ans of Kurtali, as their home was called,
iderably, and became much more moun-

tainous. Passing over several successive ascents, we at length reached the valley of the Pyramus, where it flowed through a narrow mountainous pass, nearly a thousand feet beneath where we stood. The path which we had to follow was carried along the nearly vertical face of the precipice; while beyond all, the stupendous heights of Taurus, here called Durdun Tagh, rose up in bluff, conical, and inaccessible points, which appeared to oppose an impassable barrier to further progress.

It is remarkable that Strabo was intimately acquainted with this little-frequented pass in Taurus, which we were the first among moderns to traverse; and he describes, minutely, the difficulties which the Pyramus has to encounter—the salient and re-entering angle of the mountains, and the precipitous fissures of such little width, that, in some places, he says, a dog or a hare might leap them.

We soon arrived at a point where the path was so narrow, that it was impossible to proceed without unloading the horses; and the baggage had to be carried on the shoulders of the Kurds, for the least touch at the side must have hurled the horses down the precipice.

We had just succeeded in getting horses and baggage over this hazardous pass, when we came to a point where the road receded inwards a little, and then struck outwards, right up the slippery face of the rock. Our Kurd guides, who had long murmured, began to give way before the difficulties, which, as they increased in number, only served to rouse the colonel's resolution the more to overcome them. They now openly refused to carry the baggage up this new ascent, till the colonel, seating himself at the foot of the pass, compelled them to the work, with his gun resting on his knee, and ready cocked. One after another, the leathern sacks were carried up without accident, till it came to the turn of the horses, which had to be whipped up the path, so as to surmount it by one effort. Unluckily, in this attempt, two got upon the pathway at the same time; and one of them, which was Murphy's riding-horse, was tumbled off the road, and rolled over twice before it was caught by a tree, and from which most fearful position it was happily extricated, with some difficulty, somewhat shook, but without any serious hurt.

These difficulties overcome, we followed in the rear; but our surprise may be imagined, on gaining the top of the pass, to find the horses, with Yusuf Sanda, alone, the Kurds having, to a man, taken themselves off to the woods, to the left, and where it would have been as vain to follow them as to pursue so many ibexes.

Without guides, our onward progress was not always effective. Murphy, who had fallen into the rear, sent us word that his horse would go no further; and, indeed, most of the horses, although we walked a great deal, to spare them, were suffering from these forced marches, lasting, as they invariably did, from sunrise till after sunset. It was essential, however, that, if possible, we should attain a village before sunset, and we accordingly made a further exertion; but such was the discomfited state of the poor beasts, that it was unsuccessful; and night overtook us at the foot of some hills, where an old man and his grown-up son were tending a flock of goats. We were glad to take refuge in his hut, constructed of a few twigs and branches, and we laid all night huddled in a space of about ten feet square; and even this hospitality was unwillingly afforded by the tenants, the younger

ir home. This was too much, and elec-
ur in house-capturing; so we returned,
to having sustained a signal defeat, to
we found, after some time, in a covered
table, in which he had fairly got the un-
corner, and where he was poking him in
his gun, to bring him to terms. This
nce ultimately succeeded; and finding that
led, in bad grace, and provided us with a
. This skeikh was, however, afterwards
Marash, who sent a kawass to reprimand
that city.

nt ride, the ensuing morning, amid rocky
d hills, led us out of Taurus into the open,
plain of Marash; and the same afternoon,
by a stone bridge, we arrived at this little-
Turkish pasha, and situate at the eastern
led the Yagra Tagh.

nd contains about forty thousand inhabit-
hristians form a considerable body. Its
mud, but have two stories, and the usual
The markets appeared to be bustling, and
fruit, meat, and vegetables, but, also, with
products of home manufacture.

the Germanicia of the Latins, placed by
from which a Roman road leads, in the
mosata to Edessa. Being an illustrious
nified by the title of Cæsarea, and distin-

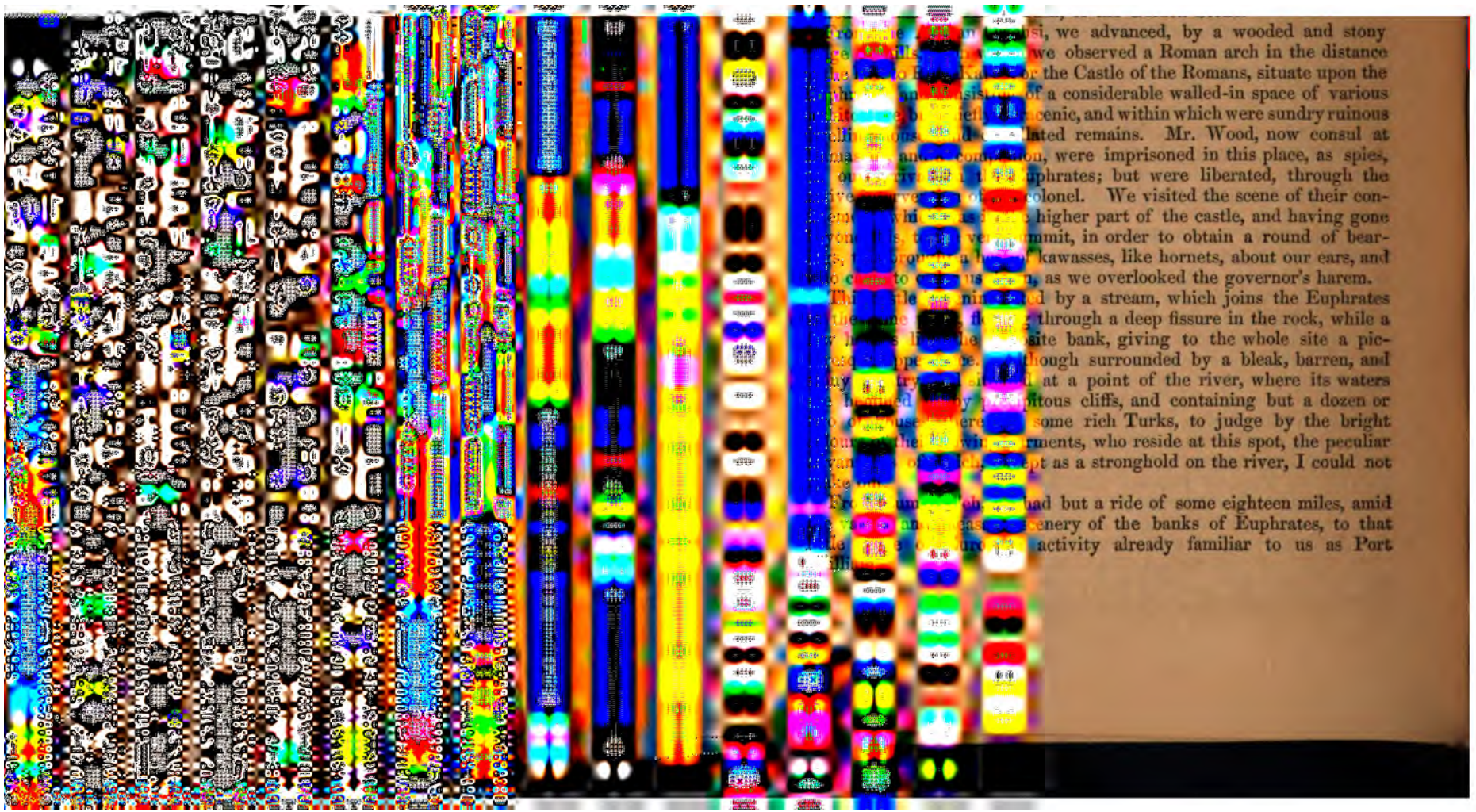
guished from Cæsarea Anazarba, and Cæsarea Mazaca, as Cæsarea Germanicia, as may be seen on coins of the time of Severus and of Pescennius. It is said to have been at this city that the latter assumed the purple.

It is, however, most celebrated in ecclesiastical history as the country of Nestorius, and the seat of the episcopacy of Eudoxius, both rude innovators of the primitive church doctrine. The first Crusaders captured this city, which was, at that epoch, called Maresia. It was afterwards a Turkoman principality, till the time of the Sultan Suleïman I., about 1520, when it fell under Osmanli dominion. The celebrated Ferhad Pasha took the city by stratagem, after destroying the last of its princes, called Sheh Suwar Oghlu. In the campaign of Suleïman, the ensuing year (1553), when he reduced Baghdad, Musul, and Van, under Osmanli rule, his son Selim wintered at Marash. The Turkomans rebelled, however, on many occasions since, more particularly under a chieftain, of the name of Kalendah Oghlu, the Turkomans of noble family always adding "son of," to their name, and who preserved his independence, till reduced by the Wuzir Koja Murad Pasha, in the reign of Ahmed I., A.D. 1603.

The chief Turkoman tribes, occupying the country just traversed, from Adana to Marash, are the Melanjinah Oghlu, who enjoy the government of Adana, the Ramadan Oghlu, Karsan Oghlu, Tekeli Oghlu, and Kusin Oghlu. Ibrahim Pasha devastated the country of the latter of these tribes while we were in Syria, but without reducing them to acknowledge his supremacy. It is a mistake to name the Bulgar Tagh, and other portions of Taurus, as is still done in all maps, after the Turkoman tribes which inhabit them. It is a curious fact, that, till our visit to this city, within Taurus, that it was not known where to place it on the map. Theodoritus (ii. cap. 25) says, correctly enough, that it was situated on the confines of three provinces—Cilicia, Syria, and Cappadocia—and, to be more minute, it was a city in the province of Commagena, afterwards, and in the middle ages, called Euphratensis.

At Marash, the pasha was visited; and, in return, we were assailed by the whole household, from kawass, and kawatchi bashi, or head constable, and head coffee-maker, down to the scullion, in search of the perpetual bakshish, or present. The colonel, becoming anxious about the progress-making at Port William, started from hence, in advance of the remainder of the party, who left on the day following. On this occasion, the road lay across the plain of Marash, and then ascended, by a wooded range of hills, covered with snow, and from whence we descended into the valley of the Ak Su, or white water, a tributary of the Pyramus, which has its sources from a group of lakes, situated immediately below Pelvereh, the ancient Perre. A Roman road led from Germanicia to this latter place, which was the connecting point in the Antonine Itinerary and Theodosian tables between the routes to and from Cappadocia, Commagena, and Mesopotamia. We rested for the night in the valley of the Ak Su, in a Turkoman tent, where we were received with customary hospitality.

The next day's ride led us over a stony and woodless range of rocky hills, on which the snow lay deep; and by evening, we gained the great valley, called Araban Owahsi, which is watered by a tributary



THE REBELS: A TALE OF EMMETT'S DAYS.

BY MRS. WHITE.

PART II.—THE LOVERS.

To throw a light upon the bad feeling entertained by Hugh Perring towards his cousins, it will be necessary to give an outline of their domestic history. Both Mrs. Perring and her sister had married men of good fortunes, and of an equal position in society; and during the childhood of their families, nothing could exceed the unity and affection subsisting between them. But, unfortunately, a jealousy arose between Mr. Perring and his brother-in-law, in consequence of some official place becoming vacant at the Castle, for which they both made application, and which the former obtained. After his decease, the sisters renewed their intercourse; but Hugh Perring perpetuated in his own breast the variance felt by his father, and long after death had set his seal on the dissensions of both parents, he continued to his unoffending cousins this feeling of jealous animosity.

Douglas Hewitt, the eldest of his uncle's sons, though equally high-spirited, was of a more forgiving and generous disposition; or, perhaps, the great secret of his forbearance to his haughty cousin was, the love with which Hugh's gentle sister Norah had inspired him. As children they had played together, and even then Norah found that her brothers were not half so gentle as cousin Douglas—dear cousin Douglas, who thought nothing of climbing the highest branches of the mountain ash to procure her the most gorgeous of its scarlet treasures, and afterwards of wreathing them amongst her dark and shining hair, till she looked like some little Indian princess, with coral circling her head.

It had never occurred to Hugh Perring that his sister's childish preference for her cousin Douglas should continue to influence her in after years; so that it was with no little surprise and chagrin that he learned that the good-looking young man in regimentals, whom he had seen on duty in the castle-yard on the day of his arrival, was no other than the plain and rather awkward-looking stripling whom he had left two years before in his trencher-cap and gown, at Trinity—and the now affianced husband of his sister. The very profession Hewitt had chosen, seemed like a display of opposition; for the republican principles of the Perrings were no secret among their fellow-collegians, between whom debating parties existed, where the politics of the period were discussed. This new, and closer connexion, therefore, Hugh determined should never take place; but as Norah's fortune was at her own disposal, he knew this was only to be compassed by some underhand machination.

Now, nature had not intended Hugh Perring for a villain, and the task he had proposed to himself was too repugnant to his feelings to allow him to go through with it. He therefore contented himself with exhibiting his unequivocal dislike of Douglas in such a manner as he hoped would lead the latter to resent it, and thus occasion a decided rupture between them. His cousin, however, for Norah's sake, determined to avoid everything that might give a pretext for his malevolence. And so the affair continued, until the unfortunate occurrence

...between them, as they stepped in and
...bright, clear moon gleamed through...
...partment in which, as the open instrument,
...though her fingers occasionally touched the
...were wild, unmeasured, and sometimes
...or abstraction of the player. As the lovers
...the branches became more irregular; and
...sometimes fell upon the open music-page, or
...or twice started, as if a living thing beside
...them.

...remained within his hiding-place; but
...anger, he rushed forward, tapped against the
...sent held to his bosom the scarcely sensible
...swoon by tenderness for her lover, and
...her brother's return, could only weep forth

...discourse that existed between them, was
...as if the window had rebounded from a
...current. Associating every fear with the
...merciless brother, Norah trembled with
...left her side to discover its cause. He
...but could see no one. The wind had gone
...still as if in sleep—the ramifications of each
...against the clear sky with unerring fidelity
...that intersected the flower-beds looked white
...line.

..." said the young man, smiling. And he

koned her towards the window, where they stood looking out on the lovely scene before them.

Just as Norah was restored to a state of comparative tranquillity, her fears were again excited by remarking that an old woman with a red handkerchief on her head, and wrapped in a grey cloak, crept cautiously from beneath the bushes near the window, and peering about for a moment, moved stealthily away. The bent form, and shuffling gait, discovered at once the mendicant Ansty Connelly.

Douglas was endeavouring to quell his fair cousin's uneasiness, when a bright flash of light suddenly shot up above a dark and distant part of the city, and was followed by a loud report that shook the window at which they were standing.

"My God!" exclaimed the young man, hastily. "They have risen —the city is attacked—and I am here! Let me go, Norah. I may yet save your brother. You have no need to fear; his party will not harm you, and the soldiery dare not. Farewell!" And he burst from her, before she half comprehended the fearful meaning of his words. When she did comprehend them, her first impulse was to follow him; and she ran wildly out upon the lawn, and down the avenue leading to the road, when something like a huge grey ball, just within the gate, opposed her progress. She stood still: it uncurled itself; and, throwing back the hood of her cloak, Ansty Connelly stood before her.

"Did a gentleman pass you just now, good woman?" inquired Norah, trembling with fright.

"I am surprised at sich a question from the likes of you, Miss Norah Perring. Is it watching your gates I'd be at this hour of the night?" answered the old woman, evasively.

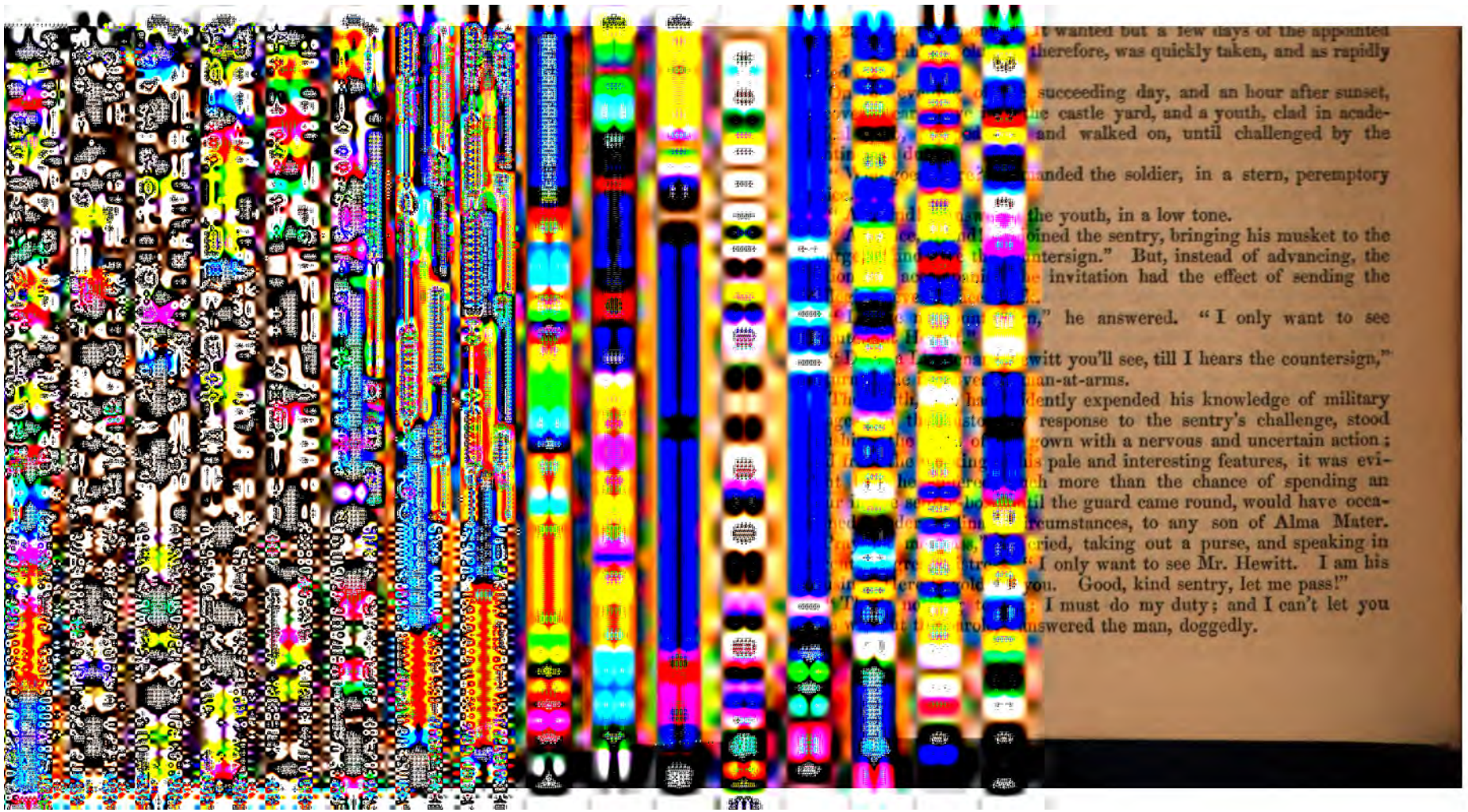
"Perhaps he went the other way," said Norah, utterly unmindful, in her anxiety, of the covert sarcasm of Ansty's reply; "hasten to the road, good woman, and meet him as he passes. I will reward you for it."

"Find another arrant woman for yourself," exclaimed the old crone, sharply; "the time is coming whin Ansty Connelly 'ill be as good as any of you. An', signs by 'ont I make the Orange lads know it! My two fine boys at Ballyholan!—och hone! och hone! Did ye never hear your mother, Miss Norah—may the heavens be her bed!—talk ov the big fight at Ballyholan? and how the anchient Britons kilt Ansty Connelly's two sons? 'Tis that made me so fond ov the moonlight, avich! in hopes the good people 'ed take me out of my throuble, and give me my two fine boys again."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated Norah, who now remembered to have heard it said, that Ansty, was subject to fits of mental alienation. "Poor thing! what a sad example of these past times of terror! Alas! perhaps the consequences of to-night may be to make me equally desolate! Go home, Ansty; or come with me up to the house. This is no place for you, in the damp night air."

"Och! not a dhrop of the blessed dew falls on me, asthore! The fire in my ould head an' heart dhries it all up. Never mind for Ansty, the crater! the night's us't to her; an' the moon 'ed miss her, if she'd stay within."

So saying, Ansty again covered her head with her cloak; and rock-



"Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?" cried the youth, in anguish.

"I'll tell you what you'll do," answered the soldier, a little softened by the offer of the gold—"you may walk out; but if you attempt to move an inch nearer this way, you are my prisoner."

"I cannot go till I have seen Mr. Hewitt; my business with him is of life and death. Surely, good soldier, you will let me pass?"

"Not a step," returned the sentry; "either you walk off my post, or into my box, till the guard comes round. And if you give the officer no better account of yourself than you have given me, I promise you you'll pass the night in the guard-house."

At this moment, a gentleman in plain clothes came towards them; and the distress of the youth became even more perceptible.

"Here is some one coming," he said; "pray—pray let me pass! Mr. Hewitt will acquit you of any blame. I will give you all that is in my purse."

"It is more than I dare do now," returned the man. "Here comes one of the officers." And he turned to repeat to the person approaching the accustomed military challenge, while the collegian drew his robe around him, and shrank close to the side of the building. Presently afterwards the other party drew near, and whispering the talismanic reply, approached the trembling gownsman, and courteously inquired if he should pass him in. No sooner had the latter uttered his thanks, than the officer drew his arm within his own, and walked on in silence, till out of ear-shot of the sentinel, when the youth inquired, "Will you have the kindness to point out Mr. Hewitt's quarters? It is to see him I have come."

"'Pon my word he does not deserve to see you," replied the officer, in a tone of confidence that strangely and painfully affected the youth —"he has not used you well in keeping you waiting for him, and exposing you to so much annoyance."

"Mr. Hewitt is not aware of my being here," replied the other coldly.

"I wish I could persuade you to let him remain in ignorance of your coming," continued the officer. "Or if not," as he felt the fragile arm within his own suddenly withdrawn, "come into my room, and I will send for him."

"Sir!" said the affected collegian, springing from his side, "since something has betrayed my sex to you, pray do not tarnish your kindness by rudeness more insufferable than any annoyance I have previously experienced. However strange my being here, and in this disguise, may appear, I am a lady; and my motive is not only innocent but, I trust, praiseworthy. Add to my sense of gratitude for the favour you have already conferred upon me, by telling me where I shall find Mr. Hewitt. Be assured, neither he nor I will ever forget the obligation."

"I will send him to you," replied the officer, in a tone as respectful as his former manner had been bold. "Stand here, out of observation; he shall be with you in an instant."

So saying, he touched his hat and departed, while Norah remained, watching, with nervous anxiety, every shadow that crossed the mess-room windows, impatient for, yet dreading Douglas Hewitt's approach. Presently, an officer in full regimentals hastened towards her, and her heart told her it was her lover.

United Irishmen would attribute his non-
se.
the 23rd of July arrived. Not only had
his warning voice to his friends in au-
been given to the under-secretary of the
and even of the hour of their meditated
utionary principle of creating no alarm,
to withstand them, beyond the strength-
Phœnix Lodge, by an officer and thirty
was given on this evening, by the secre-
to his military and other friends, at the
sts was Douglas Hewitt.
oyal sentiments had all been duly honoured
curial spirits of the party were rising in
of cooper after cooper of bright claret dis-
ong, and the true Anacreontic feeling was
when a wild and piercing shriek rang
sting each man's hand on its way to his
colour from his cheek. Every one instinc-
thrown open, and a lady, with her long
ite dress stained with blood, rushed madly
cing, incoherently, the horrible catastrophe
was Miss Wolfe, the daughter of Lord
inhumanly butchered by the pikes of the
the revel was over—the military flew to
efend themselves; but the horrors of that
nd I gladly pass them over, to follow
witt and his cousin.
occurrence just related, on the afternoon
of September, crowds of persons were to

be met returning along the Rathfarnham road. The low tones in which they conversed—the air of depression and gloom that rested upon all, so different from their national bearing under any ordinary circumstance, was, in itself, sufficient to arouse a painful conviction of the nature of the calamity that could thus strike down their naturally elastic spirits. These persons had been to witness the unfortunate Emmett's execution.

But let us turn from the road, to the residence of the Perrings, at Rathfarnham. The blinds of the windows were closed, as if death was in the house; and on a sofa in the little room previously described, lay Hugh, pale even to ghastliness, from no physical illness, but from the nervous anguish that had preyed upon him since the apprehension of his friend. Norah knelt beside him; her eyes blinded by tears, and her hand was pressed against his pallid brow. The door opened, and Douglas Hewitt entered. Hugh raised his head, and gazed inquiringly at him.

"Is it over?" he asked quickly.

"It is," said Hewitt, mournfully.

"Thank God!" muttered Perring, dropping back on the pillow, and bursting into tears. "And but for you," he continued, when the paroxysm subsided—"but for you, my generous-hearted cousin, and you, my dear—dear sister, I, too, should have paid the penalty of disloyalty and madness with my pure-intentioned but misguided friend."

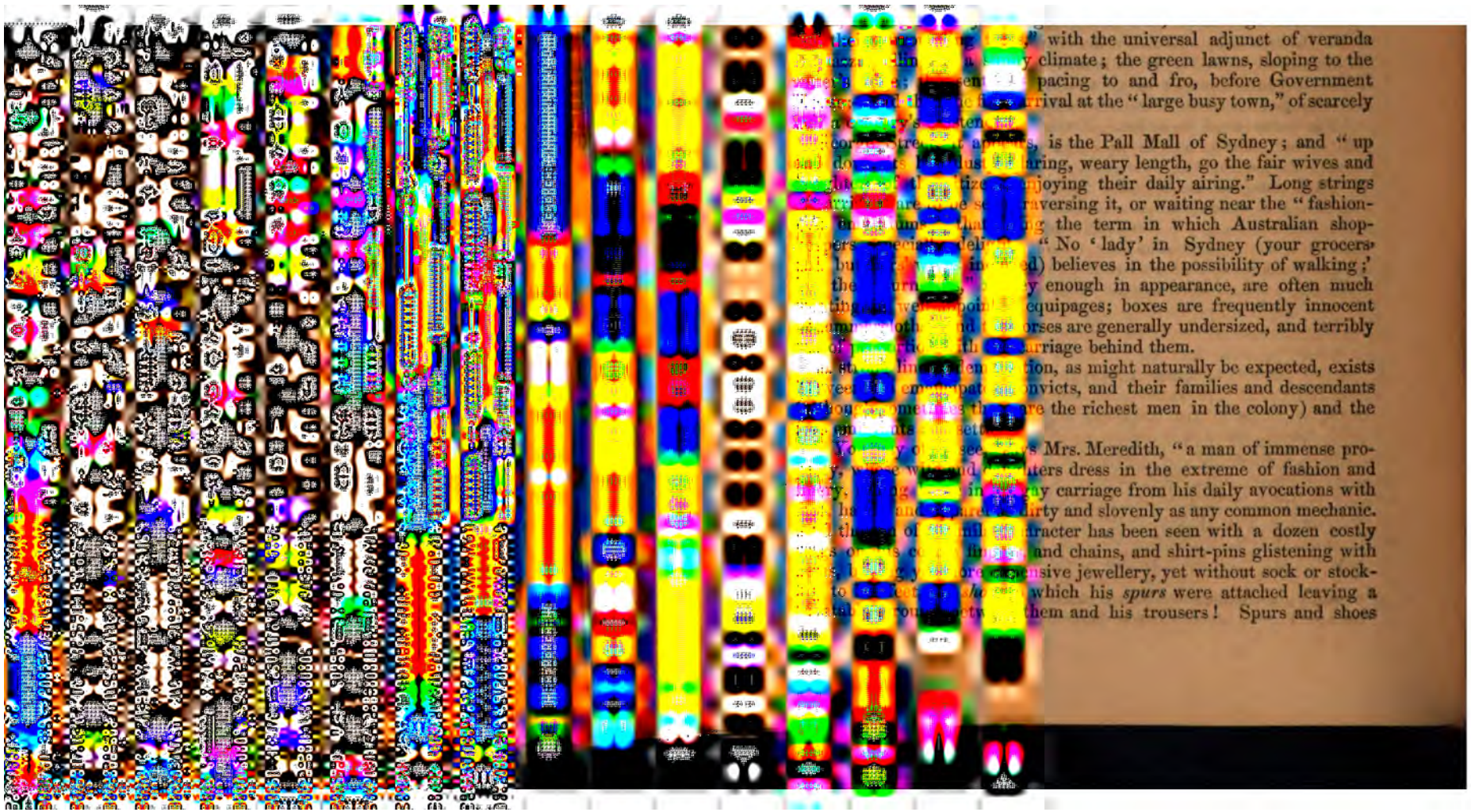
"He is at rest," interrupted Douglas; "let us hope that the sincerity of his motives may outbalance the crimes his treason has occasioned. Do not dwell upon it; but in return for the mercy so graciously extended to yourself, prove to your king and country that a pardoned rebel can make a useful citizen and a loyal subject."

Little more need be added. Norah soon afterwards became the wife of her cousin; and in the spring of the ensuing year Hugh Perring started for the Continent, to seek Gerald Hewitt, who had quitted Ireland on the day after Sydenham Perring's death, and had sought to heal the anguish of a bruised spirit by successive changes of scene and occupation. The forgiveness and re-union of his family effected what neither time nor travel could accomplish; and the cousins returned to Ireland better and wiser men for the bitter experiences of the memorable year 1803.

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

When a colony is still in its infancy, facts only are wanted,—statements of a simple but important character, which concern soil, climate, natural productions, and resources;—but when the same colony has attained a certain discretionary age, and can boast of its cities, towns, farms, cultivated lands, roads, and navigable rivers (as the creeks or inlets of the sea are always called), it is pleasant to turn from such details, to contemplate, for a moment, the new phases in which society presents itself in such a country—to look at the surface of things, as they pre-

* Notes and Sketches of New South Wales, during a residence in that colony from 1839 to 1844. By Mr. Charles Meredith. John Murray. London.



are, I imagine, a fashion peculiar to this stamp of exquisites, but among them very popular."

The market in Sydney is well supplied, and the display of fruit is very beautiful. This includes the produce of hot climates, especially all descriptions of melons. The large green water-melon, rose-coloured within, is a very favourite fruit, grows to an enormous size, and may be seen, piled up like huge cannon-balls, at all the fruit-shop-doors, "being universally admired in this hot, thirsty climate." Mrs. Meredith, however, thought it insipid; and notices, as an improved method of eating this crisp, cool, and refreshing, fruit, the mixing a bottle of Madeira, or sherry, with its cold, watery pulp! We recommend this new kind of "sherry cobbler" to the Reform Club.

Excellent fish is to be procured at Sydney; and Mrs. Meredith had here the good taste to prefer such to the preserved salmon and cod from England, which *are alone served* at a Sydney dinner-table. Rock-oysters and cray-fish are also abundant and good.

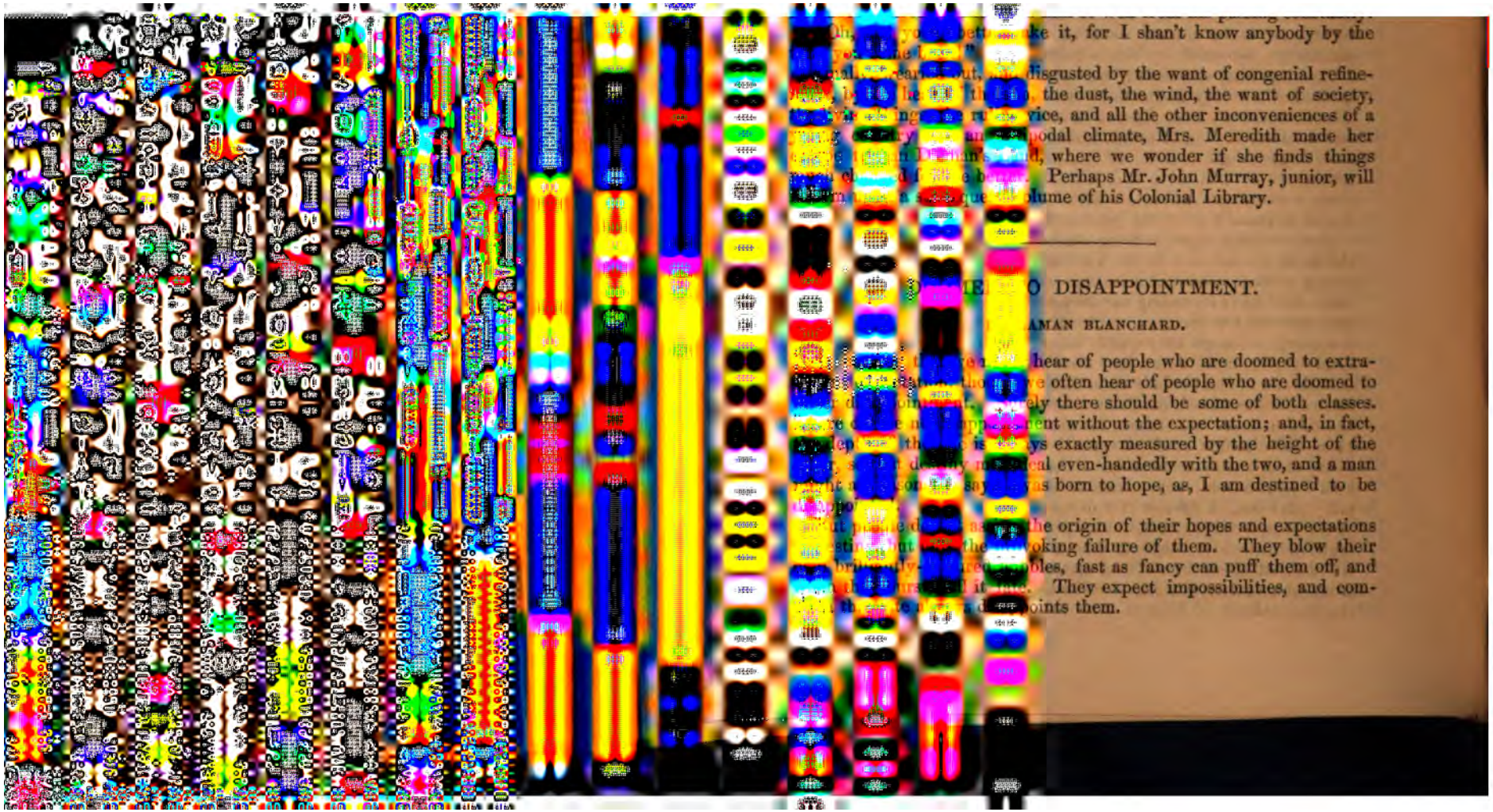
The dust is one main source of annoyance at Sydney. Unless after heavy rain, it is *always* dusty. One would suppose the phrase of "Down with the dust!" must have originated in the colony; but this Mrs. Meredith does not mention. Flies are another nuisance; they swarm in every room, in tens of thousands, and blacken the breakfast or dinner table as soon as the viands appear. But worse than these, are the mosquitoes, whose bite, Mrs. Meredith, on two different occasions, describes as being "mountainous," and their attacks so persevering, as to be always more or less successful. These fierce assailants are also aided in their nocturnal invasions by still worse, and "thrice-disgusting creatures;" to say nothing of fleas, "which seem to pervade the colony in one universal swarm."

The Cumberland hunt have a tolerable pack of hounds, and the destructive native dog, or dingo, serves them for a fox; and this is often *a bagged dog!*

There are several rival and mutually abusive papers published in Sydney, where there is, also, a public library; but literature appears to be at discount; for "the gentlemen," says Mrs. Meredith, "are too busy, or find a cigar more agreeable than a book; and the ladies, to quote the remark of a witty (?) friend, 'pay more attention to the adorning of their heads without, than within.'"

Mrs. Meredith's travelling experiences in Australia, which extend to Bathurst, about one hundred and twenty miles from Sydney, are very entertaining, although they chiefly refer to interesting little facts in natural history, and to the backwood's condition of the public inns. The latter are the perpetually recurring subjects of animadversion. The walls are smoke-stained, the floors universally dirty, the tables covered with tobacco-ashes and liquor stains; the women slipshod, the beds have a hide-the-dirt kind of aspect; and even the dark-brown fat candles smell most insufferably. The fare was always the same—'am-an'-eggs, mutton-chops, English ale at 3*s.* 6*d.* a-bottle; and for bread, "damper," a cake of stiff dough, baked in the ashes;—not bad fare, we should think, though intolerable to a delicate stomach, apparently not fitted for *roughing it* on mutton-chops.

The habitations of the working-classes are also described as the least pleasing objects met with in the colony. They are wretched (?) huts, or hovels, "built of heaped turf, or more frequently of 'slabs,'"



ke it, for I shan't know anybody by the

disgusted by the want of congenial refine-
the dust, the wind, the want of society,
vice, and all the other inconveniences of a
podal climate, Mrs. Meredith made her
d, where we wonder if she finds things
Perhaps Mr. John Murray, junior, will
lume of his Colonial Library.

O DISAPPOINTMENT.

AMAN BLANCHARD.

hear of people who are doomed to extra-
e often hear of people who are doomed to
ely there should be some of both classes.
ent without the expectation; and, in fact,
ys exactly measured by the height of the
al even-handedly with the two, and a man
as born to hope, as, I am destined to be

he origin of their hopes and expectations
oking failure of them. They blow their
bles, fast as fancy can puff them off, and
They expect impossibilities, and com-
oints them.

Hope is an *ad libitum* affair; entertain it, therefore, in the largest possible quantity; but fulfilment must have its limit, and if it fall short of the calculated supply, pronounce it to be your doom. Expect extravagantly, and declare with bitterness that nothing you undertake prospers, nothing answers your expectations.

The sort of people who are most prone to disappointment will be found among the miscellaneous multitudes of Sight-seekers; or, as they are sometimes called by the ridiculous omission of a letter or two, the Sight-seers. Never were such wonderful people for expecting wonders; and never were any gifted with such eyes for discovering that there is nothing to see. The Sight-seers (to borrow the facetious designation) are a race by themselves. They are always half-way up a hill where there is no view; or looking with avidity through the wrong end of a telescope, and grumbling at the insignificance of the sight. No matter what the object of attraction may be,—a civic shew or a crowned head, pageantry two miles long, or a single star pre-eminently in the ascendant,—the cry is always the same;—there never yet was a spectacle so truly magnificent, and the shabbiness of it is wofully disappointing. These two declarations are invariably to be heard in one breath. The good folks are for ever going to be completely astonished, and for ever surprised that they should have expected anything of the kind.

The sight-seer, however, full often guards himself, as he conceives, most securely, against the cruelty of a disappointment, by taking care to expect little or nothing. On some special occasion, at least, he is resolved to put it out of fate's power to disappoint him. "I have formed my own conclusion," he cries, "and know exactly what the thing will be. I anticipate no miracles of splendour, no gorgeous paraphernalia, nothing dazzling or bewildering in any way. Such are my simple notions. Let others look forward to what magnificence they like; that is no illusion of mine. I expect nothing—positively nothing."

And when the spectacle which is the subject of these sage and moderate views has passed by, you may instantly know the man who expected nothing, by his being the noisiest and the most indignant of the throng. As soon as he has exclaimed, in a voice heavily laden with emotion, and proclaiming him utterly disconsolate, "Well, after this!——" he takes breath for five minutes, and then freely tells you what he thinks of the show. He suggests that he has heard of a breakdown once or twice before, and has himself witnessed a few failures rather ingenious in their way. But he puts it—not to the inhabitants of that parish, but to the feeling and judgment of unbiassed and enlightened Europe—whether a mockery so truly abortive had ever been heard of before. He blushes for the country of his birth, the land of his pride yesterday, of his pity to-day. It is true, he expected nothing—but then, such a spectacle as that! He feels for the Great Metropolis—feels deeply. He cannot help, for the honest soul of him, being very sorry indeed for the City of London, and thinks that, under such circumstances, it would be better for the capital of the empire to hide its head in its own smoke, or get out of town for a week or two, till the discredit blows over. Not that he expected anything—on the contrary, he expected nothing—absolutely nothing; but he never felt so disappointed!

In such natures the feeling of expectation will generate, and will grow, until it becomes a gross and vague exaggeration; and the mind that rejects it still dwells upon its obtruding image, and experiences the shock all the same in spite of its precautions.

What is true of a show, is equally true of an opera, a pic-nic, a dance, or a novel. They have heard a great deal about it, they have thought a great deal about it, they have taken considerable pains about it, and they have hoped a great deal from it. The time comes—they are disappointed. They can't help it—so it is—they are doomed, they do believe, to disappointment.

So also with things infinitely higher, the grandest objects in nature or in art. They are disappointed with Killarney, they are disappointed with the Louvre. Mont Blanc was striking, but not what they expected; St. Peter's was fine, but, on the whole, they were disappointed.

They are not to be easily persuaded that any reasonable expectation ever can be realized—and they are confident that in their own case no such miracle has been performed. If they had stood on the deck of the "Victory," and had seen the immortal signal displayed, "England expects every man to do his duty," they would have instinctively rejoined, "Then England will be disappointed."

Try the same people on the most trivial points, and they are equally fixed. The author of the charming new song does not quite come up to their expectation; agreeable, intellectual, and gentleman-like; yes, but not the kind of person—they must say they were disappointed. As for the beauty they had burned to be presented to, what highly-wrought expectations had they not formed of her! and now she is smiling before them. They are charmed, delighted, electrified, almost wonder-stricken—they are everything, except satisfied. True, she is perfect; it is impossible to find a fault, a blemish—but then, so very different to their estimate! not a feature like!—they never were so disappointed in all their days. They are enchanted with the new picture, and recognise in it the highest grasp of the artist's genius; but they are so unlucky—it is their fate—they had a notion that it was in water-colour, and they feel wofully disappointed.

Nothing falls out according to their anticipation. If it should appear that they had not formed an enormously excessive estimate, they had still formed one so egregiously erroneous as to fill them with dismay, and impress them with the conviction that they are foredoomed to fail in every calculation.

There are some youthful disappointments which give a disheartening tone to a whole life. Of such is the shock to fresh and sensitive feeling, experienced when, in the first blush of boyhood, in early school-time, we fly to the treasuring-box for the plum-cake, and find that our faithful and beloved chum, to whom we would have given one twice as big, has pilfered it while we were in the upper-school, doing his exercise for him. How is such a blow to be warded off from the boy's heart! How are the wide-open eyes that stare into the blank box ever to become utterly closed again! From that moment, they have a habit of continually looking slily out at the corners, though apparently shut. He has suffered a disappointment; he is wary and critical. He chooses his next friend for exactly opposite qualities to the last, is tricked for that reason, and is disappointed again.

Who can describe the disappointment to which youthful enthusiasm,

youthful expectation wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, is exposed, in an incident like the following? It is some years old, but we vividly remember it:—

A youth of strong impulses, and of keen susceptibility, loving the highest productions of the theatre with a passionate delight, and regarding Edmund Kean with a sentiment akin to idolatry, had fixed upon a night, a whole week off, to see his favourite for the first time in *Othello*. In the interim, *Othello* haunted him by day, *Othello* haunted him by night. He thought, read, talked, and dreamed of nothing but *Othello!—Othello, Othello, Othello!* The happy day arrived; but, alas, at the very beginning of it, a weight of novel and most unexpected duties fell suddenly upon the excited youth. He staggered, and looked pale with affright. They would occupy him till midnight; he should not, he could not, see *Othello*.

No deferring them; postponement, hesitation, was impossible; they were heavy and solemn duties. To the task, then! With incredible energy, the boy's hand (it was hardly more) was put to a man's work. Head and heart laboured hotly, but steadily, with it, aiding every stroke of the hammer, and driving in two nails for one. Two o'clock, and with amazing perseverance, by continually repeated strokes, the neck of the difficulty is nearly broken.

Shall he see *Othello?* Will the honourable, the inevitable, duty be discharged in time? The now merry, yet anxious, anxious work goes bravely on.

Ah! there is much, very much to do, and it is half-past four. How can the serious and delicate object that employs him be accomplished in two hours—two short hours? And yet, in little more than that small space of time, Kean will be upon the stage, performing his mighty masterpiece, *Othello*.

Heart and head now seem to set both hands to work, and each hand does the work of two; so that the rapidity of progress surpasses everything conceivable, except the steadiness of application. Nearer swells the work towards a finish, but very fast all the time runs the spiteful clock. No matter; the duty is almost done—it is only six, and Kean himself is not yet at the theatre. The young theatrical will see *Othello*. He will certainly see *Othello* after all.

What! a quarter past, and, alas! no seat procurable after the doors open! Seat! who cares for seats! The devotee was positive that he could have stood, squeezed and jammed, till he was five and twenty, to see Kean in *Othello*.

Half-past—half-past six! Curtain does not rise till seven. Drury Lane only two miles and a half off; *Othello* not on in the first scene! Twenty minutes more will complete a week's eventful labour, performed almost miraculously in nine hours. The Nine will reward their labourer: he will see Kean in *Othello!*

Done!—All done! Five minutes to seven! The enthusiast felt that he could walk the distance easily in half the time! He flew off in a hackney—no cabs—as the clock struck. All his toil, all his anxiety, would be repaid; he should witness the greatest work of human passion, illustrated by the greatest master of passion known to the stage. The distance to the theatre seemed now a stone's throw, and now a hundred miles.

He is at length on the steps; the money is paid; he clears the

rotunda; an announce-bill invites his attention, on which he bestows not one momentary glance. Sounds from the stage pierce the silent lobbies; the curtain has been up some time; but he shall see *Othello!* Yes, that must be Kean's voice!

"Boxkeeper! Fly! Any place?"

"Oh yes, sir, we can give you a place! Where would you like to sit, sir?"

"Open a door anywhere!"

And as a door was instantly opened, the heart of the young enthusiast leaped up indeed. Then, in another moment, as he sprang, not very decorously, down to an excellent seat on the front row, he saw first, and then heard, a tall awkward performer, singing, with a sad cold, and in execrable taste, a passage in *Artaxerxes!*—that opera having been, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Kean, substituted for the other stage-convenience—a tragedy, entitled *Othello!*

I *was* disappointed that night!

"For I had not deserved it, and it smote me to the heart."

Disappointment is a sharp stern monitor, but often a kind one, and his lessons have this virtue—they are apt to last. Let them be remembered, but not felt too acutely. How needless was the sting, self-inflicted on that worthy honest man, who, having signed a bill of exchange for five hundred pounds, kept the cash during the three days of grace, before his conscientious eyes, ready to be paid on demand. Alas! the bill was not presented when due. The appointed day expired, and the next in turn went the way of all sunshine. Others followed, and a month had elapsed—a year. The good debtor —this happened not lately—looked at the money which was not his, and felt that its golden lustre cast a shadow upon him inwardly. Its presence was a mystery, an unpleasant, a glaring intrusion. Still he sat in the simple faith of his contract, and hoped, and hoped. But nobody came; the cash was undemanded; and he grew fidgetty and restless. Then he saddened more. His expectation melted all away. He was a disappointed man; and when he died, an alms-house was erected with some spare money.

But what disappointment can life have in store for us—fashion our foolish expectations as we may—equal in intensity to the rapture of a late long-deferred and sudden surprise! When the character we had suspected comes into light, when the conduct we had misconstrued shews clear and fair, and the face in which we had seen but a dishonest scowl, laughs out in the flush of truth, as the film of jealousy, or envy, or common prejudice, drops from our wakened eyes, what bitterness of disappointment can equal the sweetness of that discovery! Gall has less potency than balm.

Still the fact remains, and it brings us round again to the point from which we started; that while none assure us with gravity that they are doomed to expect foolishly, thousands tell us that they are doomed to be disappointed cruelly. With this impression strong on the mind, even blessings and good luck may come in the form of a disappointment. The eastern sage, when the bowstring was already round his neck, was unexpectedly respited. "You are saved, philosopher," said the professor of strangulation. "Mashallah!" cried the pardoned one, shrugging his shoulders, "I was doomed to disappointment!"

THE COUNTRY CURATE.*

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

"The virtue and other qualifications of the Rev. Mr. Adams, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that, at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handsome income of twenty three pounds a-year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little incumbered with a wife and six children."

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CURATE'S HOUSE AND FAMILY.

FEW things on earth can be more uninviting than the generality of small provincial towns. They have not the charm of rusticity, nor the animation of a metropolis; the attraction of opening prospects, nor view of grand edifices: they are not "rus in urbe," whatever they may pretend; neither can they boast the advantage of pure country air; for the houses of most of them are small and confined, the streets narrow and abutting on squalid courts, the drainage imperfect, the ventilation bad. A man might walk through London a whole day, and not have his sense of smelling so often offended as in a ten-minutes' perambulation of a country-town High Street. Now that the little life which they used to derive from the passage through them of stage-coaches has ceased, they must stagnate in utter listlessness: their inhabitants will approximate more closely than before to somnambulists; and their shops, except once a week on market-day, will be drearier than ever.

In a small tenement of one of these sleepy places, situated in the western extremity of Somersetshire, lived, about seventy years ago, a clergyman of the name of Westerwood. He officiated as curate of the parish church, of which the rector was a Doctor Bruiner. Mr. Westerwood was an accomplished scholar, and a pious man of apostolical simplicity; but being unfortunately destitute of other advantages,—that is to say, having no interest with influential persons, nor any talent for pushing his way, and manœuvring to the prejudice of others, (a thing he abhorred,)—he remained a poor curate, and never dreamed of even a *chance* of further advancement in the church. Doctor Bruiner, a wealthy pluralist, allowed Mr. Westerwood twenty pounds a-year for officiating at one of his best livings—namely, that in the town of which mention has just been made; and this salary being paid half-yearly, the poor curate could only obtain the necessaries of life through the disadvantageous medium of credit.

Mr. Westerwood had a wife and three daughters. His house, which consisted of no more than four apartments, was but scantily furnished. Two of the latter were used as bed-chambers. One of the rooms on the ground-floor was appropriated to kitchen purposes; the other answered the double purpose of the reverend gentleman's study and the family-

* The idea of this story is derived from an imaginary Journal of a Somersetshir Curate, occupying a single octavo page in a periodical work, published in 177 Happy is it that such a story could not be written of the *present time*.

parlour. Here his books (and they were very few) were arranged in a little recess by the side of the fireplace. They consisted of an old Bible; including the "Book of Common Prayer;" Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying;" Barrow's Sermons, and a volume of the mathematical works of that great divine; Fuller's "Abel Redivivus," and (though Mr. Westerwood was not a Calvinist) the "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, over which, he used to say, a noble spirit of genuine piety prevailed. The religious poems of Dr. Donne, Milton's "Paradise Lost," an old folio Cowley, and an odd volume or two of Shakspeare's plays, completed his library. But out of these few books he drew infinite solace under the pressure of want—unfailing *amusement*, (if such a term may be used,) and still-increasing enlargement of thought.

In one event of his life, Mr. Westerwood had been eminently fortunate: he had married happily; and though condemned by indigence to live apart from the world, he found a perpetual source of varied interest in the society of his helpmate, who, by activity and laborious attention to household duties (for they could not afford a servant), lightened the burden of his necessities, and by wise and cheerful conversation, when they sat together in the evening, brightened the poverty of his home till it shone like a little paradise. The girls were too young to have any marked character; but they were affectionate and dutiful; their dispositions, moreover, were so happy, and they confided with such perfect unreserve in their parents, that they scarcely perceived the privations which they and their father and mother endured daily. It was a family of love, which Misfortune could not blight, nor even Poverty render callous.

It has been said, that Doctor Bruiner allowed Mr. Westerwood twenty pounds a-year for officiating as curate; but this, though the largest part, was not the whole of his income. A few slight church-fees were permitted to fall to him; and when the pluralist-rector, according to the faculty of dispensation, was obliged to deliver his thirteen annual sermons in the benefice of which Mr. Westerwood was curate, the latter was able to preach in other parishes. But altogether his receipts were inadequate to the supply of his daily wants, humble as these were.

In spite of all this, our curate was alert in his sacred calling. He was a *working* parson, consoling, as far as in him lay, his fellow-poor —the *other poor*, as he used to call them—visiting the sick, whom he comforted with holy words and hopes; healing animosities among his parishioners; giving ghostly comfort to the conscience-stricken by demonstrating the efficacy of repentance; and drawing from the gospels perpetual themes for new, eloquent, vital, and edifying sermons. Poor man! it is wonderful how he did all this, gnawn as he was by viper-cares.

Cowley says of writing poetry, "There is nothing that requires so much serenity of spirit: it must not be overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: like the Halcyon, it must have fair weather to breed in." True as this is, it may, with equal if not greater truth be affirmed as an almost necessary condition of *his* mind who, in composing homilies, has to meditate deeply, in order that his words may be effectual in reclaiming the vicious, the

cruel, the selfish, and other ungodly persons from the error of their ways. Had the rector thought fit to shake even some of his superfluities into the lap of his poor curate, he would have given him the frame of mind described by Cowley. Nevertheless, though he lacked this, the good man went on zealously in his vocation. Mr. Westerwood's character resembled that which Chaucer has given to the parish priest in his Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:—

"A good man there was of religioun
That was a pourè parson of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a learnèd man, a clerk,
That Cristès gospel *trewèly* wolde preche;
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche;
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitè ful patient."

Patient, indeed, "in adversity," was our Somersetshire curate; and his patience grew the greater the more it was exercised. He recollected the words of the apostle Peter, in his first epistle: "If when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called." Thus was our curate comforted.

One evening, when his little stock of money was exhausted—when the importunity of those who supplied him with necessaries was too strong to permit any further application to them, and the morrow threatened to rise dismally—Mr. Westerwood received a letter from Doctor Bruiner, saying he might come to him the next day and receive his half-yearly payment. This was good news indeed.

"Courage, my dear!" said he to his wife. "We shall be in cash to-morrow. I shall start early in the morning, so as to return in time to make our payments on the same day. The rector is at his other living in Devonshire, only eleven miles off. Let me see; how long will it take me to walk two-and-twenty miles? Three hours there, and an hour for rest, are four; and three back, make seven. Good. Then, if I start at six in the morning, I shall be at home by noon. How much do we owe, Constance?"

"Nearly nine pounds."

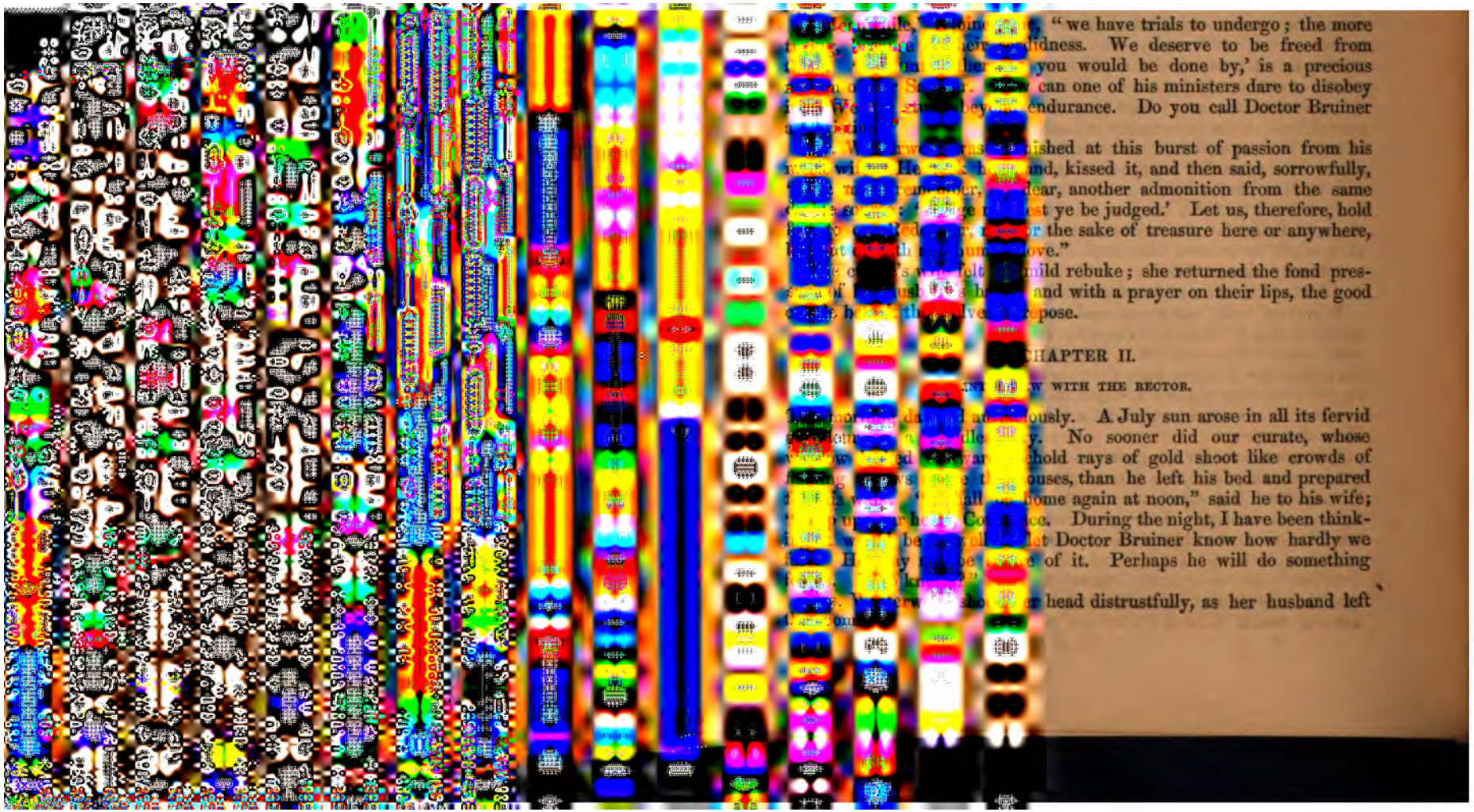
"I feared it was more: excellent! Then we shall be able to acquit ourselves of debt, renew our credit, and have a pound in store. Out of this pound we must buy shoes for the girls, so that they may appear more respectably at church. Though my half year's salary is due, I did not, I must confess, expect it so soon. Courage, my dear! After all, we shall sleep happily to-night, not dreading the morrow."

"Never was there so grateful a heart as yours, Godfrey," returned Mrs. Westerwood.

"Besides shoes for the girls," pursued the curate, not noticing his wife's remark, "you, my dear Constance, shall have a new bonnet."

"No, no," responded she; "with a fresh riband, the old one will look smart enough. Your own raiment," she added, gazing with tearful eyes at her husband—"your own raiment, Godfrey, is much worn, and ——"

"Think not of it," interrupted Mr. Westerwood. "You forget that the cassock hides a multitude of imperfections in a clergyman's other garments."



"we have trials to undergo; the more
idness. We deserve to be freed from
you would be done by,' is a precious
can one of his ministers dare to disobey
endurance. Do you call Doctor Bruiner

ished at this burst of passion from his
nd, kissed it, and then said, sorrowfully,
dear, another admonition from the same
st ye be judged.' Let us, therefore, hold
r the sake of treasure here or anywhere,
ove."
mild rebuke; she returned the fond pres-
and with a prayer on their lips, the good
epose.

CHAPTER II.

W WITH THE RECTOR.

ously. A July sun arose in all its fervid
y. No sooner did our curate, whose
hold rays of gold shoot like crowds of
ouses, than he left his bed and prepared
ome again at noon," said he to his wife;
ce. During the night, I have been think-
et Doctor Bruiner know how hardly we
of it. Perhaps he will do something

head distrustfully, as her husband left

Our curate, on his road to the rector's house, had to mount and descend several of those lofty hills which lie on the borders of Devonshire. According to the presage of dawn, the morning was cloudless and sultry; and before Mr. Westerwood had walked five miles, he felt almost burned by the sun's fierce rays, and nearly blinded by the white, glaring, and dusty road. Large weeds under the hedges hung their broad leaves flaccidly; and the lately-shorn meadows looked in their bareness as though it had been cruel to rob them of their green defence and leave them parched and cracking beneath the unrelenting solar-tyranny. In his haste to depart from home, and possess his half-year's salary, our curate had altogether forgotten breakfast, so that his thirst by this time was tormenting. Willingly would he have stopped at some of the cool-looking way-side inns to refresh himself; but, alas, he had no money! He must, therefore, toil on through the hot air, which breathed on him like a furnace, and endeavour to beguile the weary way by thinking of the happiness he should soon convey to his home. "Besides," thought he, "the rector will, doubtless, offer me both meat and drink."

Thus solacing himself, our curate stepped out amain; and in little more than three hours, came within sight of the rectory,—a pleasant house, on a wide and green lawn, dotted with low shrubs and circular patches of flowers, and shaded towards the east by a grove of beech-trees. It was with difficulty he suppressed a rising feeling of envy, on contrasting the fragrant paradise with his own narrow tenement in a close street.

Wiping his brow, and striking with his handkerchief the dust from off his shoes, in order to make the best appearance possible, he rang the gate-bell, and in a little time a powdered and liveried lackey appeared, fresh, trim, careless in face, and plump in person. *He* wouldn't have walked eleven miles under a July sun; not he. Such things might do very well for poor gentlemen, but were altogether beneath the dignity of a footman.

Our tired curate being admitted, was consigned to the hall, while the menial went to his master. Oh, how Mr. Westerwood enjoyed the grateful coolness of this porch, as he stood waiting to be summoned to Doctor Bruiner! He was glad that the rector was in no haste, as he felt the interval would restore his heated face to its natural colour.

In a short time, our curate was conducted to the library, where the pluralist, in a flowing morning-gown and slippers, sat on his cushioned sofa. Green Venetian blinds, excluding sun, but admitting air, threw a subdued and grateful light over the richly-furnished apartment. A tempting breakfast, odorous with coffee, and lacking not the substantial adjuncts of cold fowl and ham, stood before the doctor, who had no idea of mortifying the flesh. The animal part of our nature seemed to predominate in him, though the perfect whiteness of his thick hair gave him a sanctimonious, if not a reverend look. Snow-white damask, bright silver, and transparent porcelain, made a goodly show on the table. Gladly would Mr. Westerwood have been asked to sit and partake, for he was tired, and hungry, and thirsty.

"You have had a long walk this hot morning, and look rather fatigued," said the rector, "therefore I will not keep you. Let me see," he added, opening a drawer, which, as he drew it forth, made a rattling sound of coin, "I have to pay you ten pounds. Well, then,

here are nine guineas, half a guinea, and sixpence, making the amount. Just sign my memorandum-book, and then, you know, you need not wait longer. You must be anxious to get back to your family."

Mr. Westerwood took the money, and signed the acquittance, when, mustering up a little courage, he thus fulfilled the purpose of which he had apprised his wife.

"Will you permit me, Doctor Bruiner, to say a few words before I go?"

"Of course,—certainly. What are they?"

"Why, sir," rejoined the curate, "it gives me much pain to say that I find my income inadequate to my wants. My half-yearly payments are always anticipated by debt, from the contraction of which I cannot disenthral myself. I know you will forgive me for thinking, that if I should mention this to you, you would make some little addition to my means, rather than see me thus perplexed."

Doctor Bruiner's countenance suddenly became grave—a symptom which threw his poor curate quite aback.

"Debt!" exclaimed he, with a strong emphasis—"debt!—nothing can be worse than running in debt. You should avoid it in future. Much mischief accrues from it—much unseemly humiliation—especially to men of our cloth."

"But I cannot avoid it," returned Mr. Westerwood, sorrowfully. "My wife and children," added he, with a strong effort to maintain the steadiness of his voice, and prevent it from becoming hysterical—"my wife and children would starve."

"You should eke out your income, Mr. Westerwood, by keeping a school," pithily observed the pluralist.

"I have thought of that, sir," returned our curate; "but you know my house is too small and too mean to receive pupils, and I have no funds to get a better and furnish it adequately."

"That is a pity," remarked Doctor Bruiner. "How much are you in debt?"

"About nine pounds."

"Indeed! almost all you are now receiving. How, then, do you mean to get on?"

"By satisfying the claims against me," returned the curate, "and thus obtaining fresh credit."

"Very bad indeed!" exclaimed Doctor Bruiner, looking (so Mr. Westerwood thought) with an aspect of commiseration at him. "Why, you are only lengthening the links of your chain. You speak, my good sir, of your wife and children. How many children have you? It is not mere curiosity that prompts my inquiry."

This was striking a tender chord, and it was stricken with an appearance of tenderness. The curate's heart heaved and palpitated and swelled under the idea that his hard case was recognised, and that relief would soon be announced. Long-endured sorrow and coming joy were too much for him; his manhood gave way, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he replied,

"I have three daughters, sir—three helpless girls."

"Well," returned the rector, "we cannot call that a *large* family. I myself have one more child than you."

This was a discouraging remark. Mr. Westerwood did not exactly see its pertinence; he could not perceive what affinity existed

between the rector and his four children, waited on by obsequious servants, living in a handsome house surrounded by gardens, and amused every now and then by change of scene and pleasant diversions,—and himself, wife, and three ill-clad girls, cooped up in a dwelling little better than a hovel, and condemned to toil and never-varying gloom, and the pain of straitened means. Nevertheless, he did not lose all hope. So he stood patiently waiting for what was to come.

"Then, Mr. Westerwood, it appears," resumed the rector, "that, after your debts are paid, you will have only one pound in ready money for the next half-year, except what you may earn by preaching elsewhere than in my parish."

"No more, sir," replied our curate, again receiving the doctor's words as a favourable omen.

"But," said Doctor Bruiner, "I understand your sermons are very popular. You must therefore be industrious, and get money."

"Industrious!" echoed Mr. Westerwood, as a pardonable consciousness of his own exertions arose within him, "all the town where I officiate knows me for a hard-working man. I hardly ever preach the same sermon twice, and I believe that the sick or the troubled in mind do not call in vain on me for ghostly consolation. Forgive me for talking thus. I spoke unawares. To boast does not become a Christian minister; let me say rather that I *strive* to fulfil the duties of my calling."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied the doctor; "and I trust you will be rewarded, if not here, at least in heaven."

"I seek not *reward* in the common acceptation of the word. My faith teaches me differently," replied Mr. Westerwood. "I want, nevertheless, the common means of life, which, alas, at present I scarcely possess!"

"I am precisely of your opinion," rejoined the pluralist. "But it is as necessary for me to *preserve* the means of life, as for you to *procure* them. I humbly thank Heaven that it has given me a heart capable of sympathizing deeply with all my fellow-creatures. I wish to do good to you and to every one; but I must take care of myself. You have children dependent on you; so have I. I repeat that I must take care of myself. Far be it from me, Mr. Westerwood, to put you to the least inconvenience; but, now I think of it, let me tell you that a gentleman has offered to fill the cure you now serve for fifteen pounds a year—one fourth less than I pay you."

"He would starve!" exclaimed the curate.

"No," pursued Doctor Bruiner. "He is a single man, and has a school which he would transfer to the town."

"And do you intend to take him?" gasped our curate, bewildered at the unexpected turn the conversation had taken.

"Why, not just at present. I mean to act kindly by you, Mr. Westerwood; therefore you will not be displaced for the next half year. But even when you shall no longer be my curate, you may rely on my doing anything in my power to serve you. Be assured, that to Doctor Bruiner" (he liked sometimes to magnify himself by speaking in the third person) "it will always be a source of gratification to hear of your welfare."

So saying, Doctor Bruiner rose and rang the bell. The poor, almost heart-broken curate took this hint, and, without uttering a syllable,

bowed and left the apartment wherein he had neither taken refreshment nor even sat down. The sleek and pampered footman conducted him along a corridor, through the hall, and across the well-kept and fragrant garden, when he again found himself in the burning road. How should he break such gloomy news to his wife? As he thought of what had passed between him and Doctor Bruiner—of the callous selfishness of which he had been the victim—the wanton raising of his hopes, only that they might be more signally crushed—the cruel and gratuitous inquisition into his affairs—the cold-blooded affectation of sympathy, united with real tyranny gloating on distress—(a cat-like pretence of dalliance ending in laceration)—when he thought of all this, the spirit of Adam was strong within him. But as he reflected on the meekness of Him who bore all wrongs, even the cross, without repining, our curate's resentment was stilled, and he was calm.

What ensued, on his return to his wife and children shall be told in the next chapter.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM MY THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

THEATRICAL salaries are usually paid on Saturday mornings; but we, Stratford-upon-Avon actors, were informed, on the arrival of our first pay-day, that "the ghost would not walk"* until the evening; and, during the performance, Mrs. Manager desired me to call upon her for my salary, the following morning, "after church," as she should pay me herself then, presuming, as she said, it could make no difference to me, and that I should be able to "carry on the war" until that time.

I did not fail to fulfil my engagement; and at the time specified I hastened to the residence of my governess, which was within a few doors of the house where "Sweet Willy Shakspeare" was born. As I approached the residence of my treasuress, I saw her looking out of the parlour window, and, on my reaching it, she held forth her hand, and placed in mine—not twenty-one shillings, but *three—only three!*

I ventured to say, "This is not my salary, ma'am."

"There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that, young gentleman," she replied. "I am well aware of it, for your letter of engagement, or rather a copy of it, is now before me, for I am very methodical in my affairs; but Mr. ——, the prompter, stands indebted to me the sum of two shillings and sixpence; as thus, sir—I gave him a sovereign this morning, his salary is seventeen and sixpence per week, he could not give me change, therefore is my debtor. You must wait upon him for the balance due to me; keep it—you will then have received from me five shillings and sixpence; return hither after your dinner, and more money shall be yours. Adieu."

I lost no time, but was prompt in calling upon the prompter for the said two and sixpence, preferring "eating my mutton cold," to losing "the means whereby I (was to) live." He paid me the enormous sum, quoting the words of *Charles Surface*—"somebody else may call who has a better right to it."

* A very old theatrical term for the paying of salaries.

My dinner over, I repeated my visit to my instalment salary-payer, and received from her five shillings more, with a further command to call upon her in the evening at eight o'clock, when the balance due should be paid in full.

All this appeared very odd to me, especially as the lady could not be receiving money on a Sunday, and I was greatly puzzled to find a reason for my being paid thus by driblets; however, as the town clock struck eight I knocked at her door—"the third time of asking," and was desired by the servant to wait. After a short delay she returned, and handed me four shillings, with "Missess's compliments, and she'll give you the rest of your money to-morrow, at the *The-a-ter*;" and, sure enough, I did then and there receive it.

I inquired of one of the actors, how it was I had *thus* received my salary?

"I cannot tell," said he; "she is a very strange lady, as you will find; but be thankful you have received it anyhow. Be happy, and study hard whilst you have money in your purse; for when that shall become empty, you will find it as difficult, my young gentleman, to get words into your head as food into your stomach. We shall have good business, I dare say; but our sovereign lady left so many bills unpaid here last season, which must be paid now, or we can't go on, that I fear we shall not often receive full salaries. But don't despair; eat lightly, drink water, and sit in an old coat in the house, 'my constant custom in the afternoon.' I have an old acquaintance here with whom I dine nearly every day; on my first coming, he requested I would do so, as he was satisfied a single man could never dine comfortably in a lodging, therefore there would always be a knife and fork for me, and he hoped I would use it as often as I possibly could. And so I do—four days out of the seven, at least. Why, how you stare! *I do it upon principle:* if he really meant it, of course he must be delighted to see me; and, *if he did not*, it is a just punishment for his hypocrisy."

"That is capital," I ventured to say.

"Capital, indeed. If you ever have such a chance, don't throw it away."

During our stay in Stratford, an actor in want of an engagement "crossed the company," as travelling from one company to another in search of a situation is called; his name, I think, was Dendale, and as our company was thin, (short of numbers,) he was instantly engaged, to make himself "generally useful"—that is, to do anything and everything. He had very recently left a "sharing scheme," a sort of bubble, where "share and share alike" was the order of the day—the manager receiving one share for his management, one for his acting, and one for his scenery, books, and wardrobe; one also for his wife, if she were an actress.

In the "palmy days of the drama" sharing schemes flourished, so much at times, as to give eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and occasionally, twenty-five shillings per week to each individual; but the joint-stock company from which our new comrade came had not, he told us, yielded more than four, five, or six shillings per week, although the company was very thin, (not numerous.)

"I heard," said he, "that you were very shy here as to numbers, so I thought I would walk my body over to you, although 'the rumour

had reached me,' that the ghost did not walk regularly with you every week.* I can make myself useful in any company, and play anything and everything—the first or second lights,† the heavies,‡ the eccentrics,§ or the low comedy bits—the testy old men or country boys; am up to any dialect, can play Irishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, sailors, Germans and Jews—Harlequin, Clown, or Pantaloon—can sing comic songs, and dance anything, from a minuet to a clog-hornpipe. I went on‖ for everything at Sutton, and stood my ground in the juveniles and sailors at Wedgbury—made a great hit in *Daran*, in 'The Exile,' and astonished the natives in *Chimpanzee*—played them both in the stock-business,¶ and took them for my Ben.** afterwards; cleared by it two pounds three and sixpence—the manager only beat me on his night seven and sixpence, though he stuck at the bottom of the bills that all demands upon him would be discharged the following day—not a bad gag†† that, my boys, leave the Manager alone!"

This gentleman was an exceedingly merry, careless, funny fellow: his age somewhere about forty-five, height middling, very short legs, pot-bellied, small, piercing dark eyes, and jet black hair, long and flexible. On first presenting himself before the company at rehearsal, immediately after his arrival in Stratford, he was dressed in a rusty black coat, exceedingly long in the skirts, somewhat white in the seams, high in the collar, and here and there void of a button—several of those which remained were casting their coats, the moulds peeping forth like half-hatched chickens from their shells—a waistcoat of doubtful colour and material—it was either a very dirty white, or a very pale yellow—buttoned as high up on the breast as the make would permit; thence to his throat pins sufficed to hide, effectually, his linen; his neck was adorned with a faded, red cotton 'kerchief; he wore no shirt collar, at least not in sight; nankeen trowsers, which, from repeated (not recent) washing, had evidently lost their colour, graced his lower extremities—they were made very wide, long and loose, (Cossack trowsers were the rage then;) black worsted hose, strong shoes, tied with black worsted binding, and a rusty, narrow-brimmed hat completed his costume.

The evening after his arrival I required a pair of black "unmentionables" for the character I was to perform, and on requesting our "mistress of the wardrobe" to let me have the said, the only pair we possessed of that colour, she wished I would wear something else, "it would so accommodate," she said.

"Why should I?"

"Well, sir, I think anything else would look better; you can have the yellow plushes, if you please."

"They wont do," said I. "Who ever saw *Lawyer Endless*, or any lawyer, in yellow plushes?"

"Well, sir, I am very sorry to say, you *can't* have our blacks; and there's an end of it."

"But why can't I have them, I should like to know?"

"You will promise not to mention it, if I tell you?"

"Certainly."

* Salaries not paid.
† The light or genteel comedy.
‡ Pizarro, the King in Hamlet, &c.
§ Dr. Pangloss, Ollapod, &c.
‖ Acted.
¶ The nights not appropriated for benefits.
** Benefit.
†† Puff.

"Well, then, I have lent them to the new gentleman—he as was engaged yesterday—to wear, poor man, till he gets his own nankeens washed and mended!"

We acted only one of Shakspeare's plays during our season in Stratford, "The Merchant of Venice;" for Shakspeare, the inhabitants said, was a drug there, and no wonder, for I found every strolling company, on obtaining permission to act in the town, invariably announced something "from the text of Shakspeare"—*from* indeed! and that, too, without any reference to the number of characters, or the persons required to sustain them. If a representative was wanted for such or such a part, "cut it out," or "double it" with so and so, was the order of the day.

A party of two or three had, occasionally, on passing through Stratford, halted there, and announced (frequently in written bills) "celebrated scenes from Shakspeare,"—"no reckoning made" as to the *how* they could be executed, "but sent with all their (the actors') imperfections on their head."

The following is a copy of a bill shewn to me in Stratford:—

"Mr. and Mrs. ——, accompanied by Mr. ——, from the Theatre Royal Glasgow, on their way to the metropolis, will, by permission of the Right Worshipful the Mayor, and by particular desire, deliver an entertainment calculated to amuse and enlighten the most fastidious, selected with the greatest care and attention from the works of the Immortal William Shakspeare, the *Swan of Avon*, and NATIVE OF THIS TOWN. The evening's entertainment will commence with *Hamlet's* celebrated Soliloquy upon Death—'To be, or not to be,' which will lead to 'Collins' Ode on the Passions.' *Iago's* comments upon Jealousy—'Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy.' The angry quarrel between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, from the historical play of 'Julius Cæsar.' The terrific curse of *King Lear*. *Mercutio's* unparalleled description of Dreams—'Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.' *Portia's* sublime definition of Mercy—'The quality of mercy is not strained.' The celebrated scene between *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, in the exact costume of that day, commencing with—'Is this a dagger which I see before me?' Two scenes from the comedy of 'As You Like It,' by Mr. and Mrs. ——, in the characters of *Rosalind* and *Orlando*; *Touchstone* by Mr. ——. Between the first and second parts Mr. —— will sing Grimaldi's most laughable song of 'Tippity-witchit.' Front seats, one shilling; back ditto, sixpence. Ladies' cloaks, shawls, and bonnets, taken care of. Private families and schools attended at an hour's notice, and on reasonable terms. An excellent assortment of plays and farces lent to read at one penny each."

Such announcements and exhibitions sufficiently accounted for the "beggarly account of empty boxes" whenever a play of Shakspeare's was acted; and, assuredly, the receipts were considerably less on the occasion of our acting "The Merchant of Venice" than on any other.

My benefit produced me a clear profit of six pounds some odd shillings—a mine of wealth—a never-to-be-exhausted treasure, as I then fancied, especially as our salaries were very regularly paid, the business being "good—very good!" We were pronounced to be

"the best set as ever acted in Stratford." I have no doubt that the goodness of our houses, the regularity with which we were paid, and the applause bestowed upon us, worked a wondrous change in all.

The effects of our treasury regularly answering all demands were soon visible in our "new comer," as we always called Mr. Dendale. His rusty black coat was renovated—his waistcoat, of doubtful colour, regenerated—*the* nankeens returned to him reduced in size, and of a decided reddish yellow, the effects of the laundress' dying and mending—his black hose gave way to unbleached cottons—his shoes were tied with ferret, and a figured cotton cravat adorned his neck—he was a new man!

"A burnt child dreads the fire;" and I was so fearful of our stopping payment some day, and being compelled to change my fifer, (five-pound note,) as to determine me to live very frugally, and upon humble fare. I lodged in the same house with a brother actor; we boarded together, each paying an equal share; our weekly expenses were soon settled—our housekeeping not requiring any great book-keeping.

My brother lodger and self became very fond of fishing—our company's propensity—and we indulged in the piscatorial exercise whenever an opportunity offered, often supplying our table at a cheap rate. We could fish and study, study and fish. I made myself perfect in *Bob Acres* whilst fishing in the Avon, and committed the words to my memory as I committed the fish to my basket.

It was perfectly immaterial to us what we caught—trout, roach, or gudgeon—all was fish that came to our net, and considered excellent when placed on our table; but, alas! there were times when the scaly inhabitants of the Avon could not be induced to patronise our lines of performance, or swallow the bait thrown out for them, and so enable us to save our bacon—they too often floated before us in impudent mockery—passed by us in sportive play, with, as I fancied, a malicious smile in all their faces, a sort of "don't you wish you may get it?" or "a hooky" expression in all their eyes, wagging their precious tails in idle waggery; the water was, at times, too transparent, and so, to the finny tribe, were our intentions. We often laboured in vain to tickle them into compliance and a dryer situation; and frequently we might have whistled for a dinner, with quite as much success as we fished for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley were announced to act with us for "one night only," on their way from Birmingham. The pieces selected were "Isabella" and the "Irishman in London." Mrs. Bartley acted *Isabella*; Mr. Bartley, *Biron* and *Edward*. All the seats in the boxes were let, and two rows taken in from the pit in addition; the front seats in our barn theatre being the boxes, the middle seats the pit, and the back the gallery—three shillings, two, and one.

The female portion of our company consisted of only four ladies—viz., the manageress; a young lady, very juvenile in appearance; a somewhat older lady, engaged to act "principal characters only"—a sort of double for our mistress; and an elderly person for the old women, who was to act the *Nurse*, in "Isabella;" but, to our consternation, she died very suddenly the day before, and how to supply her place at the moment we knew not.

Our juvenile lady's acting the *Nurse* was quite out of the question; and our principal lady, upon principle, refused to do it, though solicited.

"If," said she, to the acting-manager, somewhat pompously, "I once go out of my line, I shall be continually required to do some such preposterous thing or other. No, sir; let the great lady, our manageress, do it herself; she's a good figure for the part, is thirty years older than I am, and therefore much fitter for it. I must preserve my consequence in the theatre, sir. If the play were to be acted without a star, *I* should be the *Isabella*, of course, unless Mrs. Heavysides, as I call her, should choose to expose herself in it; (and there would be a riot in the house, if she did; for I am too great a favourite here to be trifled with, sir.) Let her play the *Nurse* herself, for *positively I shall not.* 'Good name, in man and woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls, sir!' And for *me* to sink down to the fat old woman, at *my* time of life, and in *my* position, would be to cut the throat of my professional reputation. 'Who steals my purse, steals trash;' but I'll take care and not be robbed of good parts, and then thrust into bad ones, sir! 'I know my price.' My kind regards to the manageress, sir, hoping, if she undertake the *Nurse*, she may make a decided hit in it, and take to that line of business. Adieu, you have our answer."

The manageress was thus compelled to become *Isabella's Nurse*, to our no small amusement, "for that night only," as the bills stated; and certainly not a "dry nurse," as the sequel will shew.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley did not arrive in time for a rehearsal, therefore they were not acquainted with our stage arrangements, and must have been very greatly astonished when they beheld them.

The house was crammed; the play went off really very well, until the last scene, in which *Isabella* is torn from the dead body of *Biron*, and dragged by the servants from the stage.

Our numbers being few, and the management not in good odour with the *corps*, there was considerable difficulty as to who should, could, or *would* assist in removing *Isabella*. "I *can't* do it," said one. "I *wont* do it," said another. "If *Isabella* be not carried off, till *I* do it," said a third, "she will remain till I have my salary doubled, or my Tamworth arrears be paid; and I don't see much chance of either."

It was at length arranged that the manageress herself, as the *Nurse*, assisted by the "gent" who was to play *Count Baldwin*—a short, thin old man, with an affection of the lungs, accompanied by a wearying, wearing cough—should "bear the body off."

The time for removing *Isabella* arrived, but, alas! *Count Baldwin's* cough seized him at the moment, so that he could not move; and the *Nurse*, having, it was charitably suggested, had an attack of an old complaint, during the evening, had taken an over-dose of *eau-de-vie*, a sovereign remedy with her; in consequence of which, when she knelt down to assist in raising *Isabella* from the ground, she found herself incapable of so much exertion, and fell prostrate by her side.

"Oh, my countrymen, what a fall was there."
"Have you any lovers to lift me up again, being down?"

Count Baldwin coughed, but could not assist the *Nurse*; the *Nurse* lay prostrate, and could not assist *Isabella* or *herself*; neither could *Isabella* bear herself off. Here was a scene!—all, as *Puff* says, were "at a dead lock;" and must have remained so, had not our scene-

answer to my "Will you lend me so-

borrower, nor a lender be:
lf loses both itself and friend,
ering dulls the edge of husbandry.'" ¶

ho was what he termed "sky of the style,"
d boasted of his having scarcely read his
t without being biased, he said—"Ay, sir,
the shorn lamb." ** But you distressed me
effects; you cut me out of several of my

ches from me my good name,
of that, which not enriches him,
e me poor indeed.'" ††

pon-Avon terminated very favourably for
arwick, for the race week, where "most
moving accidents" awaited us. Our shifts
and numerous; we clearly proved that
many parts," Mr. Dendale, the gent with
night shewing his *extraordinary* converti-
. Our band was a most singular one, in
nine,) as I have already stated; but our
Warwick was still more strange, nor could
ut the sensible and true avouch of mine

amlet. ‡ Othello. § As You Like It.
adet. ** Sterne. †† Othello.

LEVER'S "TOM BURKE OF OURS."

THAT this recent addition to a successful series of works is written upon the plan and principle of its predecessors has doubtless been sufficient to secure it immediate popularity, and possibly that favour would have been risked, or at least lessened, if for the expected variety of brilliant, stormy, and exciting scenes, continually shifting, a regularly constructed story, and a plot elaborated and laid down with military exactness, like a plan of battle, had been substituted. Who is to expect an author to employ the ingenious agencies of the most careful and deeply studied art, when it is precisely by the want of them that he works his charm! Mr. Lever produces his effects, not by one grand and startling conception steadily pursued and worked out, but by the number and impressiveness of a series of pictures, each of which is the story itself while it lasts, and must kindle its own emotions of laughter or fear, pity or horror, or it fails. What such works want of laboriously wrought out effect as a whole, in the long-deferred catastrophe, they clearly gain in the animation and force which characterize all their component parts, and make each chapter in succession a romance in itself. The reader, at the end, feels that he has, "supped full" of terror, pathos, whimsicality, or life-like adventure, as the case may happen, and has read a narrative the course of which required no long, tedious detail, or dry explanatory interlocutions, to elucidate character by character and connect scene with scene. Though the strain upon him has been long maintained, and his curiosity has been kept protractedly upon the stretch, yet he is nevertheless thankful for having escaped the dulness which the circumstantial and steady-going narrator often finds it impossible to avoid.

But although Mr. Lever has not yet thought it expedient to take up his position on the field of literature with a display of great generalship in his plans and arrangements, and although the present, like his other works, does not evince any forethought with regard to his design, or any constructive power beyond the simplest order of arrangement, yet it is not to be inferred that some necessary art is wanting, or that there is not a needful sense of method and order in the management, not of the story, but of the chief character, which keeps alive its interest. On the contrary, there is in Tom Burke a manifestation of considerable art in this respect, under circumstances which commonly imply the absence of it.

Tom "of ours" is truly Irish, yet he seems a kind of Frenchman. He is a patriot of '98 engaged on the French stage; an ardent lover of liberty, yet smitten to desperation with the heroism of Buonaparte, and fighting for the military despotism which it establishes; a youth who always thinks rightly, and generally acts wrongly; who is, under all circumstances, true to his trust, and half his time on the very verge of betraying it; who is to the inmost core faithful to friend and master, and yet is continually found in the company of their enemies, and is often compromised; who is all honour and patriotism, yet contrives to get mixed up with secret plotters and blood-shedders in Ireland, and with the infuriate and remorseless Chouans in France; who never

harboured a dishonourable thought, or committed a disgraceful deed, and yet is tried for treason in one country and felony in another.

Is this enough to imply the thoroughly Irish temper and condition of our poor, perplexed, entangled hero? There is more behind. "Burke of Ours" has a father who loves him, but disowns and beggars him; a brother who never sees, but delights to ruin him; guardians, after a fashion, who are his deadly foes; a country he is anxious to die for, that thirsts for his life as her enemy while yet a boy; a country by adoption, from which he is glad to escape with all of the gallant and honourable blood he has not shed in her defence. He has enemies ever on his track; friends who are continually conducting him into traps and pitfalls; companions who invite him to a duel once a day: and lastly, a mistress whom he passionately adores, but who, maiden as she is, and loving him with equal purity and excess, bears, by the obligation of the marriage ceremony, the name of another, and is indeed the wife of his benefactor!

Here, at least, should be enough to stimulate curiosity. But all these contradictions are accounted for and reconciled with no common art, and every inconsistency is regulated upon a plan that renders it a fitting and well-adjusted portion of the character or the position. In fact, Tom Burke is entirely natural, but strictly Irish; in habits, disposition, and fortunes, he is gloriously Irish.

The author's principal object in this work is the portrayal of the general features of military life in France, during a period unquestionably most favourable to its display, and destined to be ever famous, beyond all modern precedent, in the annals of the world. The time was, we need not say, the time of the Consul and the Emperor. The events and characters, or what is more vaguely called the "lights and shadows," of that extraordinary period, were chosen as a subject which might be treated with little aid from fiction. The subject, too, had been long meditated upon, but it appears that distrust and difficulties arose in the course of it, and the original plan was departed from. Mr. Lever says at the close, what is more to be regretted, that these, "combined with failing health, rendered what might have been a matter of interest and amusement to the writer, a tale of labour and anxiety." The announcement is not to be read without sympathy and concern; but as regards the narrative itself, we venture to say, that such a declaration could nowhere be anticipated. The power of the work is especially strong and vivid in several of the closing scenes, and the admirable expositions in an Irish court of justice, with its superb touches of character and humour, are no whit inferior to those graphic scenes in which Irish barbarism and refinement, Irish cunning and fidelity, above all, Irish poverty, oppression, and love of country, are so splendidly portrayed in the opening of the story.

The scene between these two Irish points, and throughout the whole body of the narrative, lies in France, under the very eye of Napoleon, who is constantly on the scene. His shadow is over it, like a spell. The image introduced does not violate our conceptions of truth, or disappoint expectation. It is no disjointed or inflated impersonation of glory; but a delineation real enough, and coloured only up to the character of the scene it moves through. It is neither theatrical, nor abstract and idealized; neither merely formal, nor highly fantastic. Mr. Lever writes with enthusiasm; if he had written otherwise, he must have written most flatly; but his estimate of the great military

genius, of the mighty capacity that controlled men, and the power of character that shed its influences over all, seldom outstrips bare justice, and he carefully discriminates between the hero and the despot —the gigantic deeds and their desolating consequences.

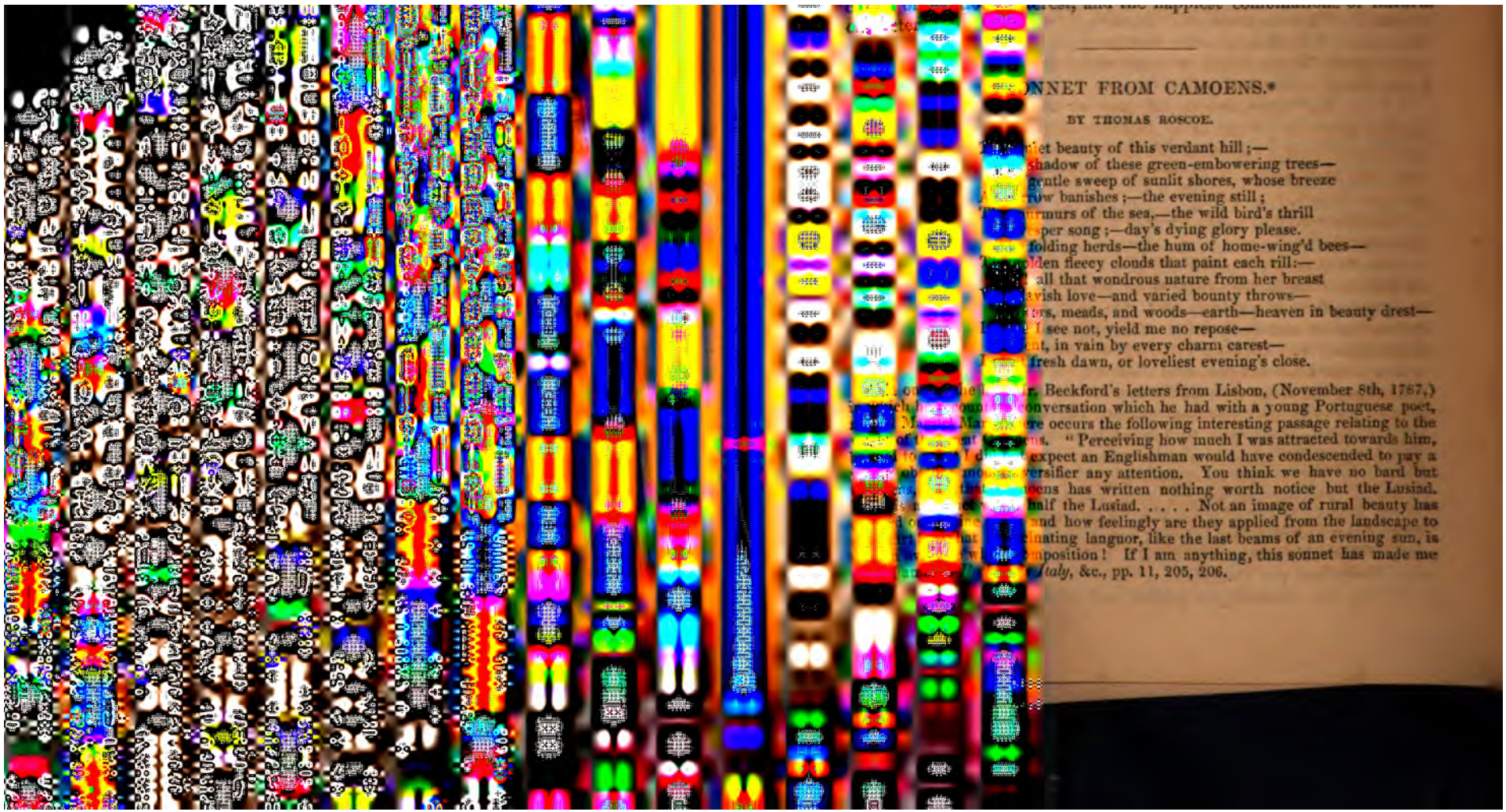
Equal success marks the hasty but graphic sketches of the marshals, the statesmen, and the agents, courtly and military, surrounding the grand figure. Still greater ability is shewn in the portraitures of the chiefs of the Bourbon party, and in the narrative of the struggle, capture, and imprisonment of the desperate Chouans and their terrible leader. Amongst the characters most ably drawn, or exhibited in a light the most picturesque, is the loyalist Beauvais; but still more masterly is the sketch of the wily and accomplished Chevalier Duchesne.

The character of this subtle person, his spirit of intrigue, his unsated desire for revenge when once injured, the scoffing principle of his nature, the tendency of his powerful mind to depreciate what all around him loved or respected, to strip life of every beautiful illusion, and reduce the noble to the utterly selfish, is very nicely conceived; and in the execution of the conception, exhibiting the evil influences with which he mysteriously works out his ends, a high power, both of the dramatic in art, and the moral in purpose, is quietly but strikingly displayed.

There is another set of characters, drawn, as may be supposed, with an intimate knowledge of all the general features of active military life, and with a keen insight into the peculiarities of the situations in which they are represented. These are the soldiers, whether in bivouac, or the charge, in the mad laughing revel, in the hopeless march, or in the ghastly litter borne along to exulting cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Chief amongst these is a character, old Pioche, who will ever be famous among corporals—a rank in the army which literature has rather delighted to honour. In connexion with his touching story, will be remembered the fate and character of one of the feminine powers of the work—the charming, the irresistible Vivandiere, thus known only by her military designation—the good angel of the army, and at once the most soft and daring, the boldest and most delicate, of her sex. Out of the exaggeration and melo-dramatic adventure which surround her, still rises an image, true to nature, and exquisitely womanly; and of the other female characters of the story, all that it is necessary to say is, that they are drawn with purity of taste, and power of painting, and that an influence is thus skilfully derived, which materially softens the savage and revolting associations of the narrative.

Yet another class of characters there is, in which great fidelity and power may be discerned; and these are more entirely of the Irish order. The characteristic sketches are numerous; but they all fade before Captain Bubbleton, who is a farce-hero of the first water, and must have astonished Lord Castlereagh. But he is, after all, a common-place, when measured with Darby M'Keown—the lying, daring, villanous, unconscionable, yet most conscientious, brave, faithful, honest, Ireland-loving piper! He is a creature to know, and in many of the finest qualities that lift man out of his native grossness, often in spite of himself, into almost angelic endeavours for his kind, ranks with Pioche and the Vivandiere.

Of the hero himself, the gallant and agreeable "Tom Burke of



NNET FROM CAMOENS.*

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

iet beauty of this verdant hill;—
hadow of these green-embowering trees—
entle sweep of sunlit shores, whose breeze
ow banishes;—the evening still;
rmurs of the sea,—the wild bird's thrill
per song;—day's dying glory please.
olding herds—the hum of home-wing'd bees—
lden fleecy clouds that paint each rill:—
all that wondrous nature from her breast
avish love—and varied bounty throws—
rs, meads, and woods—earth—heaven in beauty drest—
I see not, yield me no repose—
nt, in vain by every charm carest—
fresh dawn, or loveliest evening's close.

r. Beckford's letters from Lisbon, (November 8th, 1787,)
onversation which he had with a young Portuguese poet,
re occurs the following interesting passage relating to the
ns. "Perceiving how much I was attracted towards him,
expect an Englishman would have condescended to pay a
ersifier any attention. You think we have no bard but
oens has written nothing worth notice but the Lusiad.
alf the Lusiad. . . . . Not an image of rural beauty has
and how feelingly are they applied from the landscape to
inating languor, like the last beams of an evening sun, is
mposition! If I am anything, this sonnet has made me
Italy, &c., pp. 11, 205, 206.

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

WHEREIN HARLEY ATTAINS THE HIGHEST POINT OF HIS AMBITION; AND THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD IS DISPOSED OF.

SHORTLY afterwards, Mr. Bussiére, an eminent surgeon, residing near Saint James's Park, arrived, and while examining the extent of injury sustained by the sufferer, the penknife-blade fell from the waistcoat into his hand. Seeing this, Harley took it from him, observing, with a smile, that it belonged to him, and requesting that the handle of the knife might be preserved. He then demanded of the surgeon, whether his hurts were likely to prove mortal? "If you think so," he said, "do not hide your fears from me. I profess no idle disregard of death, but there are some family affairs which it is necessary I should arrange before I am driven to extremity."

"I am not apprehensive of any serious consequences, sir," replied Bussiére; "but as a slight fever will probably ensue, it may be well not to allow anything to disturb your mind. If you have any arrangements, therefore, to make, I would recommend you not to postpone them."

"I understand you, sir," returned Harley, "and will not neglect the caution."

His wounds were then probed and dressed. He bore the operation, which was necessarily painful with great fortitude, not once uttering a groan, and jestingly remarking, as the incision was enlarged, that the surgeon's knife was sharper than Guiscard's. The dressing completed, Bussiére declared that there was not the least danger, and that he would be answerable for his patient's speedy and perfect cure—an announcement which was heard with the liveliest satisfaction by every one present except the assassin, who, as he lay bound in a corner, gave vent to his disappointment in a deep execration. This drew Harley's attention to him, and he begged Bussiére to examine his wounds.

"Better let me die," cried Guiscard; "for if I recover I will make such revelations as shall for ever blast your credit."

"Ungrateful dog!" exclaimed Saint-John; "actuated, as you

evidently are, by vindictive motives, any statement you may make will be disregarded."

"You yourself are equally guilty with Harley, Saint-John," rejoined Guiscard. "I denounce you both as traitors to your country and your queen, and I desire to have my words written down, that I may subscribe them before I die."

"It is useless," cried the Duke of Ormond. "No one will believe the accusation of an assassin."

"You are all in league together," cried Guiscard. "If you will not listen to me, let a priest be sent for. I will make my confession to him.

"Better let the villain speak," remarked the Earl of Rochester, who, it may be remembered, was Harley's opponent, "or it may be said hereafter that his charges were stifled."

"I perfectly agree with you, my lord," said Harley. "Let one of the secretaries take down his declaration."

"Do not trouble yourself further," interposed Bussiére. "Any excitement will retard your recovery, and may possibly endanger your safety."

"Be advised, Harley," urged Saint-John.

"No," replied the other; "I will stay to hear him. I am well enough now. Say on, prisoner. What have you to allege against me?"

Guiscard made no reply.

"Why do you not speak, villain?" demanded the Earl of Rochester.

"He cannot, my lord," replied Bussiére; "he has fainted. Some time must elapse before he can be brought round, and then I doubt whether he will be able to talk coherently."

"If such is your opinion, sir, it is useless to remain here longer," rejoined Harley. "Saint-John, will you acquaint her majesty with the attempt made upon my life, and assure her, that, so far from repining at the mischance, I rejoice in the opportunity it affords me of testifying my fidelity? Had I not been true to the queen, her enemies would not assail me thus."

"I will faithfully deliver your message," replied Saint-John; "and I am sure the queen will be as sensible of your devotion as we are of your courage."

With this, Harley, assisted by Bussiére and the Duke of Ormond, entered the sedan chair which had been brought into the room, and was conveyed in it to his own residence.

Bussiére next turned his attention to the prisoner, and after dressing his wounds, which were numerous and severe, a litter was brought, in which he was transported to Newgate, under the care of two messengers, who had orders to watch him narrowly, lest he should attempt his life.

In compliance with Harley's request, Saint-John hastened to the queen to inform her of the disastrous occurrence. She was much shocked by the intelligence, as well as touched by Harley's

message, and expressed the most earnest hopes for his recovery, that she might have opportunity of proving her sense of his devotion. Next day, addresses were made by both houses of parliament, expressive of their concern at the "barbarous and villanous attempt" made upon Mr. Harley's person, and beseeching her majesty to give directions for the removal of all papists from the cities of London and Westminster. An act was afterwards passed, making it felony, without benefit of clergy, to attempt the life of a privy-councillor.

For nearly a week Harley continued in a precarious state, owing to the sloughing of his wound, and more than a month elapsed before his perfect recovery was established. His first step was to wait upon the queen at Saint James's, to offer thanks for her frequent inquiries after him.

"Heaven be praised?" exclaimed Anne, "that the malice of our enemies—for your enemies are mine—has been disappointed. I shall take care to let them see that each demonstration of their hatred only calls forth fresh favours from me."

On Harley's first appearance in the House of Commons, congratulations on his escape were offered him by the Speaker, to which Harley replied with much emotion:—"The honour done me by this house so far exceeds my deserts, that all I can do or suffer for the public during the whole course of my life, will still leave me in debt to your goodness. Whenever I place my hand upon my breast, it will put me in mind of the thanks due to God; of my duty to the queen; and of the debt of gratitude and service I must always owe to this honourable house."

Harley's return to business was signalized by the introduction of a grand project which he had long entertained for paying off the national debts and deficiencies, by allowing the proprietors of such debts six per cent. interest, and granting them the monopoly of the trade to the South Sea; a scheme which afterwards gave rise to the establishment of the South Sea Company. This scheme, though little better than a bubble, as it eventually proved, was admirably adapted to the speculative spirit of the age, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. The bill was instantly carried, and a new mine of wealth was supposed to be opened. Most opportunely for Harley, just at this juncture, while his popularity was at its zenith, his rival, the Earl of Rochester, died suddenly; and the queen having no longer any check upon her impulses, at once yielded to them; and having first created Harley Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, on the anniversary of the restoration of her uncle, Charles the Second, to the kingdom, placed the treasurer's staff in his hands.

Thus Harley's ambitious designs were at length crowned with success.

Brought to Newgate, Guiscard was taken to an underground cell on the Common Side of the gaol, the dismal appearance of which struck him with so much horror, that he implored his

attendants to let him have another chamber; and absolutely refused to lie down upon the loathsome bed allotted to him. His condition was supposed to be so dangerous, that force was not resorted to; and he was allowed to lie on a bench until the following morning, when the surgeon visited him, and found him in so alarming a state, that he instantly caused him to be removed to an airy apartment in the Master's Side. Here his attire was taken off, when another wound was discovered in the back, which, from want of attention, had already assumed a very dangerous appearance. As soon as it was dressed, he was put to bed; but his sufferings were too great to allow him to obtain any repose. About the middle of the day, the door was opened by the turnkey, who informed Guiscard that his wife desired to see him, and the next moment Angelica was ushered in.

"What brings you here, madam?" demanded Guiscard, fiercely.

"I have come to see you—to know whether I can be of use to you—to implore your forgiveness," she replied, in trembling accents.

"Then you have come on an idle errand," he rejoined. "Begone! and take my curse with you!"

"Oh, pity me!" she cried, still lingering—"pity! and forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" echoed Guiscard. "But for you, I should not be what I am!—But for you, I should now be the inmate of a magnificent mansion, reposing on a downy couch, full of hope and health, instead of lying here on this wretched bed, and in this narrow chamber—a felon—only to go hence to the gallows! Off with you, accursed woman! your presence stifles me. May your end be like mine—may you die in an hospital, shunned by all—a leprous, loathsome mass!"

"Horrible!" shrieked Angelica. "Oh, let me out! let me out!"

As the door was opened for her by the turnkey, another person was introduced. It was Bimbelot, who could not repress his curiosity to behold his victim.

"Ah, monseigneur! ah! my dear master! do I behold you in this deplorable condition!" whimpered the hypocritical valet.

"Ha!" exclaimed Guiscard, starting bolt upright in bed, and glaring at the valet with so fierce an expression that the latter retreated towards the door. "Are you come here to deride my misery?"

"On the contrary, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot, trembling. "I am come to offer my services. I deplore your situation, and will do anything in my power to relieve it."

"Get hanged, then, at the same tree as myself," rejoined the marquis, savagely.

"I am sorry I cannot afford you that satisfaction, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot; "but there is no need to talk of hanging

at all. I am the bearer of good news to you. Her majesty offers you a pardon, if you will make a full confession."

"Ah, villain! you are at your damnable practices again!" cried Guiscard. "You think to delude me further. But you are mistaken."

"No, monseigneur, I am your friend," replied the valet.

"Well, I will trust you once more," said Guiscard, changing his tone; "I have something to say to you. Come near that I may whisper in your ear."

"You may place perfect reliance on me," replied Bimbelot, winking at the turnkey, as he advanced towards the prisoner.

But as he came within reach, Guiscard caught him by the throat, dragged him upon the bed, and would have strangled him, if the turnkey had not flown to the poor wretch's assistance. As he was dragged out of the cell, more dead than alive, the marquis gave vent to a loud, demoniacal laugh.

But the exertion proved fatal to him. Ere long, he became delirious, uttered the most frightful blasphemies and imprecations, and evinced his terror of the ignominious death which he fancied awaited him, by clasping his hands round his throat, as if to protect himself from the hangman. An attempt was made later in the day, when he became calmer, to obtain a confession from him; but he was so oppressed by an extravasation of blood, which filled part of the cavity of the chest, that he was unable to speak, and indeed could scarcely breathe. His wounds had now become excessively painful, and some operations were performed by the surgeons for his relief. In this state of suffering, he lingered on till late in the following night, and then expired.

A shameful indignity was offered to his remains. The surgeons having received instructions to preserve the body, placed it in a large pickling-tub, in which state it was exhibited to a host of lovers of horrible sights by the gaolers. The body was afterwards interred, without any ceremony, in the common burying-place of the malefactors dying in Newgate.

Such was the end of the gay and once-admired Marquis de Guiscard! the shame of his race.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

CONTAINING THE FINAL INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

All friendly intercourse between Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough had, for some time, ceased, and the latter becoming sensible, at last, of the ascendancy of her rival, Mrs. Masham, and of the utter impossibility of regaining the influence she had lost, wrote to remind the queen of a promise she had extorted from her in a moment of good-nature, to bestow her

places upon her daughters, and entreated permission to retire in their favour.

Anne replied, that she could not think of parting with her for the present; but being again importuned, peremptorily desired not to be troubled again on the subject. Notwithstanding this interdiction, the duchess addressed another long letter of remonstrance and reproach to her royal mistress; after which, she withdrew altogether from court, and retired to the lodge at Windsor, held by her in virtue of her office as keeper of the Great and Home Parks. Advantage was immediately taken of her absence to circulate a number of reports to her disadvantage, some of which, reaching the ears of the duchess, she immediately returned to court, with the intention of exculpating herself before the queen. Anne received her with the greatest coldness, in the presence of the Duchess of Somerset and Mrs. Masham, and refused to grant a private audience. Unable to brook the sneers with which she was regarded, the proud duchess drew herself up to her utmost height, and glancing scornfully at Mrs. Masham, observed—"Since your majesty compels me to do so, I declare, openly, and in the hearing of all, that the basest falsehoods have been propagated concerning me by your unworthy favourite, and that she now prevents my justification from being heard."

"It is false, duchess!" replied Mrs. Masham. "But for my intercession, her majesty would not have received you, after your insolent letter to her."

"But for *your* intercession, minion!" cried the duchess, advancing towards her, and seizing her arm with violence. "Is it come to this? Can I have indeed sunk so low, that you—a creature whom I have raised from abject poverty—should tell me that you have interfered in my behalf with the queen?"

"Duchess!" exclaimed the queen, angrily.

"You will find her out in time, madam," rejoined the duchess, "and you will then learn whom you have trusted. The best proof of her uneasiness is afforded by the fact that she dares not let me speak in private with you."

"I would spare her majesty a scene—that is my only motive for opposing the interview," replied Mrs. Masham.

"So you admit that you *do* control her majesty's actions, minion," cried the duchess, bitterly. "She is governed by you—ha!"

"Whenever the queen deigns to consult me, I give her the best counsel in my power," replied Mrs. Masham.

"And most pernicious counsel it is," observed the duchess, furiously, "venemous serpent that you are!"

"To put an end to this dispute, duchess," interposed Anne, with dignity, "I will grant you a final interview. Present yourself at six, this evening."

"I thank your majesty," replied the duchess, "the rather that your permission is accorded against the expressed wishes of Mrs.

Masham. You will bitterly repent the favour you have shewn her."

"Her majesty cannot repent it more bitterly than she regrets the favours she has lavished upon you, duchess," observed Mrs. Masham, "and which have been requited by such base ingratitude."

"It is for her majesty to judge my conduct, and not you, minion," cried the duchess, proudly. "I will justify myself to her, and to the whole nation. Nay, more; I will open her eyes to your duplicity and treachery."

"I am too secure of her majesty's good opinion, and too confident in my own honesty to fear your threats, duchess," replied Mrs. Masham, derisively.

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the duchess.

"Insolent!" responded Mrs. Masham.

"No more of this," cried the queen; "these broils distract me. I agreed to an interview with you, duchess, on the understanding that nothing more should pass here. If you persist in this quarrel, I withdraw my assent"

"I have done, madam," rejoined the duchess, restraining herself. "It shall not be said that I failed in proper respect to your majesty; neither shall it be said that any court favourite insulted me with impunity. This evening, I shall not fail to avail myself of your gracious permission to wait upon you." And with a profound obeisance to the queen, and a look of haughty defiance at the others, she withdrew.

"Her insolence is insufferable," exclaimed the queen. "I almost repent that I have promised to receive her."

"Why not retract the promise then, madam?" said Abigail. "Bid her make her communication in writing."

"It shall be so," replied Anne, after a moment's hesitation.

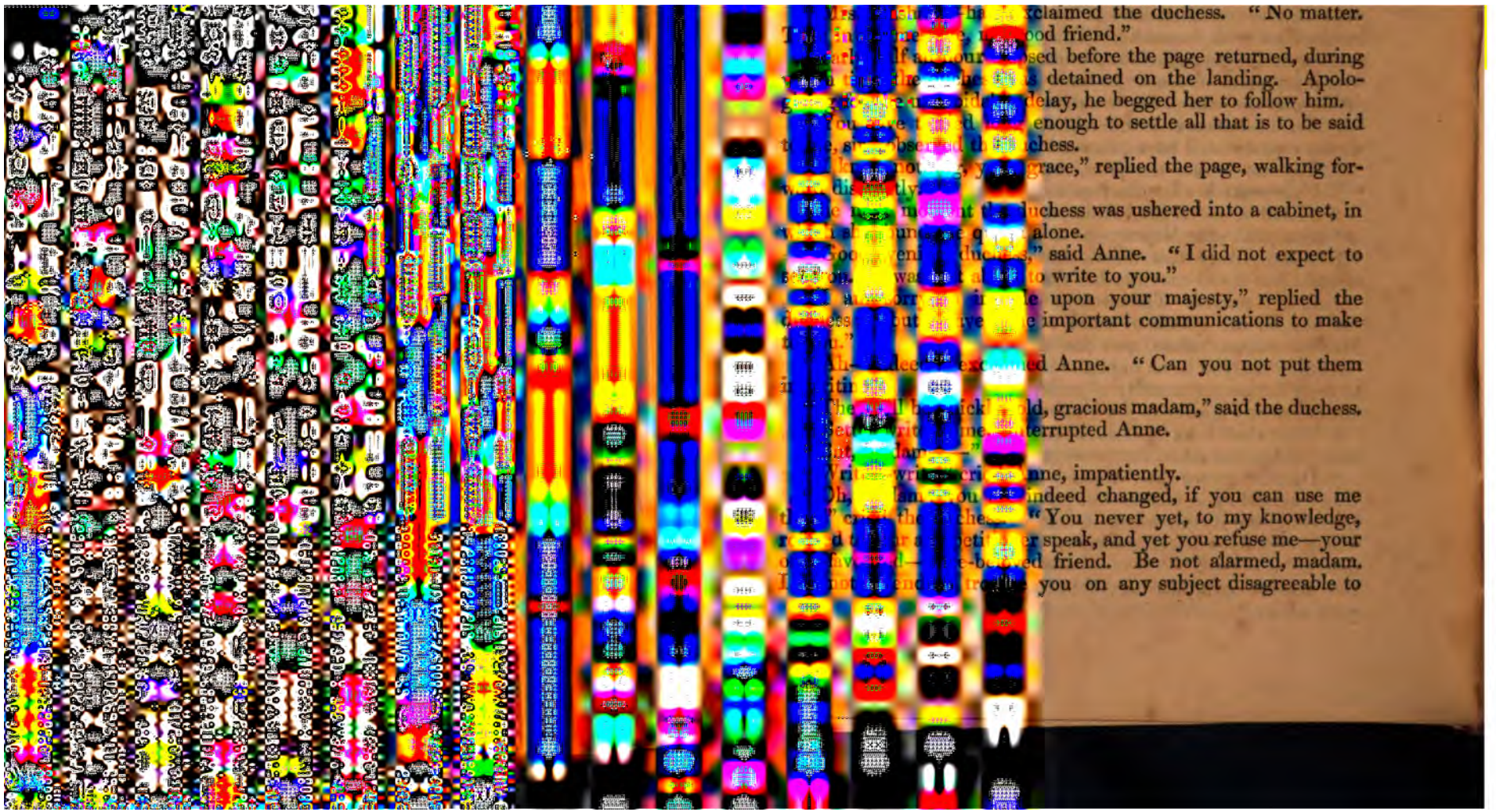
"I am glad your Majesty has so decided," said Mrs Masham. "It is not likely that the duchess will be satisfied with the refusal; but it will convince her that she has nothing to expect."

And so it proved. The message being delivered to the duchess, she begged the queen to make a new appointment. "Your Majesty cannot refuse me one last interview," she wrote; "neither can you be so unjust to an old and faithful servant as to deny her an opportunity of justifying herself before you. I do not desire any answer to my vindication, but simply a hearing."

"What shall I do, Masham?" said the queen to her favourite, who was present when the message was delivered.

"Decline to see her," replied Mrs. Masham; "but if she forces herself upon you, as will probably be the case, take her at her word, and do not vouchsafe any answer to her explanation, which, rely upon it, will rather be an attack upon others than a defence of herself."

"You are right, Masham," returned the queen. "I will follow your advice."



you. I simply wish to clear myself from the imputations with which I have been charged."

"I suppose I must hear," cried Anne, with a gesture of impatience, and averting her head.

"Oh! not thus, madam," exclaimed the duchess—"not thus! For pity's sake, look at me. You were not used to be so hard-hearted. Evil counsellors have produced a baneful effect upon your gentle nature. Be to me, if only for a few minutes, while I plead my cause, the Mrs. Morley you were of yore."

"No, duchess," replied Anne, in a freezing tone, and without looking at her—"all that is past. You have to thank yourself for the change which has been wrought in me."

"Hear me, madam," cried the duchess passionately; "I have been much wronged before you—grievously wronged. There are those about you, whom I will not name, who have most falsely calumniated me. I am no more capable of saying aught against you majesty, than I am of taking the lives of my own offspring. Your name never passes my lips without respect—never, I take Heaven to witness!"

"You cannot impose upon me thus, duchess," said Anne, coldly. "Many false things are told of you no doubt, but I judge not of them so much as of your own deportment and discourse."

"I am willing to amend both, madam," returned the duchess.

"It is useless," said Anne, in the same tone as before.

"Is the quarrel, then, irreparable?" demanded the duchess. "Notwithstanding your majesty's assurance, I am certain my enemies have prevailed with you. Give me an opportunity of clearing myself. What has been told you?"

"I shall give you no answer," replied Anne.

"No answer, madam!" cried the duchess.—"Is this kind—is it just? Is it worthy of you to treat me thus? I do not ask the names of my accusers. Nay, I promise you not to retort upon them, if I should suspect them. But tell me what I am charged with?"

"I shall give you no answer," replied the queen.

"Oh, madam—madam!" cried the duchess, "the cruel formula you adopt convinces me you have been schooled for the interview. Be your kind, good, gracious self, if only for a moment. Look at me, madam—look at me. I am not come here with any hope of winning my way back to your favour, for I know I have lost it irrecoverably; but I have come to vindicate my character as a faithful servant. You cannot refuse that plea, madam."

"You desired no answer, and you shall have none," replied the queen, rising, and moving towards the door.

"Oh! do not go, madam!" cried the duchess, following her, and throwing herself at her feet—"do not go I implore of you."

"What would you more?" demanded Anne, coldly, and still with averted looks.

"I would make a last appeal to you, madam," said the duchess, as soon as she could command herself. "By all that is right and just I implore you to answer me. Have I not despised my own interest in comparison with serving you well and faithfully? Have I ever disowned the truth? Have I ever played the hypocrite with you? Have I ever offended you, except by over-zeal, and vehemence—or, if you will, arrogance? If this is true, and it cannot be gainsaid, I am entitled to credit, when I avouch that my enemies have belied me behind my back. Do not turn a deaf ear to my entreaties, madam; but tell me what I am charged with? Answer—oh, answer!"

"You compel me to reiterate my words," replied the queen, "You shall have no answer."

"You deny me common justice, madam," cried the duchess losing all patience, "in refusing me a hearing—justice, which is due to the meanest of your subjects. You owe it to yourself to speak out."

"Just or unjust, I will give you no answer," replied the queen. "And here our conference must end."

"So be it then," returned the duchess, resuming all her haughtiness. "I have loved you sincerely, madam—ay, sincerely—because I believed my affection requited; but since you have cast me off, I shall crush all feelings of regard for you within my breast. If you were but an instrument in my hands, as some avouch, I at least used you to a noble purpose. Such will not be the case with her who now governs you. She will degrade you; and the rest of your reign will be as inglorious as its opening was splendid and triumphant. Let my words dwell upon your memory. Farewell—for ever, madam." And without another word, and without an obeisance she quitted the apartment.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Masham entered from an adjoining chamber.

"Your majesty acted your part to admiration," she cried, "I did not give you credit for so much firmness."

"I had hard work to sustain my character," replied Anne, sinking into a chair; "I am truly thankful it is over."

"It is not yet quite over," said Mrs. Masham; "one step more requires to be taken."

"True," replied the queen. "I must call upon her to resign her places. But I do not like to give them to her daughters; and yet I believe I made a promise to that effect."

"Heed it not, madam," said Mrs. Masham. "Her grace has forfeited all title to further consideration on your part."

"I must own I should like to make you keeper of the privy purse, Masham," said Anne.

"And I admit I should like the place excessively, madam," replied Mrs. Masham.

"Would I could get rid of my scruples," said Anne, ruminating.

"I will relieve you of them, madam," replied Mrs. Masham, "the promise was extorted, and is therefore *not* binding."

"I will make another, then, freely, that shall be so, Masham," rejoined the queen. "You shall have the place."

"I am bound to you for ever, madam, by this and a thousand other obligations," returned the artful favourite, in a tone apparently of the most fervent gratitude.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IN WHAT MANNER THE GOLD KEY WAS DELIVERED UP BY THE DUCHESS.

THE duchess's dismissal, though fully resolved upon, as has just been shewn, was, with Anne's customary irresolution, long postponed. At length, however, on the duke's return from the campaign of 1710, it was resolved to bring matters to a crisis, and accordingly, when he waited upon her, the queen received him very coldly, studiously avoiding making any allusion to his successes, but observing, with some harshness, "I trust your grace will not allow a vote of thanks to be moved to you in parliament this year, because my ministers will certainly oppose it."

"It pains me to hear your majesty speak thus," replied Marlborough. "Such unmerited honours have ever been unsought by me; and I have welcomed them chiefly because I thought they redounded to your glory. I shall take care to avoid them in future."

"You will do well, my lord," replied Anne.

"Here is a letter from the duchess, which she entreated me to present to your majesty," pursued the duke. "Will you deign to take it?"

"I pray you excuse me," rejoined Anne, with freezing dignity; "all communication is closed between the duchess and myself."

"It is a letter of apology, madam," replied the duke—"of humble apology. Her grace wishes to give you an assurance, under her own hand, of her contrition for any faults she may have committed. She is willing and anxious to do anything that may be deemed reasonable, to prove the sincerity of her regrets, and since her presence has become irksome to your majesty, she is desirous of resigning her offices."

"I am glad to hear it, my lord," interrupted the queen, quickly.

"On the understanding, of course," pursued the duke, "that she is succeeded as groom of the stole by her eldest daughter, Lady Ryalton; and as keeper of the privy purse by Lady Sunderland. With your gracious permission, she would willingly retain the great and home parks, as well as her pension from the privy purse."

"I assent to the latter part of the proposition," replied the queen. "She shall have the parks and the pension, which will give her three thousand five hundred a-year; but the other offices I shall reserve for my friends."

"How, madam!" exclaimed the duke. "I trust it will not be necessary to remind you of your promise."

"It was extorted from me," replied the queen.

"Even if it were so, madam, which it was *not*," rejoined Marlborough, proudly, "your royal word once passed, should be kept."

"There must be some reservation in these matters, my lord," replied Anne, colouring; "my promise was conditional on her grace's good behaviour."

"Your pardon, madam," returned the duke; "I have always been given to understand by the duchess—and she is incapable of asserting an untruth—that it was unconditional. Nay, the very nature of the boon bespeaks it to be so."

"My word is as good as that of the duchess, my lord," cried the queen, angrily; "though you would seem to insinuate the contrary."

"Your majesty misunderstands me," replied the duke. "I do not design to cast a shadow of imputation on your veracity. That you made the promise with the tacit understanding you describe, I am satisfied; but that the duchess was unconscious of any such mental reservation I am equally satisfied. It is with this conviction that I beseech your majesty, on parting with your old friend and servant, not altogether to overlook her many services, nor give to strangers what is due to her."

"I have done all I think needful," said the queen; "and more, much more than I am advised to do. I accept her grace's resignation. You will bid her deliver up the gold key to me within three days."

Marlborough looked as if stricken by a thunderbolt.

"Three days!" he exclaimed. "If your majesty is indeed resolved upon the duchess's dismissal, and is deaf to my remonstrances, at least grant me an interval of ten days, during which I may concert means of rendering the blow less mortifying to her."

"On no account," replied the queen, alarmed; "I now repent giving so much time, and shall limit the space to two days."

"Well, it matters not since it is to be," sighed the duke. "I would now speak to your majesty on another subject."

"Do not trouble yourself, my lord," replied the queen, sharply. "I will talk of nothing till I have the key."

"I take my leave then, madam," replied the duke, "lamenting that I should have lived to see you so changed."

And he bowed and departed.

"Well, Masham," said the queen, as a side door in the cabinet opened to admit the favourite, "are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, madam," replied Mrs. Masham. "You will have the key to-night."

"You think so?" cried Anne.

"I am sure of it," returned the other. "I would not for all the honours the duke has gained be the bearer of your message to the duchess."

"Nor I," replied the queen, with a half smile.

Marlborough fully sympathized with these opinions. He had never felt half the uneasiness before the most hazardous engagement he had fought that he now experienced in the idea of facing his wife. He would willingly have broken the disagreeable intelligence he had to communicate by a note or in some indirect manner; but the duchess met him on his return, and rendered his intentions nugatory. Perceiving from his looks that something had gone wrong, she came at once to the point, and asked—"You have seen the queen—what says she?"

"Give me a moment to recover myself," replied Marlborough.

"If you are afraid to answer the question, I will do so for you," rejoined the duchess "My resignation is accepted. Nay, do not seek to hide it from me—I know it."

"It is so," replied the duke.

"But she has granted the places to our daughters? At least, she has done that?" cried the duchess.

"She refuses to fulfil her promise," returned Marlborough.

"Refuses! ha!" cried the duchess. "She is the first queen of England who has acted thus dishonourably. I will tell her so to her face. And all the world shall know it."

"Calm yourself," replied Marlborough. "This passion is useless. The queen requires the key within two days."

"She shall have it within two minutes," rejoined the duchess, snatching it from her side. "I will take it to her at once."

"But consider——" cried the duke.

"I will consider nothing," interrupted the duchess. "She shall, at least, know how much I hate and despise her. If I perish for uttering them, I will let her know my true sentiments."

"You shall not go forth in this state, Sarah," cried Marlborough, detaining her. "Tarry till you are calmer. Your violence will carry you too far."

"Are you, too, joined with them, my lord?" cried the duchess, furiously. "Let me go, I say. I will not be hindered. My indignation must out, or it will kill me."

"Go, then," replied the duke, releasing her. And as she rushed out of the room, while he sank upon the sofa, he ejaculated "No rays of glory can gild a life darkened by tempests like these!"

Still in the same towering passion, the duchess reached the palace. In spite of all opposition, she forced herself into the ante-chamber of the cabinet, and Anne, who chanced to be there,

had only time to retire precipitately, ere she entered. She found Mrs. Masham alone, who could ill disguise her uneasiness.

"Where is the queen?" demanded the latter.

"You see she is not here," replied Mrs. Masham. "But I must demand, in her name, the meaning of this strange and most unwarrantable intrusion."

"So you are the queen's representative, hussey," cried the duchess. "It must be confessed that the majesty of England is well represented. But I will not bandy words with you. I wish to enter the cabinet to speak with the queen."

"You shall not enter," replied Mrs. Masham, planting herself before the door.

"Dare you prevent me?" cried the duchess.

"Yes, I dare, and I do," replied Mrs. Masham; "and if you advance another footstep, I will call the guard to remove you. Her majesty will not see you."

The duchess looked as if she meditated further violence, but at last controlled herself by a powerful effort. Glancing at Mrs. Masham with unutterable scorn, she said, "Your mistress has required the key from me. Take it to her." And as she spoke, she flung it upon the ground.

"Say to her," she continued, "that she has broken her word—a reproach under which none of her royal predecessors have laboured. Say to her, also, that the love and respect I once entertained for her are changed to hatred and contempt." And with a glance of defiance she quitted the room.

"Is she gone?" cried the queen, half opening the door, and peeping timidly into the room.

"She is, madam," replied Mrs. Masham, picking up the key; "and I am thankful to say she has left this behind her. At last, you are rid of her for ever."

"Heaven be thanked!" ejaculated Anne.

"Will it please you to take the key?" said Mrs. Masham.

"Keep it," replied Anne. "Henceforth you are comptroller of the privy purse. The Duchess of Somerset will be groom of the stole. But I have better things in store for you. The Duchess of Marlborough shall not insult you thus with impunity. On the earliest occasion, I will give your husband a peerage."

"The duchess says you do not keep your promises, madam," cried Mrs. Masham; "but I have found it otherwise."

"It is the duchess's own fault that I have not kept them with her," returned Anne. "I loved her once as well as you, Masham—nay, better."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

SHEWING HOW THE SERJEANT QUITTED THE SERVICE.

RECALLED to the scene of war in Flanders, the serjeant remained with his regiment till the termination of the campaign of 1711.

He had been absent nearly two years, and having been severely wounded at the seige of Bouchain, in the autumn preceding his return, had been incapacitated from writing home; neither had he received for nearly three months, tidings from those in whom he was interested, in consequence of which his heart misgave him so much, that he determined before proceeding to Marlborough House, to seek out Proddy. Accordingly, he repaired to the palace, and inquiring for the coachman, was told he was in his room, whither he directed his steps. Full of the pleasurable surprise which he imagined his appearance would occasion the coachman, he entered the room, and closing the door after him, made a military salute to Proddy, who was seated beside a table, in a semi-somnolent state, with a pipe in his mouth, and a mug of ale before him. On raising his eyes, and beholding the unlooked-for apparition, the coachman dropped his pipe, pushed his chair back, and with eyes almost starting out of their sockets, and teeth chattering, remained gazing at him the very picture of terror and astonishment.

"What!—don't you know me?" cried Scales, greatly surprised.

"I *did* know you once, serjeant," gasped Proddy; "but I don't desire any further acquaintance with you."

"Pooh—pooh!" cried the serjeant; "what's the matter?—what are you afraid of? You must come with me."

"Oh, no, thank'ee—much obleeged, all the same," replied Proddy, getting as far back as possible.

"Well, if you wont go with me, I must stay with you," replied Scales, taking a chair. "I don't mean to leave you any more, Proddy."

"You don't!" exclaimed the coachman, with a look of increased affright.

"No, we shall part no more," replied Scales. "I've got a pretty long furlough, now."

"Why, you don't mean to say they give leave of absence from below?" cried Proddy.

"From below!" echoed the serjeant. "Oh, I see—you mean from the Low Countries."

"You may call it by that name if you please," rejoined Proddy; "but we generally give it another and less pleasin' happellation."

"Well, we wont quarrel about names," returned the serjeant. "What I mean to say is, I'm no longer in the service. I'm the same as a dead man."

"I know it," returned Proddy, shuddering.

"But I shan't give up my former habits," said Scales; "I shall beat the drum as heretofore, and clean the duke's boots. I shall still haunt the old spot."

"Oh! don't—don't!" cried Proddy.

"Why not?" returned the serjeant.

"Has anything happened to prevent me? Why do you stare so hard at me, man? D'ye think me altered?"

ddy!" he added, taking up the mug, and
h apparently to his satisfaction.
st drink ale?" cried Proddy, in surprise.
you don't take me for a ghost, sure*ly*?"
king up.
coachman, drawing nearer to him; "but
t be mistaken. We heard you were killed

ot killed, Proddy," replied the serjeant.
supposed mortal; but here I am, as you

ow delighted I am!" cried the coachman,
round his neck. "I never expected to

your reception rayther odd," said the
had extricated himself from his friend's
ook me for a sperrit, eh!—very flatterin',
to have known that ghosts never walk in
y nothin' o' my substantial and earthly

oundily, I must own," returned Proddy;
icher stained wi' blood, and torn into two
nt home to Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tip-
doubt your disserlution."
the serjeant. "Do *they* think me dead,

"To be sure," replied Proddy. "There came a letter from the fifer o' your regiment, Tom Jiggins—him as played at your 'Drum,' you remember, enclosing the bloody relics, and saying you was grieviously wounded, and couldn't recover."

"But I *have* recovered, howsomedever," replied the serjeant. "Poor Tom Jiggins! two days after he wrote the letter, he was shot through the head by a carabineer."

"Poor fellow!" echoed Proddy; "then *he* really is dead."

"Dead as your great grandfather, if you ever had one," replied Scales. "But I'll tell you how my mischance came about. Bouchain, you must know, is a strongly fortified town, with the river Sanzet flowing right through it, and the Scheld almost washin' its walls. Round about it, there are broad, deep ditches, filled to the brim wi' the waters of the two streams I've mentioned; and besides these, there are miles of great flat swamps capable of inundation, so that the place is as difficult of approach as a besieged garrison could desire. Our general's object, you must understand, after investing the place, was to draw a line o' circumwallation round it; but in accomplishin' this, he experienced great obstacles. It would be no use tellin' you how Marshal Villars, who was posted wi' his army in the open space betwixt the two rivers, threw bridges across the Sanzet—and how we demolished 'em—how entrenchments were constructed under General Albergotti, by means o' which, and the batteries o' Bouchain, Villars intended to sweep the intermediate ground wi' a cross-fire—how the duke passed over the Scheld in the night time to interrupt these operations, and how he was foiled by the marshal, and obligated to return—how he covered the front from Haspres to Ivry wi' a line of redoubts and lunettes—and again crossed the Scheld at the head of fifty battalions, and as many squadrons, when, perceivin' that the enemy were rapidly extendin' their works, he ordered the line o' circumwallation to be forthwith commenced between their entrenchments and the town. Upon which four thousand men were set to work, and, notwithstandin' a heavy fire from the garrison, and repeated volleys from the hostile entrenchments, the line o' circumwallation was continued to the inundation o' the Sanzet——"

"Come to the point, serjeant," interrupted Proddy. "Your circumwallations and nunindations confuse me sadly."

"To make a long story short," replied Scales, laughing, "the marshal, finding himself driven hard, was more than ever anxious to keep up a communication with the garrison; and he contrived to introduce a reinforcement o' fusileers into it by means o' a small dam, together with a supply of powder and flour, of which they were runnin' short. Havin' accomplished this, he next attempted to fortify the dam by means of fascines attached to an avenue of willows, though the water was at least four feet deep."

not into the water, or I must ha been
are, as you may suppose, in what followed;
that the French were compelled to evacuate
duke was enabled to extend the road across
plete the circumwallation."
med Proddy, rapturously. "I'm sure the
n, serjeant?"
then you'll learn," replied Scales. "When
nd myself in my tent, whither I had been
's orders, and with the surgeon dressin'
him what he thought o' my case; and he
how I didn't fear death, he must say he
but a poor un. 'Very well,' says I, 'I
So I sends for Tom Jiggins, and I bids
tter for me to the two women; and I tears
which the blood had been stanched, in
lf to each of 'em. This done, I felt more
hour afterwards, the duke himself came
ssed the greatest concern at my sitivation.
ou, my brave fellow,' he said; 'and if you
your discharge, and make you comfortable
ays. Live for my sake.' 'Always obey
lied, 'since you command me to live, I *will*

exclaimed Proddy. "Walour ought to be

rewarded. I've no doubt when I'm superanivated, and no longer able to drive, that her majesty 'll perwide for me."

"No doubt of it," returned Scales. "Well, as soon as I was able to be moved, I was taken to the hospital at Douay, where I remained till the end o' the campaign. I wasn't able to write, but I got a comrade to indite a letter for me; but I dare say it miscarried."

"Most likely," said Proddy.

"It's an awkward question to ask," said Scales, hesitating; "but did the women seem at all afflicted at the news of my supposed death."

"Werry much," replied Proddy—"werry much, especially Mrs. Plumpton. Mrs. Tipping cried a good deal at first, but her eyes soon got as bright as ever. As to Mrs. Plumpton, she looks like a disconsolate widow."

"Poor soul!" cried Scales. "Poor soul!"

"I may say a word for myself, serjeant," pursued Proddy; "I was as much grieved as if I'd lost a brother."

"Thankee, thankee!" cried Scales, in a tone of emotion, and grasping his hand with great cordiality. "You are a true friend."

"You've just come back in time, serjeant, if you still have any likin' for Mrs. Tipping," remarked Proddy, significantly.

"How so?" asked Scales, becoming suddenly grave. "Isn't she true to her colours, eh?"

"She encourages Bamby a great deal more than I like," replied Proddy; "and I've been half expectin' her to throw herself away upon him."

"The devil!" exclaimed Scales, angrily. "That little rascal is always in the way. But I'll settle him this time."

"I say, serjeant," said Proddy, after a moment's reflection; "have you made up your mind which of the two women you'll take for a wife?"

"Pretty nearly," replied Scales; "but why do you ask, Proddy?"

"For a partik'ler reason o' my own," returned the coachman.

"Very likely I may decide to-night," said Scales. "Do you mind which I choose?"

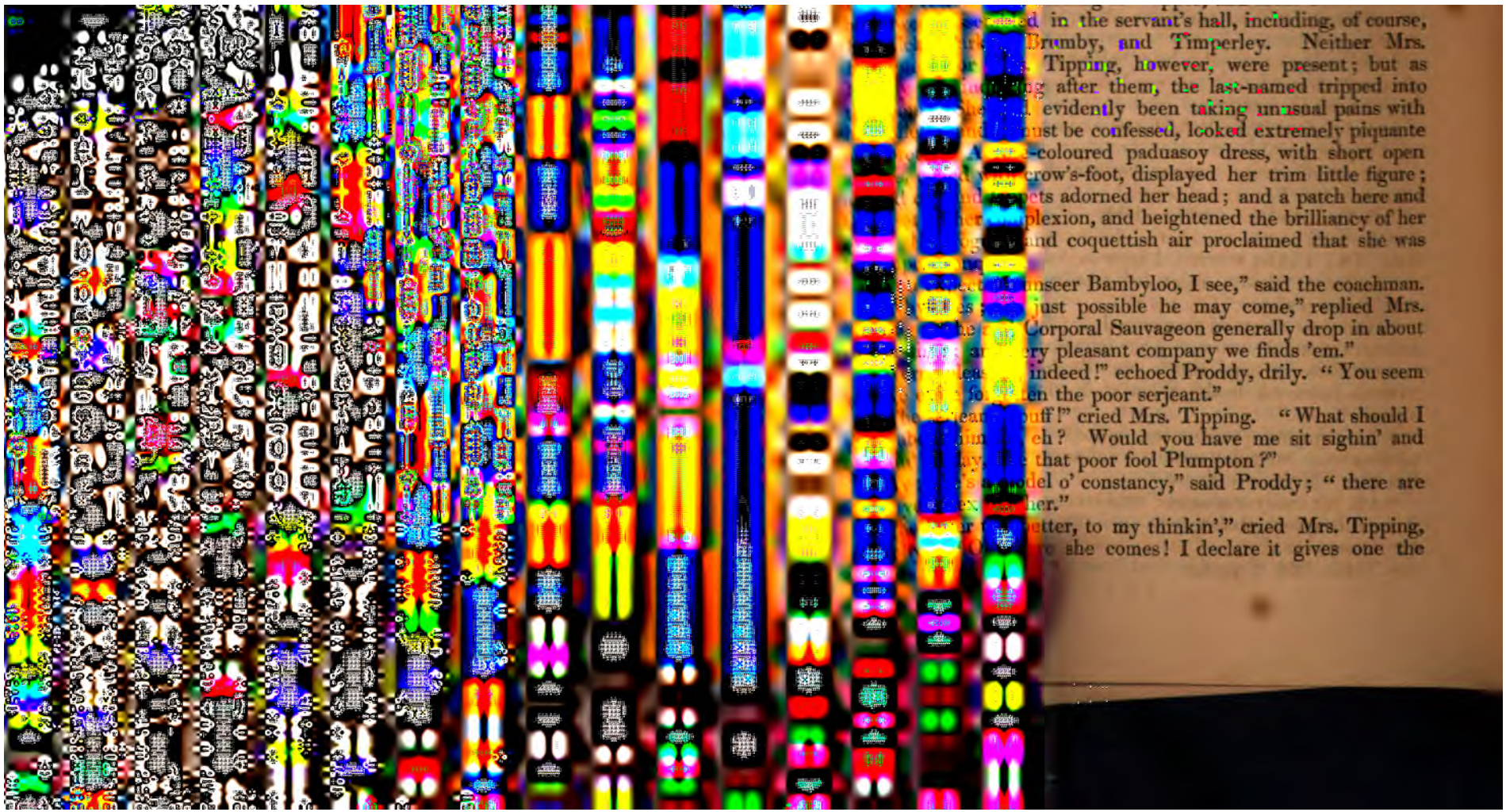
"Oh, no; it's quite immaterial to me," answered Proddy, with an air of unconcern—"quite immaterial."

"An idea has just struck me, Proddy," said the serjeant; "they suppose me dead. What if I appear to 'em as a ghost, to-night?"

"Don't frighten 'em too much," replied the coachman, or the consequences may be serous. I know how I felt just now. But how will you contrive it?"

"Oh, it's easily managed!" replied the serjeant. "As soon as it becomes dark, I can steal into the house unperceived, and get into my den."

"You'll find it undisturbed," said the coachman. "Mrs.


d in the servant's hall, including, of course,
Brumby, and Timperley. Neither Mrs.
. Tipping, however, were present; but as
g after them, the last-named tripped into
evidently been taking unusual pains with
ust be confessed, looked extremely piquante
-coloured paduasoy dress, with short open
crow's-foot, displayed her trim little figure;
ets adorned her head; and a patch here and
plexion, and heightened the brilliancy of her
nd coquettish air proclaimed that she was
nseer Bambyloo, I see," said the coachman.
just possible he may come," replied Mrs.
Corporal Sauvageon generally drop in about
ry pleasant company we finds 'em."
indeed!" echoed Proddy, drily. "You seem
en the poor serjeant."
uff!" cried Mrs. Tipping. "What should I
ch? Would you have me sit sighin' and
that poor fool Plumpton?"
del o' constancy," said Proddy; "there are
her."
tter, to my thinkin'," cried Mrs. Tipping,
she comes! I declare it gives one the

As she spoke, Mrs. Plumpton entered the room. She was clad in deep mourning, and evinced by her altered demeanour the sincerity of her affliction.

"You must take care o' yourself, my dear Mrs. Plumpton," said the coachman, kindly; "you are quite a-losin' your good looks."

"Why should I preserve them, supposing that I ever had any?" she answered, with a melancholy smile.

"You may find another admirer—one you may like as well as the serjeant," he urged.

"Never!" she replied, firmly.

"Mrs. Tipping has done so," he said, glancing maliciously at the lady's-maid.

"Mrs. Tipping is no rule for me," returned Mrs. Plumpton, gravely.

At this moment, a great shuffling in the passage announced the arrival of Bimbelot and Sauvageon. The former was dressed with extraordinary smartness, wore a laced velvet coat, diamond, or what looked like diamond, buckles, speckled silk stockings, a full-bottomed peruke, a clouded cane, and a silver-hilted sword. He was patched and perfumed as usual, and carried his feathered hat in the points of his fingers.

Nodding in reply to the little Frenchman's bow, Proddy inquired gruffly, "if he had got a place, seein' he was so sprucely rigged out?"

"Oui, mon cher Proddy, oui," he replied; "I have got a new place, certainly; but I am no longer a valet. I am employed by my Lord Oxford."

"Oh! indeed!" exclaimed the coachman. "May I ask in what capacity?"

"I regret I cannot answer you; c'est un secret," he replied, mysteriously—"un grand secret."

"But you will tell me?" said Mrs. Tipping.

"Tout à l'heure, ma chére," he replied; "dans un tête-à-tête. Oh! I must tell you, I have sush a sharming aventure dis mornin' on de Mall. I meet sush a pretty lady, and she give me sush tender glances. Oh, ma foi!"

"And you returned them, no doubt?" said Mrs. Tipping, in a tone of pique.

"Oh! mon Dieu! oui," cried Bimbelot. "You wouldn't have me insensible to a lady's advances! Ven she ogle me, I ogle her again."

"Very pretty proceedings, indeed!" cried Mrs. Tipping, bridling up. "And you've the audacity to tell me this to my face?"

"Ah, pauvre chérie—dear little jealous fool!" cried Bimbelot; "don't fly into a passion."

"Leave me alone—I don't wish to speak to you—I hate you!" cried Mrs. Tipping.

...ping which he had never discerned before, and the ...r part almost gave him to understand that if he ... bachelor life solitary she was ready to enliven it ... society. All were extremely happy and comfortable, ...pparently very unwilling to separate.

... this time, Proddy cast his eye towards the clock, and, ... only wanted a few minutes to twelve, thought it high ...urn the conversation into another channel.

"... Plumpton," he said, calling to her across the table, in a ...lculated to attract general attention—"I hope you haven't ... poor serjeant's han'kercher."

"...st it!—oh, no," she replied, drawing forth the ensanguined ...nt; "it's my only comfort now."

"...ve mine safe enough, too," said Mrs. Tipping, drawing the ... half from her pocket. "Here it is—heigho!" And she ...ved a deep sigh.

"Those are the halves of a han'kercher sent home by ...or Serjeant Scales when he was mortally wounded," observed ...arker to Madame Bimbelot. "They're stainded with his blood."

"So I see," she replied. "How purely shocking!"

"Talkin o' the serjeant," said Proddy, mysteriously, "some-...in' werry extraordinary happened to me last night."

"About the serjeant?" cried Mrs. Plumpton, starting.

"About the serjeant," replied Proddy, still more mysteriously.

"In Heaven's name, what is it?" demanded Mrs. Plumpton, ...agerly.

"Thus adjured, I must speak," replied the coachman, in a ...olemn tone, "but I don't expect you to believe me."

There was a general movement of curiosity, and all conversation ceased. Mrs. Plumpton seemed as if her very being were suspended.

"I had been a-bed and asleep, as far as I can guess, about an hour," proceeded Proddy, "when I suddenly waked up wi' a strange and unaccountable feelin' o' dread about me. Why, I can't tell, but somehow the poor serjeant came into my head, and I thought of his lyin' far avay in a gory grave."

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Plumpton, bursting into tears, and pressing the handkerchief to her lips.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed Mrs. Tipping, folding up her half, preparatory to putting it into her pocket.

"Don't cry, ladies, or I can't go on," said Proddy. "Well, I was a-thinkin' of the serjeant in this way, and a-tremblin' all over, when all of a sudden, wi' a rattlin' o' rings, that made my blood rush to my 'art, the curtains was drawn back, and I saw—*the serjeant!*"

"The serjeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton.

"Or raythor his ghost," replied Proddy. "There he was, lookin' as pale as a corpse, and holdin' his hand to his left breast, just where the bullet as caused his death struck him. I

tried to speak, but my tongue clove to the roof o' my mouth, and I couldn't get out a word. After lookin' at me steadfastly for a short time, the spirit says, in a hollow voice, 'You wonder what I'm a-come for, Proddy. I'll tell you. I want that ere torn han'kercher again. I must have it to-morrow night."

"Oh dear! did he say so?" cried Mrs. Plumpton.

"Here's my half," screamed Mrs. Tipping; "I wouldn't keep it another minute for the world."

"And what happened next?" asked Fishwick.

"Nothin'," replied Proddy. "The happarition wanished."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" asked Mrs. Plumpton, reproachfully.

"I didn't want to spoil the pleasure of the evenin'," answered Proddy; "besides, I thought midnight the fittest season for a ghost story."

As he spoke, the clock struck twelve, slowly and solemnly.

There was a deep silence. Each one looked round anxiously; and Mrs. Tipping whispered to Proddy, that she was sure the lights burned blue.

All at once, the ruffle of a drum was heard, proceeding apparently from the other end of the passage. Every one started, and the women with difficulty repressed a scream.

It was a strange, mysterious, hollow, death-like sound.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!—Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

Then it stopped.

"Surely, my ears haven't deceived me?" cried Fishwick. "I heerd a drum."

"Oh, yes, I heerd it plain enough," returned Brumby, "and so did all the others."

"Oh, yes; we all heard it," they rejoined.

There was a pause for a few moments, during which no one spoke. Alarm and anxiety were depicted in every countenance.

Again the drum was heard, but more hollowly than before.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!—Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

"It's the serjeant's call," cried Proddy. "I shall go to his room. Who will accompany me?"

There was no reply for a moment. At length Mrs. Plumpton got up, and answered—"I will."

"Don't be so wentersome!" cried Fishwick; "you don't know what you may see."

"I shall see *him*, and that will be sufficient," replied Mrs. Plumpton.

"I should like to go if I durst," said Mrs. Tipping, her curiosity getting the better of her fears; "but I'm sure I should faint."

"I'll take care of you," said Proddy.

"We'll all go," said Fishwick; "we'll see whether it really is a ghost!"

"Yes, we'll all go," rejoined the others.

At this moment the drum sounded for the third time, but so hollowly and dismally, that the hearers shrank back aghast.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra! Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra!

"Come away," cried Proddy, taking Mrs. Plumpton under one arm, and Mrs. Tipping under the other.

"Yes, we're all a-comin'," replied Fishwick, half-repenting his temerity.

Emboldened, however, by numbers, he followed Proddy and his companions down the passage. Parker and Madame Bimbelot brought up the rear, and the lady was so terrified that the butler found it necessary to pass his arm round her waist to support her, though his own apprehension did not prevent him from stealing a kiss—an impropriety which escaped the notice of her husband, no lights having been brought with them. All was silent, for the beating of the drum had ceased. Arrived at the door of the den, Proddy paused before it. It was a thrilling moment, and Mrs. Tipping declared she was ready to faint.

After a brief delay, the door was thrown open, and a cry of terror was raised by all the spectators, as they beheld the serjeant at the end of the room. There he stood, erect as in life, in his full regimentals, with his three-cornered hat on his head, his sword by his side, and a drum-stick in either hand. Before him, on his three-legged stool, was his drum. The black patch was still visible on his nose, so was the other on his forehead. A lamp, placed out of sight in a corner, threw a ghastly green glimmer upon his face, which had been whitened with pipe-clay.

At the sight of this frightful spectre, a universal cry of alarm was raised by the beholders. Mrs. Tipping screamed aloud, and threw herself into the arms of the coachman, while Madame Bimbelot sank into those of Parker, who carried her off, as fast as he could, to the servants' hall.

Amid this terror and confusion, the spectre struck the drum.

Rat-a-tat!

"What d'ye want?" demanded Proddy.

Rat-a-tat-a-r-r-r-r-a-r-a!

"What d'ye want, I say?" repeated Proddy, as the hollow ruffle died away.

"My han'kercher," answered the ghost in a sepulchral tone.

"Here's my half," said Mrs. Plumpton.

"Give him mine," murmured Mrs. Tipping to Proddy.

"You must give it yourself," replied the coachman; "the sperrit wont take it from any other hand."

"I da-r-r-r-arent," she rejoined.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Plumpton had advanced slowly and tremblingly, and holding out the fragment of the handkerchief. When she came within reach, the ghost stretched out its arms, and folded her to its breast.

"He's alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton; "alive!" And she became insensible.

"Halloa, Proddy!" shouted Scales, in most unspiritual tones: "she has fainted. Some water—quick!"

"Why, what the devil's the meaning o' this?" cried Fishwick. "Are you alive, serjeant?"

"Alive?—to be sure I am," he replied. "But stand aside for a moment. You shall have a full explanation presently."

And hurrying off with his burthen, he was followed by most of the spectators, who could scarcely credit their senses.

"Oh! good gracious, Mr. Proddy," cried Mrs. Tipping, who had remained behind with the coachman. "Is the serjeant come to life again?"

"He has never been dead at all," replied Proddy.

"Not dead!" echoed Mrs. Tipping. "Oh! then let's go after 'em immediately." And she flew to the servants' hall, where she found the others crowding round the serjeant and Mrs. Plumpton.

A little water sprinkled in the housekeeper's face revived her. As she opened her eyes, she gazed fondly and inquiringly at the serjeant.

"I see how it is," she murmured; "you have played me this trick to try my fidelity."

"At all events, it has quite satisfied me of it," replied Scales, pressing her to his heart. "I'll tell you how I recovered from my wound, which at first was supposed mortal, anon. At present, I shall only say that I have quitted the service—that my noble master has promised to provide for me—that I mean to take a wife—and that wife, if you will have me, shall be yourself. How say you?"

She buried her face in his bosom.

"Serjeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, reproachfully.

"You're too late," said Proddy, detaining her. "Since you've come to the resolution of marryin', I can't do better than follow your example; and since you've at last made a choice, the only difficulty I had is removed. Mrs. Tipping, have you any objection to become Mrs. Proddy?"

"None in the world," she replied; "on the contrary, it will give me a great deal of pleasure."

"Then we'll be married at the same time as our friends," said the coachman.

"And that'll be the day after to-morrow," cried Scales; "I can't delay my happiness any longer."

"Pray accept my best compliments and congratulations, mon cher sergent," said Bimbelot, stepping forward.

"And mine, too, mon brave sergent," added Sauvageon, advancing.

"I had an account to settle with you, gentlemen," said Scales, stiffly; "but I'm too happy to think of it."

"Oh! pray don't trouble yourself," replied Bimbelot. "Allow

me to present Madame Bimbelot. Angelique, ma chère, où es tu?"

"Madame's too much engaged with Mr. Parker to attend to you," replied Proddy.

"So it seems," said Bimbelot, with a disconcerted look.

At this moment, the door suddenly opened, and two tall men, of stern appearance, with great-coats buttoned to the throat, pistols in their belts, and hangers at their sides, entered without ceremony. They were followed by an elderly man in a clerical cassock, and a female about the same age.

"Hippolyte Bimbelot," said one of the men, advancing, "and you, Achille Sauvageon, we arrest you of high treason in the queen's name. Here is our warrant."

"Arrêté!" exclaimed Bimbelot, in extremity of terror. "Oh, mon Dieu! what for?"

"You are accused of treasonable correspondence with France," replied the messenger. "Come along. We have a coach outside. We learnt at your lodgings that you were here."

"Ma pauvre femme!" cried Bimbelot; "vat vill become of her if I'm taken to prison!"

"Don't be uneasy about her—I'll take care of her," rejoined Parker.

"Here are two of her relations, who wanted to see her, so we brought 'em with us," said the messenger.

"Jelly!" cried the elderly lady, rushing forward, "don't you know me—don't you know your poor distracted father?"

"What, mamma, is it you?" cried Madame Bimbelot. "Well, this is purely strange."

"I meant to scold you severely," cried Mrs. Hyde, embracing her, and shedding tears, "but I find I cannot."

"Come along," said the messenger, laying hold of Bimbelot's shoulder. "We can't wait here any longer."

"Eh bien, I sall go!" replied Bimbelot; "but you'll find yourself in de wrong box, bientôt. Mr. Harley vill take up my case."

"Why, it's by Mr. Harley's order you are arrested," rejoined the messenger, with a brutal laugh.

"Oh dear, it's all over vid us," groaned Bimbelot. "Ve sall be hang, like de pauvre Greg."

"Most likely," replied the messenger. "Come along." And he dragged forth Bimbelot, while his companion led out Sauvageon.

As this was passing, Angelica threw herself at her father's feet, and, with tears in her eyes, implored his forgiveness.

"I will forgive you, my child," he said, "and grant you my blessing, on one condition," namely, that you return with us into the country at once. The Essex wagon starts from the 'George,' Shoreditch, at three o'clock to-morrow morning. Will you go by it?"

"Willingly, father," she replied, rising; "willingly. I have not known a day's real contentment since I left your roof."

"Then you shall have my blessing," cried her father, extending his arms over her.

"And mine, too," added her mother.

And fearing if they tarried longer that her resolution might change, they took a hasty leave of the company, and hurried to the George, from whence they left for Essex, in the wagon, about two hours afterwards.

Angelica, it may be added, became a totally changed person. The former fine lady would not have been recognised in the hard-working, plainly-dressed woman, who was to be seen, ere a month had elapsed, actively employed in her daily duties in Mr. Hyde's humble dwelling.

The day but one after this eventful evening two couples were married at Saint James's Church. They were Serjeant Scales and Mrs. Plumpton—Proddy and Mrs. Tipping. Both unions turned out happily, though Mrs. Proddy became a widow, two years afterwards—her husband dying of apoplexy, about a week before the decease of his royal mistress. The serjeant was appointed superintendent of the gardens at Blenheim, and had a pretty cottage allotted him by his noble master, which was charmingly kept by his wife, who made him a most excellent and affectionate helpmate. And here they both passed many happy years, enlivened occasionally by a visit from Mrs. Proddy.

TWO POEMS BY FRIEDRICH VON SALLET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.

THE GIANT'S DEATH.

ALONG the earth a noble giant stalks,
Bathing his proud head in the deep blue sky;
The ant and mole are lab'ring where he walks;
He heeds them not—his glance is fix'd on high.

He thinks the stars his daring hand invite,
With such high majesty they meet his gaze;
And he would twine them to a wreath of light,
Which from his head should dart afar its rays.

Heav'n* smiles, as it perceives his bold intent,
And says,—"Ah, long ago the law was made,
That thou, who in the herb find'st nourishment,
My garden of bright stars should'st ne'er invade."

The giant lifts his arm—his hand will close
Upon the nearest star-flow'r—no, not yet!
He finds, while on his way he blindly goes,
His feet already in the soil are wet.

He heeds it not—besotted with his pride,
Higher he reaches, but he sinks more deep;
The heavy soil impedes that giant-stride—
Blood-sucking reptiles round his body creep.

* "Der alte Gott," altered for an obvious reason.—J. O.

He strives for liberty with all his might—
  He stamps upon the earth, and still sinks in;
The more he struggles, worse becomes his plight,
  The mud and water cover o'er his chin.

The uninvaded stars above him smile,
  But now to look on them he has forgot;
The ant and mole in humble safety toil,—
  How willingly would he accept their lot!

'Tis all in vain!—The giant meets his death—
  The dread eternal law has spoke his doom;
He who from stars would twine himself a wreath,
  In the foul mud of earth has found a tomb.

II.

THE COMET.

Once in my path a lovely star I shone,
  While mighty harmonies were rolling round,
To the vast hymn I join'd my humble tone,
  Happy, that even I was bless'd with sound.

When hymns were thunder'd forth, when all was still,
  When order ruled, when, wild, I rush'd along;
There woke in me at last a godless will,
  And the world's music seem'd a paltry song—

A childish lay,* become quite weak and old—
  A ditty, fashion'd by some feeble brain;
And I—within whose heart new music roll'd—
  Should I toil on to such a homely strain?

Resolved to bear this weary state no more,
  I snatch'd myself away with reckless force;
The adamantine bonds of order tore,
  That I might choose my own—my glorious course!

Ah, from that peaceful stream of music torn,
  The very sense of self has pass'd away;
Through the still vault of heav'n thus wildly borne—
  A maniac, with dishevell'd hair, I stray.

A nobler song, how vainly I essay'd!
  Harshly upon the planets' hymn I break;
Only for Him, by whom they all were made,
  Will the world-organ in sweet music speak,

Would I were once more in my bounded sphere!
  But by that fault to endless doom I rush'd,
And now I reel along, in constant fear,
  Lest, by my shock, some planet should be crush'd.

Forth from my bosom flows a burning stream,
  As I am through the world, loud-yelling, tost;
It breaks to streaks of light, that wildly gleam,
  Would it were in the floods of ether lost!

* I give the original of this verse, to shew the modifications which have been made:—

"Der alte Gott schien kindisch und voll Schwäche,
Sein hirnlos Lieblingsliedlein abzuklimperm
Und ich—im Busen frische Liedesbäche,
Soll mit am alterschwachen Biertakt stümpern?"

The reasons for the alteration must be evident to all who can read the verse.—J. O.

geography of the country be obtained. In
work as that of Xenophon, this want has
pplied by a number of cabinet geographers;
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ch belonged to Mr. Francis Ainsworth, in
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er—having explored various parts of Asia
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he Ten Thousand Greeks; being a Geographical
he Expedition of Cyrus, and of the Retreat of the
d by Xenophon. By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.

REVELATIONS OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

III.

THE HAND AND THE CLOAK.

A FURIOUS barking from Mr. Ginger's dogs, shortly after the departure of the drowsy youth, announced the approach of a grotesque-looking little personage, whose shoulders barely reached to a level with the top of the table. This was Old Parr. The dwarf's head was much too large for his body, as is mostly the case with undersized persons, and was covered with a forest of rusty black hair, protected by a strangely-shaped seal-skin cap. His hands and feet were equally disproportioned to his frame, and his arms were so long that he could touch his ancles while standing upright. His spine was crookened, and his head appeared buried in his breast. The general character of his face seemed to appertain to the middle period of life; but a closer inspection enabled the beholder to detect in it marks of extreme old age. The nose was broad and flat, like that of an orang-outang; the resemblance to which animal was heightened by a very long upper lip, projecting jaws, almost total absence of chin, and a retreating forehead. The little old man's complexion was dull and swarthy, but his eyes were keen and sparkling.

His attire was as singular as his person. Having recently served as double to a famous demon-dwarf at the Surrey theatre, he had become possessed of a cast-off pair of tawny tights, an elastic shirt of the same material and complexion, to the arms of which little green bat-like wings were attached, while a blood-red tunic with vandyke points was girded round his waist. In this strange apparel his diminutive limbs were encased, while additional warmth was afforded by the great coat already mentioned, the tails of which swept the floor after him like a train.

Having silenced his dogs with some difficulty, Mr. Ginger burst into a roar of laughter, excited by the little old man's grotesque appearance, in which he was joined by the Tinker; but the Sandman never relaxed a muscle of his sullen countenance.

Their hilarity, however, was suddenly checked by an inquiry from the dwarf, in a shrill, odd tone—"Whether they had sent for him only to laugh at him?"

"Sartainly not, deputy," replied the Tinker. "Here, lazy-bones, glasses o' rum-an'-vater, all round."

looked so unearthly and extraordinary
owl fearfully, and Ginger had enough to

h restored, the Tinker, winking slily at
the conversation.
observed, " ve've bin a-havin' a bit o' a
tle for us."
caked the dwarf. " What is it ?"
your age," rejoined the Tinker. " Ven

n't recollect," returned Old Parr, rather

some changes in your time ?" resumed
the little old man had made some pro-

have—a few," replied Old Parr, whose
id had loosened. " I've seen this great
down, and built up again—if that's any-
, and grow, till it has reached its pre-
ly believe me, when I tell you, that I
ours—this foul vagabond neighbour-
field, with hedges round it, and trees.
as! Broad Saint-Giles's, at the time I
ountry village, consisting of a few strag-
by the road-side, and there wasn't a
it and Convent Garden, (for so the
called;) while that garden, which was

fenced round with pales, like a park, extended from Saint Martin's Lane to Drury House, a great mansion situated on the easterly side of Drury Lane, amid a grove of beautiful timber."

"My eyes!" cried Ginger, with a prolonged whistle; "the place must be preciously transmogrified indeed!"

"If I were to describe the changes that have taken place in London since I've known it, I might go on talking for a month," pursued Old Parr. "The whole aspect of the place is altered. The Thames itself is unlike the Thames of old. Its waters were once as clear and bright above London Bridge as they are now at Kew or Richmond; and its banks from Whitefriars to Scotland Yard, were edged with gardens. And then the thousand gay wherries and gilded barges that covered its bosom—all are gone—all are gone!"

"Those must ha' been nice times for the jolly young watermen vich at Blackfriars wos used for to ply," chanted the Tinker, "But the steamers has put their noses out o' joint."

"True," replied Old Parr; "and I, for one, am sorry for it. Remembering, as I do, what the river used to be when enlivened by gay craft and merry company, I can't help wishing its waters less muddy, and those ugly coal-barges, lighters, and steamers away. London is a mighty city, wonderful to behold and examine, inexhaustible in its wealth and power; but in point of beauty, it is not to be compared with the city of Queen Bess's days. You should have seen the Strand then—a line of noblemen's houses—and as to Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, with their wealthy goldsmiths' shops—but I don't like to think of 'em."

"Vell, I'm content vith Lunnun as it is," replied the Tinker, "'specially as there aint much chance o' the ould city bein' rewived."

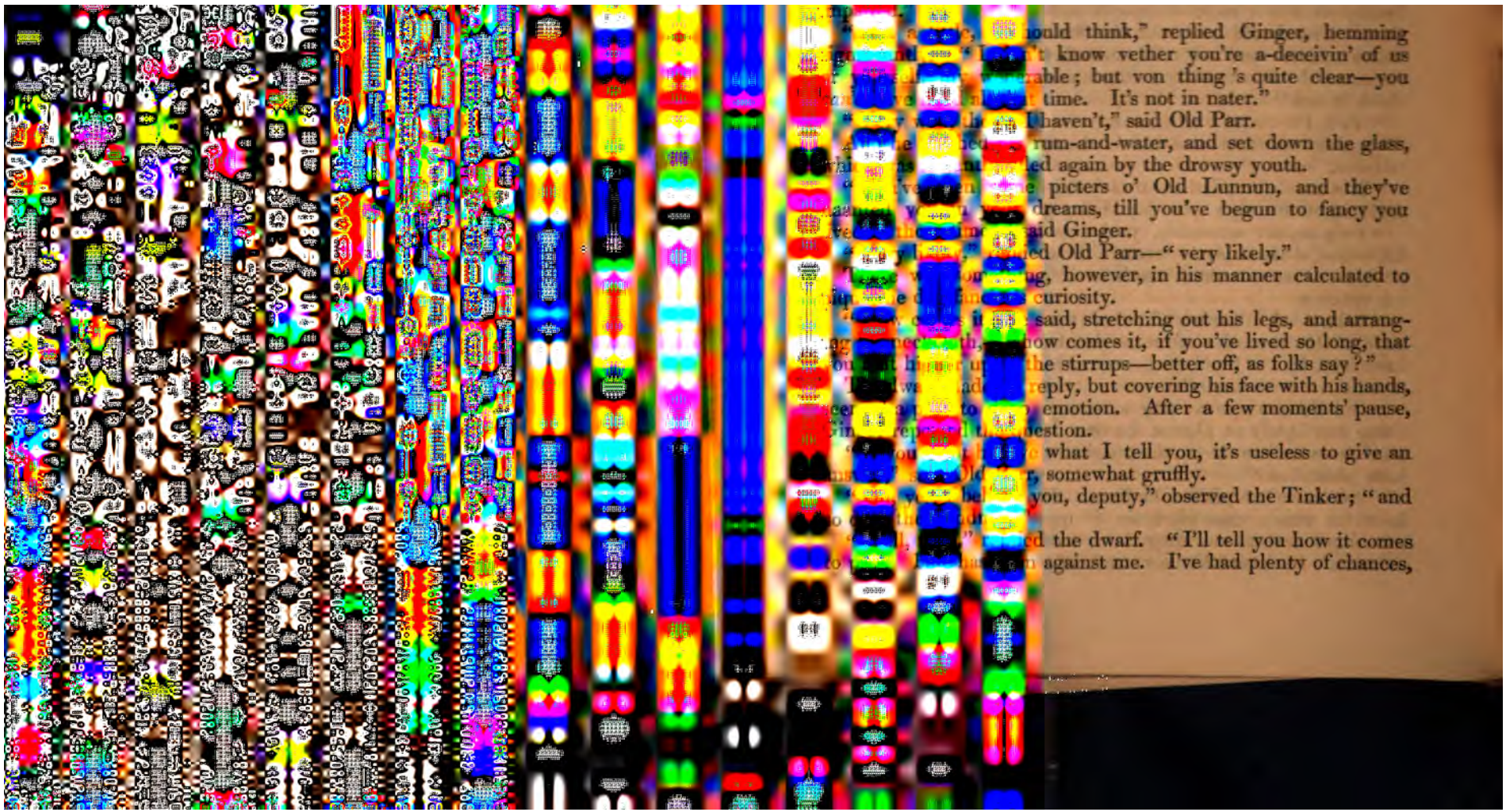
"Not much," replied the dwarf, finishing his glass, which was replenished at a sign from the Tinker.

"I s'pose, my wenerable, you've seen the king as bequeathed his name to these pretty creaters," said Ginger, raising his coat-pockets so as to exhibit the heads of the two little black-and-tan spaniels.

"What! old Rowley?" cried the dwarf—"often. I was page to his favourite mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland, and have seen him a hundred times with a pack of dogs of that description at his heels."

"Old Rowley wos a king arter my own 'art," said Ginger, rising and lighting a pipe at the fire. "He loved the femi-*nine* specious as well as the ca-*nine* specious. Can you tell us anythin' more about him?"

"Not now," replied Old Parr. "I've seen so much, and heard so much, that my brain is quite addled. My memory sometimes deserts me altogether, and my past life appears like a dream. Imagine what my feelings must be, to walk through


ould think," replied Ginger, hemming
't know vether you're a-deceivin' of us
able; but von thing 's quite clear—you
time. It's not in nater."
haven't," said Old Parr.
rum-and-water, and set down the glass,
ed again by the drowsy youth.
picters o' Old Lunnun, and they've
dreams, till you've begun to fancy you
aid Ginger.
ed Old Parr—"very likely."
g, however, in his manner calculated to
curiosity.
said, stretching out his legs, and arrang-
ow comes it, if you've lived so long, that
he stirrups—better off, as folks say?"
eply, but covering his face with his hands,
emotion. After a few moments' pause,
estion.
what I tell you, it's useless to give an
somewhat gruffly.
you, deputy," observed the Tinker; "and
ed the dwarf. "I'll tell you how it comes
against me. I've had plenty of chances,

but I never could get on. I've been in a hundred different walks of life, but they always led down hill. It's my destiny."

"That's hard," rejoined the Tinker—"werry hard. But how d'ye account for livin' so long?" he added, winking as he spoke to the others.

"I've already given you an explanation," replied the dwarf.

"Ay, but it's a cur'ous story, and I vonts my friends to hear it," said the Tinker, in a coaxing tone.

"Well then, to oblige you, I'll go through it again," rejoined the dwarf. "You must know I was for some time servant to Doctor Lamb, an old alchemist, who lived during the reign of good Queen Bess, and who used to pass all his time in trying to find out the secret of changing lead and copper into gold."

"I've known several indiwiduals as has found out that secret, wenerable," observed Ginger. "And ve calls 'em smashers, now-a-days—not halchemists."

"Doctor Lamb's object was actually to turn base metal into gold," rejoined Old Parr, in a tone of slight contempt. "But his chief aim was to produce the Elixir of Long Life. Night and day he worked at the operation;—night and day I laboured with him, until at last we were both brought to the verge of the grave in our search after immortality. One night—I remember it well,—it was the last night of the sixteenth century,—a young man, severely wounded, was brought to my master's dwelling on London Bridge. I helped to convey him to the laboratory, where I left him with the doctor, who was busy with his experiments. My curiosity being aroused, I listened at the door, and though I could not distinguish much that passed inside, I heard sufficient to convince me that Doctor Lamb had made the grand discovery, and succeeded in distilling the Elixir. Having learnt this, I went down stairs, wondering what would next ensue. Half-an-hour elapsed, and while the bells were ringing in the new year joyfully, the young man whom I had assisted to carry up stairs, and whom I supposed at death's door, marched down as firmly as if nothing had happened, passed by me, and disappeared, before I could shake off my astonishment. I saw at once he had drunk the elixir."

"Ah!—ah!" exclaimed the Tinker, with a knowing glance at his companions, who returned it with gestures of equal significance.

"As soon as he was gone," pursued the dwarf, "I flew to the laboratory, and there, extended on the floor, I found the dead body of Doctor Lamb. I debated with myself what to do—whether to pursue his murderer, for such I accounted the young man; but on reflection, I thought the course useless. I next looked round to see whether the precious Elixir was gone. On the table stood a phial, from which a strong spirituous odour exhaled; but it was empty. I then turned my attention to a receiver, connected by a worm with an alembic on the furnace.

had better far have died. Besides, I am
ions of my old master. He seems to
o lead me into strange places."
the t'other," whispered the Tinker to
you ever, in the coorse o' your long
as drank the 'lixir?" he inquired of

'ilect his name?"
caped my memory," answered Old

it, if you heerd it?" asked the Tinker.
turned the dwarf; "but I can't say."
?" demanded the other.
cried Old Parr, starting up, in extreme
or Lamb call him so. But how, in the
come to know it?"
at last," said the Tinker, with a self-
friends.
o know it, I say?" repeated the dwarf,

ed the Tinker, with a cunning look;
me cur'ous matters as vell as you, my
evidence, in case ve vishes to prove the

gainst whom?" cried the dwarf.
and I've done," pursued the Tinker.

"Should you know this young man agin, in case you chanced to come across him?"

"No doubt of it," replied Old Parr; "his figure often flits before me in dreams."

"Shall ve let him into it?" said the Tinker, consulting his companions, in a low tone.

"Ay—ay," replied the Sandman.

"Better vait a bit," remarked Ginger, shaking his head, dubiously. "There's no hurry."

"No, ve must decide at vonce," said the Tinker. "Jist examine them papers," he added, handing the pocket-book to Old Parr, "and favour us vith your opinion on 'em."

The dwarf was about to unclasp the book committed to his charge, when a hand was suddenly thrust through the banisters of the upper part of the staircase, which, as has been already stated, was divided from the lower by the door. A piece of heavy black drapery next descended like a cloud, concealing all behind it, except the hand, with which the dwarf was suddenly seized by the nape of the neck, lifted up in the air, and, notwithstanding his shrieks and struggles, carried clean off.

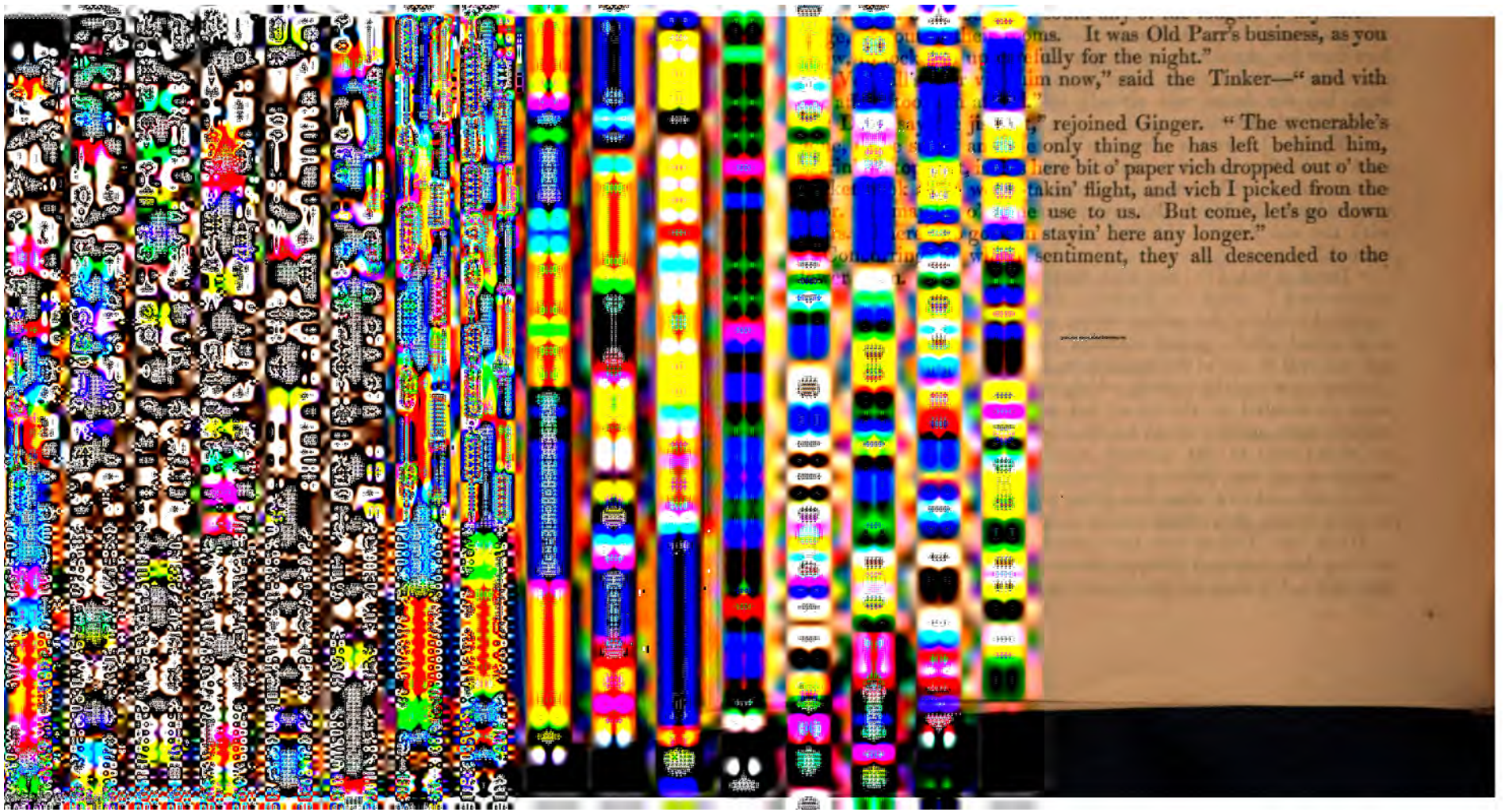
Great confusion attended his disappearance. The dogs set up a prodigious barking, and flew to the rescue—one of the largest of them passing over the body of the drowsy waiter, who had sought his customary couch upon the coals, and rousing him from his slumbers; while the Tinker, uttering a fierce imprecation, upset his chair in his haste to catch hold of the dwarf's legs, but the latter was already out of reach, and the next moment had vanished entirely.

"My eyes! here's a pretty go!" cried Ginger, who, with his back to the fire, had witnessed the occurrence in open-mouthed astonishment. "Vy, curse it! if the venerable a'n't a-taken the pocket-book with him! It's my opinion the devil has flown away with the old feller. His time was nearer at 'and than he expected."

"Devil or not, I'll have him back again, or at all events the pocket-book!" cried the Tinker. And dashing up the stairs, he caught hold of the railing above, and swinging himself up by a powerful effort, passed through an opening, occasioned by the removal of one of the bannisters.

Groping along the gallery, which was buried in profound darkness, he shouted to the dwarf, but received no answer to his vociferations, neither could he discover any one, though he felt on either side of the passage with outstretched hands. The occupants of the different chambers, alarmed by the noise, called out to know what was going forward; but being locked in their rooms, they could render no assistance.

While the Tinker was thus pursuing his search in the dark, venting his rage and disappointment in the most dreadful imprecations, the staircase door was opened by the landlord, who



IV.

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A WEEK had elapsed since Auriol Darcy was conveyed to the iron-merchant's dwelling, after the attack made upon him by the ruffians in the ruined house; and though almost recovered from the serious injuries he had received, he still remained the guest of his preserver.

It was a bright spring morning, when a door leading to the yard in front of the house opened, and a young girl, bright and fresh as the morning's self, issued from it.

A lovelier creature than Ebba Thornicroft cannot be imagined. Her figure was perfection—slight, tall, and ravishingly proportioned, with a slender waist, little limbs, and fairy feet that would have made the fortune of an opera-dancer. Her features were almost angelic in expression with an outline of the utmost delicacy and precision—not cold, classical regularity—but that softer and incomparably more lovely mould peculiar to our own clime. Ebba's countenance was a type of Saxon beauty. Her complexion was pure white, tinged with a slight bloom. Her eyes were of a serene summer blue, arched over by brows some shades darker than the radiant tresses that fell on either cheek, and were parted over a brow smoother than alabaster. Her attire was simple, but tasteful, and by its dark colour threw into relief the exceeding fairness of her skin.

Ebba's first care was to feed her favourite linnet, placed in a cage over the door. Having next patted the head of a huge bull-dog who came out of his kennel to greet her, and exchanged a few words with two men employed at a forge in the inner part of the building on the right, she advanced further into the yard.

This part of the premises, being strewn with iron-work of every possible shape, presented a very singular appearance, and may merit some description. There were heaps of rusty iron chains flung together like fishermen's nets, old iron area-guards, iron kitchen-fenders, old grates, safes, piles of old iron bowls, a large assortment of old iron pans and dishes, a ditto of old ovens, kettles without number, sledge-hammers, anvils, braziers, chimney-cowls, and smoke-jacks.

Stout upright posts, supporting cross-beams on the top, were placed at intervals on either side of the yard, and these were decorated, in the most artistic style, with rat-traps, man-traps, iron lanterns, pullies, padlocks, chains, trivets, triangles, iron rods, disused street lamps, dismounted cannon and anchors.

Attached to hooks in the cross-beam nearest the house, hung a row of old horseshoes, while from the centre depended a large rusty bell. Near the dog's kennel was a tool-box, likewise garnished with horse-shoes, and containing pincers, files, hammers, and other implements proper to the smith. Beyond this, was an open doorway, leading to the workshop where the two men before mentioned were busy at the forge.

Though it was still early, the road was astir with passengers, and many wagons and carts, laden with hay, straw, and vegetables, were passing. Ebba, however, had been solely drawn forth by the beauty of the morning, and she stopped for a moment at the street-gate, to breathe the balmy air. As she inhaled the gentle breeze, and felt the warm sunshine upon her cheek, her thoughts wandered away into the green meadows in which she had strayed as a child, and she longed to ramble amid them again. Perhaps she scarcely desired a solitary stroll; but however this might be, she was too much engrossed by the reverie to notice a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, who regarded her with the most fixed attention, as he passed on the opposite side of the road.

Proceeding to a short distance, this personage crossed over, and returned slowly towards the iron-merchant's dwelling. Ebba then, for the first time, remarked him, and was startled by his strange, sinister appearance. His features were handsome, but so malignant and fierce in expression, that they inspired only aversion. A sardonic grin curled his thin lips, and his short, crisply-curled hair, raven black in hue, contrasted forcibly and disagreeably with his cadaverous complexion. An attraction like that of the snake seemed to reside in his dark blazing eyes, for Ebba trembled like a bird beneath their influnce, and could not remove her gaze from them. A vague presentiment of coming ill smote her, and she dreaded lest the mysterious being before her might be connected in some inexplicable way with her future destiny.

On his part, the stranger was not insensible to the impression he had produced, and suddenly halting, he kept his eyes riveted on those of the girl, who, after remaining spell-bound, as it were, for a few moments, precipitately retreated towards the house.

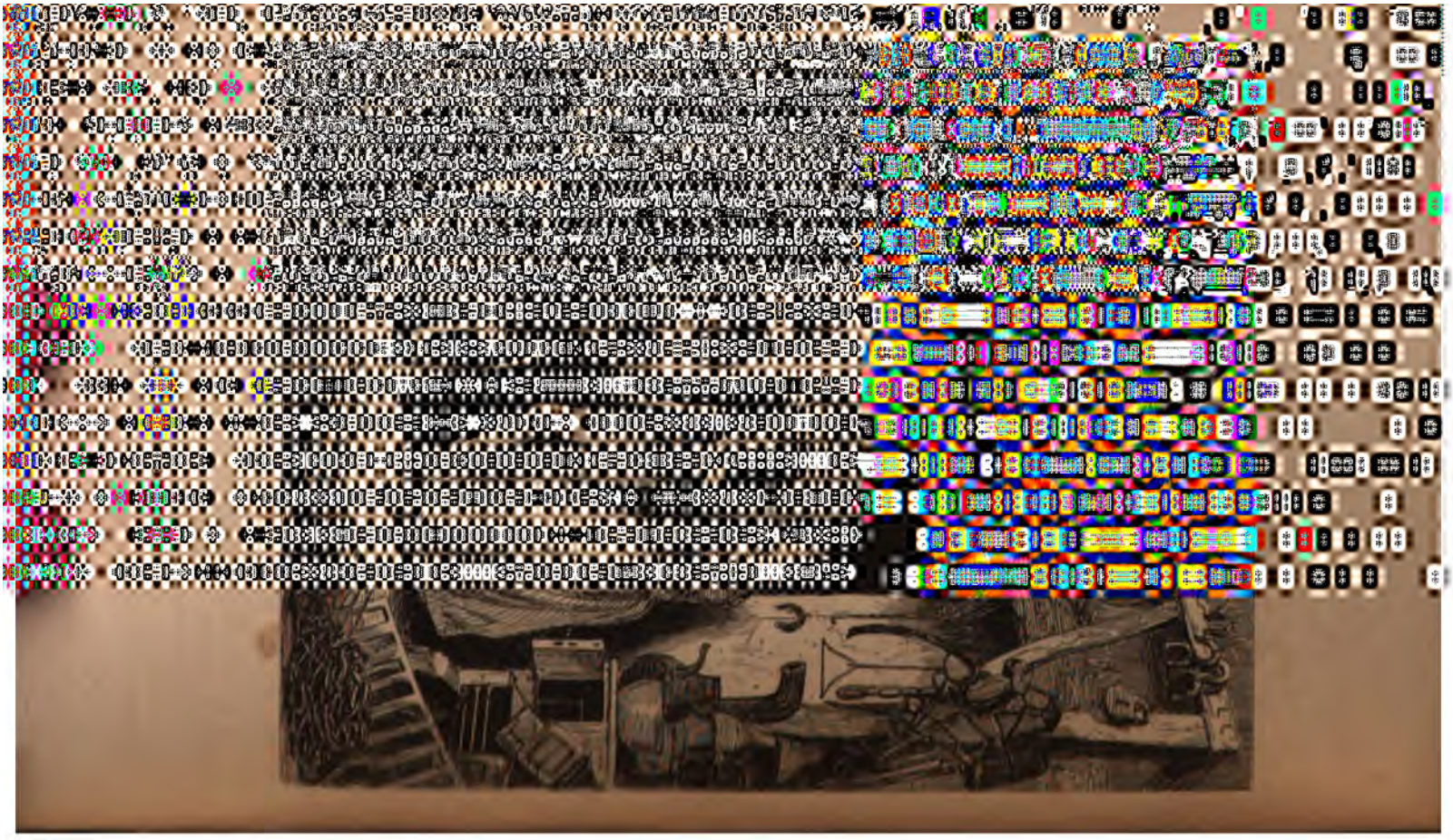
Just as she reached the door, and was about to pass through it, Auriol came forth. He was pale, as if from recent suffering, and bore his left arm in a sling.

"You look agitated," he said, noticing Ebba's uneasiness. "What has happened?"

"Not much," she replied, a deep blush mantling her cheeks. "But I have been somewhat alarmed by the person near the gate."

"Indeed," cried Auriol, darting forward. "Where is he? I see no one."

"Not a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak?" rejoined Ebba, following him cautiously.



"Ha!" cried Auriol. "Has he been here?"

"Then you know the person I allude to?" she rejoined.

"I know some one answering his description," he replied, with a forced smile.

"Once beheld, the man I mean is not to be forgotten," said Ebba. "He has a countenance such as I never saw before. If I could believe in the 'evil eye,' I should be sure he possessed it."

"'Tis he, there can be no doubt," rejoined Auriol, in a sombre tone.

"Who and what is he then?" demanded Ebba.

"He is a messenger of ill," replied Auriol, "and I am thankful he is gone."

"Are you quite sure of it?" she asked, glancing timorously up and down the road; but the mysterious individual could no longer be seen.

"And so, after exciting my curiosity in this manner, you will not satisfy it?" she said.

"I cannot," rejoined Auriol, somewhat sternly.

"Nay, then, since you are so ungracious, I shall go and prepare breakfast," she replied. "My father must be down by this time."

"Stay!" cried Auriol, arresting her, as she was about to pass through the door. "I wish to have a word with you."

Ebba stopped, and the bloom suddenly forsook her cheeks.

But Auriol seemed unable to proceed. Neither dared to regard the other; and a profound silence prevailed between them for a few moments.

"Ebba," said Auriol, at length. "I am about to leave your father's house to-day."

"Why so soon?" she exclaimed, looking up into his face. "You are not entirely recovered yet."

"I dare not stay longer," he said.

"Dare not!" cried Ebba. And she again cast down her eyes; but Auriol made no reply.

Fortunately, the silence was broken by the clinking of the smiths' hammers upon the anvil.

"If you really must go," said Ebba, looking up, after a long pause, "I hope we shall see you again?"

"Most assuredly," replied Auriol. "I owe your worthy father a deep debt of gratitude—a debt which, I fear, I shall never be able to repay."

"My father is more than repaid in saving your life," she replied. "I am sure he will be sorry to learn you are going so soon."

"I have been here a week," said Auriol. "If I remained longer, I might not be able to go at all."

There was another pause, during which a stout old fellow in the workshop quitted the anvil for a moment, and catching a glimpse of the young couple, muttered to his helpmate—

"I say, Ned, I'm a-thinkin' our master'll soon have a son-in-law. There's pretty plain signs on it at yonder door."

"So there be, John," replied Ned, peeping round. "He's a good-lookin' young feller that. I vish ve could hear their discoorse."

"No, that aint fair," replied John, raking some small coal upon the fire, and working away at the bellows.

"I would not for the world ask a disagreeable question," said Ebba, again raising her eyes; "but since you are about to quit us, I must confess I should like to know something of your history?"

"Forgive me, if I decline to comply with your desire," replied Auriol. "You would not believe me, were I to relate my history. But this I may say, that it is stranger and wilder than any you ever heard. The prisoner in his cell is not restrained by more terrible fetters than those which bind me to silence."

Ebba gazed at him as if she feared his reason were wandering.

"You think me mad," said Auriol; "would I were so!—But I shall never lose the clear perception of my woes. Hear me, Ebba! Fate has brought me into this house. I have seen you, and experienced your gentle ministry; and it is impossible, so circumstanced, to be blind to your attractions. I have only been too sensible to them—but I will not dwell on that theme, nor run the risk of exciting a passion which must destroy you. I will ask you to hate me — to regard me as a monster whom you ought to shun rather than as a being for whom you should entertain the slightest sympathy."

"You have some motive in saying this to me," cried the terrified girl.

"My motive is to warn you," said Auriol. "If you love me—you are lost—utterly lost!"

She was so startled, that she could make no reply, but burst into tears. Auriol took her hand, which she unresistingly yielded.

"A terrible fatality attaches to me in which you must have no share," he said, in a solemn tone.

"Would you had never come to my father's house!" she exclaimed in a voice of anguish.

"Is it then too late?" cried Auriol, despairingly.

"It is—if to love you be fatal," she rejoined.

"Ha!" exclaimed Auriol, striking his forehead with his clenched hand. "Recal your words—Ebba—recal them—but no, once uttered—it is impossible. You are bound to me for ever. I must fulfil my destiny."

At this juncture, a low growl broke from the dog, and guided by the sound, the youthful couple beheld, standing near the gate, the tall dark man in the black cloak. A fiendish smile sat upon his countenance.

"That is the man who frightened me!" cried Ebba.

"It is the person I supposed!" ejaculated Auriol. "I must speak to him. Leave me, Ebba. I will join you presently."

And as the girl, half-sinking with apprehension, withdrew, he advanced quickly towards the intruder.

"I have sought you for some days," said the tall man, in a stern, commanding voice. "You have not kept your appointment with me."

"I could not," replied Auriol—"an accident has befallen me."

"I know it," rejoined the other. "I am aware you were assailed by ruffians in the ruined house over the way. But you are recovered now, and can go forth. You ought to have communicated with me."

"It was my intention to do so," said Auriol.

"Our meeting cannot be delayed much longer," pursued the stranger. "I will give you three more days. On the evening of the last day, at the hour of seven, I shall look for you at the foot of the statue in Hyde Park."

"I will be there," replied Auriol.

"That girl must be the next victm," said the stranger, with a grim smile.

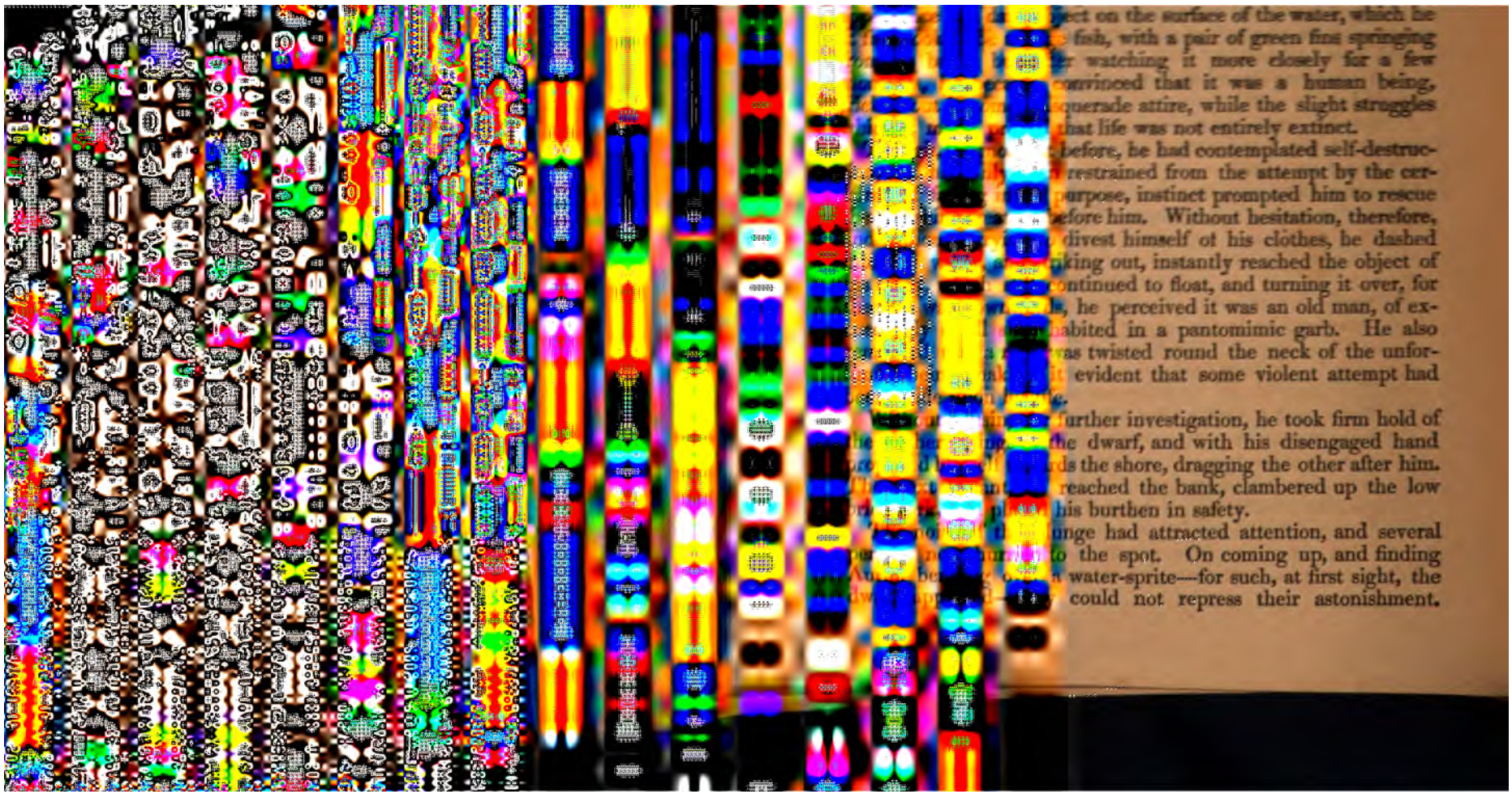
"Peace!" thundered Auriol.

"Nay, I need not remind you of the tenure by which you maintain your power," rejoined the stranger. "But I will not trouble you further now."

And wrapping his cloak more closely round him, he disappeared.

"Fate has once more involved me in its net," cried Auriol, bitterly. "But I will save Ebba, whatever it may cost me. I will see her no more."

And instead of returning to the house, he hurried away in the opposite direction of the stranger.



Wholly insensible to the presence of those around him, Auriol endeavoured to recal where he had seen the dwarf before. All at once, the recollection flashed upon him, and he cried aloud, "Why, it is my poor murdered grand-father's attendant, Flapdragon! But no! no!—he must be dead ages ago! Yet the resemblance is singularly striking!"

Auriol's exclamations, coupled with his wild demeanour, surprised the by-standers, and they came to the conclusion, that he must be a travelling showman, who had attempted to drown his dwarf—the grotesque, impish, garb of the latter convincing them he had been exhibited at a booth. They made signs, therefore, to each other not to let Auriol escape, and one of them, raising the dwarf's head on his knee, produced a flask, and poured some brandy from it down his throat, while others chafed his hands. These efforts were attended with much speedier success than might have been anticipated. After a struggle or two for respiration the dwarf opened his eyes, aud gazed at the group around him.

"It must be Flapdragon!" exclaimed Auriol.

"Ah! who calls me?" cried the dwarf.

"I!" rejoined Auriol. "Do you not recollect me?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the dwarf, gazing at him fixedly; "you are——" and he stopped.

"You have been thrown into the water, Master Flapdragon," cried a by-stander, noticing the cord round the dwarf's throat.

"I have," replied the little old man.

"By your governor—that is, by this person," cried another, laying hold of Auriol."

"By him—no," said the dwarf; I have not seen that gentleman for nearly three centuries."

"Three centuries, my little patriarch?" said the man who had given him the brandy. "That's a long time. Think again."

"Its perfectly true, nevertheless," replied the dwarf.

"His wits have been washed away by the water," said the first speaker. "Give him a drop more brandy."

"Not a bit of it," rejoined the dwarf: "my senses were never clearer than at this moment. At last we have met," he continued, addressing Auriol, "and I hope we shall not speedily part again. We hold life by the same tie."

"How came you in the desperate condition in which I found you?" demanded Auriol, evasively.

"I was thrown into the canal with a stone to my neck, like a dog about to be drowned," replied the dwarf. "But, as you are aware, I'm not so easily disposed of."

Again the by-standers exchanged significant looks.

"By whom was the attempt made?" inquired Auriol.

"I don't know the villain's name," rejoined the dwarf, "but he's a very tall, dark man, and is generally wrapped in a long black cloak."

ly dark, and heavy clouds portending
gloom. Auriol's thoughts were sombre
our, and he fell into a deep fit of ab-
was roused by a hand laid on his

h, he raised his eyes, and beheld the
m, and gazing at him with a look of
The cloak was thrown partly aside, so as
figure of its wearer; while the large
hich it was decorated stood out like the
stranger's hat was off, and his high broad
, was fully revealed.
be brief," he said. "Are you prepared

?" replied Auriol.
I saw three days ago," said the other,
ghter, Ebba. She must be mine."
firmly—"never!"
mpt me to exert my power," said the
mine—or——"
Auriol; "I will never consent."
er, seizing him by the arm, and fixing a
m. "Bring her to me ere the week be
ce!"
lf in his cloak, he retreated behind the
ew.
moaning wind arose, and heavy rain
did not quit the bench.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. XII. AND LAST.

DANTE'S EVENING.—AVE-MARIA OF BYRON.—THE SICILIAN VESPERS.—NOTHING "INFERNAL" IN NATURE.—SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN.—INVOCATION FROM COLERIDGE.—PAGAN AND ROMAN-CATHOLIC WORSHIP.—LATIN AND ITALIAN COUPLET.—WINTER'S RATTO DI PROSERPINA.—A HINT ON ITALIAN AIRS.—BELLINI.—COVENTRY PATMORE AND OTHER NEW POETS.—MELI, THE MODERN THEOCRITUS.

In closing our Blue Jar, a rosy light seems to come over it, at once beautiful and melancholy; for terminations are farewells, and farewells remind us of evenings, and of the divine lines of the poet:—

" Era già l'ora, che volge 'l desio
A' naviganti, e intenerisce 'l cuore
Lo dì ch'an detto a' dolci amici A Dio:
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

'Twas now the hour, when thoughts of home renew
The sighs of voyagers, and oft portray
The moment when they bade sweet friends adieu;
And the new pilgrim now, on his lone way,
Thrills as he hears the distant village bell,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

Divine, indeed, are those lines of Dante. Why didn't he write all such, instead of employing two volumes of his poem out of three, to shew us how much less he cared to be divine than infernal? Was it absolutely necessary for him to have so much black ground for his diamonds?

And another poet who took to the black, or rather the burlesque, side of things, how could he write so beautifully on the same theme, and resist giving us whole poems as tender and confiding, to assist in making the world happy? The stanza respecting the Ave Maria is surely the best in "Don Juan:"—

" Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt the moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath *crept through the rosy air*,
And yet the forest leaves *seem'd stirr'd with prayer*."

Not, we beg leave to say, that we are Roman-catholic, either in our creed or our form of worship, though we should be not a little inclined to become such, did the creed contain nothing harsher or less just than the adoration of maternity. We have been taught to be too catholic in the true sense of the word (Universal), to wish for any ultimate form of Christianity, except that which shall drop all the perplexing thorns through which it has grown, and let the odour of its flower be recognised in its spotless force without one infernal embitterment.

But it will be said that there are infernal embitterments even in the sweetest forms of things, whether we will have them or no—massacres

French Revolution—not the Revolution
the title of Glorious for its Christian
ught, delirious, Robespierre Revolution.
vesper bell ringing to that soft worship
, and then of thousands of daggers, at the
riated bosoms of the expected worshippers,
ign heart next them, man, woman, and
nd; soon, to the body; sooner or later, to
uried; the French dynasty in the island
brought in. The evil perished, and good
of vespers have taken place since then, but
ads of vespers—a vesper every day, ever
this present 1844,—all gentle, all secure
re or less worthy of the beautiful descrip-
sacre called the Sicilian Vespers had been
oing on now! and nature has not made such
The only durability to which she tends is a
es (accidents apart) are her least healthy;
hose of healthy serenity. Supposing the
have thought it), we cannot conceive
it has done for ages, round the sun with
the veins of childhood. Eternity of exist-
y ground of analogy, except as identical
d healthy prevalence, with sensation, is
sations of pleasure. Pain alone is fugitive.
Sicilian Vespers; but the good Sicilian
an music, the beautiful Sicilian poetry.
sweet scorn of the catastrophe, they are
gentleness. To be told that a Sicilian air
prepared to hear something especially

sweet and soft. Every protestant as well as Roman-catholic lover of music knows the *Sicilian Mariners' Hymn;* and is a catholic, if not a Roman worshipper, while he sings it. Fancy it rising at a distance out of the white-sailed boat in the darkling blue waters, when the sun has just gone down, and the rock on the woody promontory above the chapel, whose bell gave the notice, is touched with rose-colour. Nay, fancy you forget all this, and think only of the honest, simple mariners singing this hymn, at the moment when their wives and children are repeating the spirit of it on shore, and all Italy is doing the same:

" O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria!
Mater amata, intemerata,
Ora pro nobis!"

O most holy, O most spotless,
Mary, Virgin glorious!
Mother dearest, maiden clearest—
Oh, we pray thee, pray for us.

The sweetest of English poets could not resist echoing this kind of evening music in a strain of his own; but though he did it in the course of an invocation to a spirit, it is rather a description than a prayer. It is however very Sicilian.

INVOCATION.

Sung behind the scenes in Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse;" to be accompanied, says the poet, by "soft music from an instrument of glass or steel."

" Hear, sweet spirit—hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel;
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell."

(Observe the various yet bell-like intonation of that last verse, and the analogous feeling in the repetition of the rhyme.)

" *And at evening evermore,*
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, *sad and saintly,*
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere, Domine!

" Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars, and say,
Miserere, Domine!"

The tapers are yellow in the chapel, and the moonlight yellow out of doors—one of those sympathies of colour, which are often finer than contrast.

Coleridge was so fond of sweet sounds, that he makes one of the characters in this play exclaim—

" If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were hell."

The Pagans of old were of the same opinion, for they made Pluto break his inexorable laws at the sound of the harp of Orpheus, his eyes, in spite of themselves, being forced to shed "*iron* tears," as Milton finely calls them. The notes, as the poet says—

" *Drew* iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek."

"The grim king of the ghosts" would not have shed them if he could have helped it. So Moschus, in his "Elegy on the Death of Bion," expresses his opinion that, if his deceased friend would sing a pastoral to the Queen of Pluto, "something *Sicilian*," as he emphatically calls it (Σικελικον τι) she could not have the heart to deny his resuscitation. One should like to know the hymns which the pagans actually sung to Proserpina and her mother Ceres, and how far they coincided, perhaps in some instances were identical, with strains now sung in the catholic churches. Some of their oldest chants are supposed to be of Greek origin; and indeed it would be marvellous if *all* the ancient music had been swept away, considering how many ceremonies, vestments, odours, processions, churches themselves, and, to say the truth, opinions were retained by the new creed from the old—wisely in many instances, most curiously in all. Very naturally, too; for the knees are the same knees with which all human beings kneel, pagan or Christian; and the sky is the same to which they look up, whether inhabited by saints or goddesses. Nor is there anything "blasphemous" (as zealous Protestants are too quick to assert) in the Roman-catholic tendency to use the same kind of language towards the one, as was held and hymned towards the other; for blasphemy signifies what is injurious to the character of the divinity; and nothing is injurious to it except the attribution of injustice and cruelty. If theological opinions, of whatever creed, offended in nothing worse than an excess of zeal towards the beauty of the maternal character, or in behalf of the supposition that the spirits of the good and pious interested themselves in our welfare, the human heart would be little disposed to quarrel with them, in times even more enlightened than the present. There is a couplet extant in Italy, remarkable for being both Italian and Latin, every word. It might have been addressed by a pagan of the Lower Roman Empire, to the goddess Proserpina, when she was the guardian angel of Sicily, or to the Virgin Mary, by a modern Roman catholic; and we find nothing horrible in this. On the contrary, it seems to fuse the two eras gently and tenderly together, by the same affecting link of human want and natural devotion. This is the couplet:—

"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella."

In sudden storms, and when the billows blind,
Thee I invoke, star sweet to human-kind!

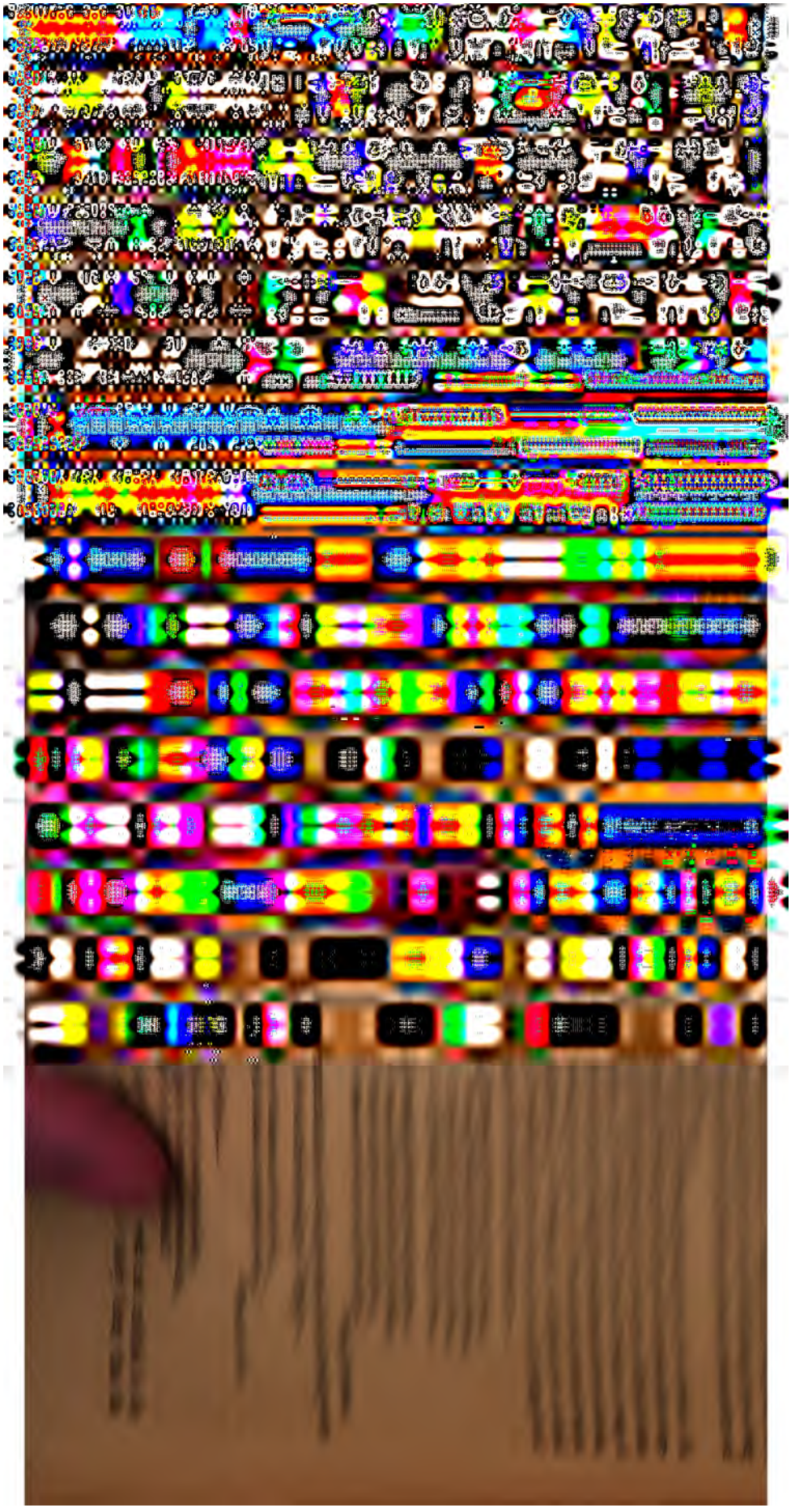
When we spoke, in a former article, of the beautiful Sicilian story of Proserpina, we forgot (a very ungrateful piece of forgetfulness) to add, that one of the loveliest tributes ever paid to it by genius, is the *Ratto di Proserpina*—Winter's opera so called. There is every charm of the subject in it,—the awfulness of the greater gods, the genial maternity of Ceres, the tender memory of her daughter, the cordial re-assurances given her by Mercury, the golden-age dances of the shepherds. What smile of encouragement ever surpassed that of the strain on the words *Cerere tornerà*, in the divine trio, *Mi lasci, O madre amata?* What passionate mixture of delight and melancholy, the world-famous duet of *Vaghi colli?* Why does not some publisher make an Elegant Extracts of such music from composers that will survive all fashion, and have comments written upon them, like those on poets? What would we not give to see such an edition of the finest airs of all the great in-

ventive melodists, the Pergolesis and Paisiellos and their satellites, and all the inventive harmonists too, the Bachs, Corellis, and Beethovens, each with *variorum* notes from the best critics, and loving indications of the beauties of particular passages? Publications of this kind are yet wanting to the honour, and glory, and thorough household companionship of the art of music; and it is a pity somebody does not take the opportunity of setting about them, when there are critics both in and out of the profession, quite capable of doing them justice. Mr. Novello began some time ago a selection of early Italian melodies, made with his usual good taste, and including a remarkable one by Salvator Rosa. Why could he not resume them, with these new critical accompaniments, and so help to teach the world the beauties to which it has happily grown more inclined to listen?

But we are straying from our Sicilian pastures. The last true musician given to the world (for we believe he was younger than the best now living) was Bellini, a native of Sicily. He was the true son of the softness of its inspiration; and seemed like its poet, Bion, come back again to make love and to die. Never, surely, (with the leave of the orchestras for mentioning such things,) have those popular disseminators of music, the street organs, been in such fine and full condition, as since they abounded in the more potential strains of Rossini, grave and gay, and the sensitive graces of this sweet Sicilian melodist. His vocal muse had the earnest and flowing tenderness of the poetry of Keats. Shelley would have sate bending in his chair, with his Plato or his Homer closed over his finger where he left off, and listened as long as anybody chose to play him. One prematurely gone genius reminds us, alas! of others. We hope we are not going to lose any more. Respecting "Young England" in general, we have, indeed, no misgiving; seeing that our illustrious infantine friend of that name should rather, perhaps, be called Middle-aged England; his youthfulness being of the Roman sort, which styled a man juvenile till he was five and forty. But *Youngest* England should have a care, and not hazard too many accidents by "flood and field,"—too many horseback in all weathers, and running races with time. Hear this, Coventry Patmore! you who want nothing but experience, and the study of the mechanism of verse, to become equal to the finest poets existing.*

We had hoped to close our Jar of Honey with more than one specimen of the modern Theocritus, Giovanni Meli; but circumstances mentioned in our preceding article, have hindered us from being able to consult his works in the British Museum (where, we are happy to say, they are to be found); and, accordingly, we must content ourselves with being indebted for a taste of him to the pages in which we first made his acquaintance,—those of an interesting article in the

* May the writer take this opportunity (in accordance with an old habit of recognising new poets, in which it has been his good fortune to prosper) to hail some other names, just now emerging in the poetical horizon;—to wit, Lowell, an American poet of a very unusual order;—Jones, author of "Studies of Sensation and Event," a little excessive at present on the animal side;—and Aubrey de Vere, a poet who, if we mistake not, is the son of a poet. Mr. De Vere has a particular claim on us in this place, from the subject that gives the principal title to his book,—the *Search after Proserpine*. Among his many noble smaller poems, is one, most noble, on "Coleridge."



"*seeking* with an apple" (*malo me petit*) of Virgil. The Latin poet, however, in the flight of the damsel, added a charming idea to the one suggested by Theocritus, if, indeed, the Greek did not give the first hint of it himself—

Βαλλει και μαλοισι τον αιπολον ἁ Κλεαριστα,
Τας αιγας παρελεννα, και ἀδυ τι ποππυλιασδει.

IDYLL. v., v. 88.

Literally,—"Clearista pelts the goatherd with apples, as he goes by with his goats, and then hums (or murmurs), something sweet."

The goatherd here does not seem to stop. It is not certain that he and the girl are acquainted; though he wishes to imply that she loves him. In case they are intimate, we are to suppose that she intends him to imagine her saying something very pleasant, though he is too far off to hear it; but, in the other case, Virgil probably understood her to pretend that she had not pelted the apples at all; for which reason she falls humming something sweet, with an air of innocent indifference.

Be this as it may, nobody will deny the truly natural and Theocritan style in which the modern Sicilian has enlarged upon the old suggestion.

"Meli," says the reviewer, "introduces a group of fishing-girls chattering and joking, and telling of their loves, in the absence of their parents. Their very names, Pidda, Lidda, and Ridda, sound congenial to their condition." To an invitation "to go and romp on the sands, Lidda prudishly replies that she is afraid of meeting some rude swain. Ridda also tells a story of having seen a fisherman concealed behind the rocks, who addresses her in an amorous song, which frightened her out of her senses. But Pidda, who is the eldest of the three, loses patience at this affected simplicity, and exclaims—

'Eh via—mazzica ecà stu jiditeddu,
E vaja franca, ca nni canuscema
Avema tutti la 'nnamurateddu.'

"literally,—'Come, poor innocents, bite my little finger; but let that pass; we know each other, and that each of us has her sweetheart.'

"Lidda, at last, casts off her shyness, and sings the following pretty ditty—

'Quannu a Culicchia jeu vogghiu parrari,
Ca spissu spissu mi veni lu sfilu,
A la finestra mi mettu a filari;
Quannu' iddu passa, poi rumpu lu filu;
Cadi lu fusu; ed eu mettu a gridari,
'Gnuri, pri carità proitimilu.
Iddu lu pigghia; mi metti a guardari;
Jeu mi nni vaju suppilu suppilu.'

"When I wish to speak to my sweetheart, which occurs pretty often, I seat myself at the window to spin; and when he is passing underneath, I manage to break the thread; the spindle falls (out of the window), and I cry out, dolefully, 'Oh, friend, be so kind as to pick it up for me!' He does so, and looks at me, when I feel out of my wits for joy."

We shall not close our Jar with anything less good than this. We leave the reader with the taste of the right honey on his lips; and returning him thanks for his perusal of a set of articles, of which illness has rendered the little value still less, wish him, and his, all the good things in the world.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine:
That Heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
To cheer both great and small;—
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own:—
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasures pall,—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
With malice in your mind:
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember, lest you fall,—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be trustful still;
And in the deepest care
Be bold and resolute, and shun
The coward fool Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand;
And know, whate'er befall,—
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same,
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame.
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,
So shall your joy not pall,
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

THE PAINTER OF CHIHUAHUA.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PART I.—THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

In the outskirts of the city of Chihuahua, capital of the Mexican province of the same name, are a series of low and straggling huts composed of adobes, or unburnt bricks. Few houses in New Mexico are of any superior material, though in the good city of Chihuahua, many of the better sort have certainly the advantage of being cornered with hewn stone, while the doors and windows are similarly constituted. The shops or stores, as they are called by the Americans, their principal owners, are of the same material; and I have been assured by Mr. O'Hara, a merchant who resided many years in this distant mart, and whom I knew during my residence in Galveston, Texas, that the show of finery in them, particularly in the article of dress, would not disgrace a provincial town in the United States, or many a rural district nearer home.

In one of the wretched adobe huts above alluded to, stretched out in all the indulgence apparently of a siesta, in a Mexican grass hammock, lay a young man, pale, gaunt, and thin, whose dark, sunburnt features, gave his pallor only a more ghastly hue. His costume was spare and scanty, being composed of mocassins, buckskin trousers, a blue check shirt, and thrown over this a Mexican poncho, or blanket. A white beaver sombrero, or broad-brimmed hat, which hung on a peg, completed his attire. Round the walls were hung a number of drawings, landscapes, architectural representations, and still more numerous,

portraits of Indian men and women, of the costume of the wild and savage Comanches, Apaches, Navajóes, Eutaws, &c. Several articles of Indian dress were also scattered about the floor, while on a board that served the purpose of a table, were drawing implements—pencils, a palette, paint-brushes, and other requisites for producing the landscapes and sketches which adorned the room.

Pierre Lenoir, the artist's name, was not alone. A dreadful and implacable enemy was by him, and this was hunger. Ten years previous to the day of which we speak, Pierre, then being eighteen years of age, had started from home like the enthusiastic Catlin, or Audubon, in search of natural and rare studies, visited the savage and wild tribes of Indians which crowd the borders of New Mexico and Texas. In his eager desire for new subjects, both human and inanimate, he had dwelt among the Navajóes, in the main range of the Cordilleras, on the waters of the Rio Colerado of California, with the Apaches, on the head waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, the Eutaws between Snake River and Rio Colerado, the Comanches, and other Indian tribes but little known to Americans.* During a lengthened and studious residence he had become intimately acquainted with their habits—could speak their languages—and, in many instances, had been admitted as a brother; sometimes, even had so pleased the Indians, as to be formally inducted as a chief. His artistic talents had principally served him; but his skill in the chase—his excellence as a shot—and his cool and collected courage, were also no slight recommendations to men whose existence depended on hunting, and whose amusement was war.

Occasionally, Lenoir visited the border settlements, where he disposed of his paintings to men, who, in the more civilized regions of the North, obtained a large profit from their investment. Lenoir was satisfied if he procured in exchange for his clever productions, new canvas, a supply of paint and of brushes, powder and shot, and vermillion, or other articles suited for presents, of which tobacco was the most important and valuable ingredient. In the hope of finding a ready market for his artistic wares, and perhaps of gaining some employment in portrait-painting, Pierre had visited New Mexico, and after a long journey had reached Chihuahua. It very soon, however, appeared, that the New Mexicans were either deficient in taste, or in the means of gratifying it; and that the few countrymen of Lenoir (who was a French creole† from Louisiana) were far too busily engaged in money-making, to be tempted to give him a sitting. Lenoir, in the hope of thus drawing a few customers, painted a very pretty señora, gratuitously; the señora was very proud of the honour, and shewed the portrait to all her acquaintance with much satisfaction; but the only advantage which Pierre derived from the picture was, a permit from the lady's husband to live rent free in the adobe hut, now occupied by the artist.

One principal cause of the great want of success experienced by Pierre, was the singular ignorance of the population; so little was, not

* In the United States, "Americans" is a word applied only to inhabitants of the United States. I have fallen into this habit. Why, however, Mexicans or Canadians should not come within this denomination, is a question for brother Jonathan to resolve.

† This expression is applied to all of French race, born in the Southern States.

and his resolute determination against

e evening, and Pierre rose from his ham-
ound his person, donned his sombrero,
cloth, and ornamented by a band of tinsel
forth into the open air. It was terrible to
ith hunger; and Pierre thought, and per-
e likely he should happen on a dinner by
him by lying in his wretched hut, awaiting
accidents.
adous arch of the great aqueduct which
er, and which tells of the departed glories
self within Chihuahua, the finest city in
ated near the southern base of a chain of
ountains, here forming a sort of crescent,
and with its large and magnificent cathe-
d public buildings, forms by no means an
dscape.
the streets, with his blanket concealing his
his eyes, Pierre soon gained the plaza, or
which is an elegant fountain opposite the
architectural grandeur anything of the kind
three sides were occupied by the shops of
foreign merchants, and to these our artist
late-hour system appears to be universally

others relative to manners in this country, Josiah
the Commerce of the Prairies. London: Wiley

popular in Chihuahua, since shopping—the favourite amusement of the ladies—chiefly takes place by candlelight, after the señoras have partaken of their chocolate and cigaritos. Both the streets and the shops are crowded from nine until ten, and often until a later hour, which is very disagreeable to the owners, who have great difficulty in preventing the pilfering propensities of some even of their fair visitors from being carried into effect.

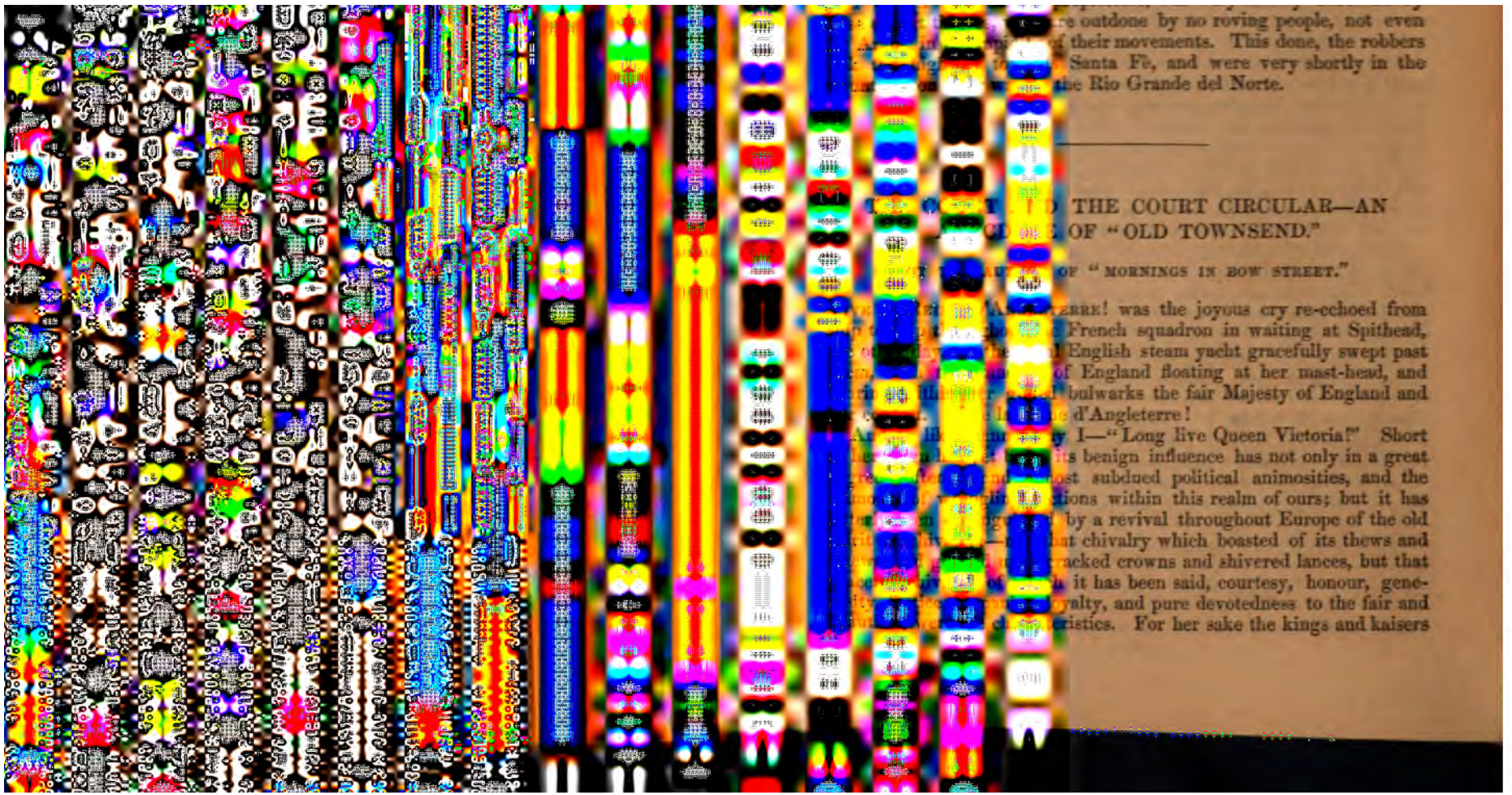
Pierre, pushing through the crowd, paused before the store of an American, of whom he had almost made up his mind to ask assistance. Still he paused. His hunger was great, but his pride was still greater; and it is quite probable Lenoir would have walked away ere he could have made up his mind to enter, when the aged attendant of a lady who was within advanced to the door, and judging from his appearance that he was a picaros, or loafer, loitering about in search of a job, addressed him with that politeness which is universal in Mexico between persons of every class, and inquired if the caballero would carry a parcel for her young mistress to her father's ranchero, outside the town? Pierre was about to reply somewhat indignantly, when it flashed across his mind that he might thus earn a meal, and accordingly he accepted. The old duenna returned into the shop, and soon reappeared, bearing a moderate sized parcel, and followed by a singularly beautiful young Mexican girl, in the act of adjusting her *reboso* over her face. Pierre, however, had time to be struck both by her extreme loveliness and by the graceful elegance of her costume.

Lenoir shouldered his parcel with a grim smile, though reflecting that in a town where he was a mere stranger, the act was one which could in nowise compromise his dignity. The young señora passed on in conversation with her duenna, from whose loud talk Pierre soon discovered that his fair employer was no less a personage than the daughter of the governor of the state and town of Chihuahua.

The young lady and her companion passed out of the town, and took their way along the high road to Santa Fè, on which was situated, about half a mile distant, a hacienda belonging to Don Emanuel Trias, the very excellent governor of Chihuahua.

Pierre was quite incapable of keeping pace with the señora—a fact which at first raised suspicions in the mind of the duenna; but a few words of conversation having betrayed that he was a foreigner, Margharita was reassured, and hurried after her mistress. At no great distance from the hacienda, the road skirted a grove of pinon, or scrub-pine, and a path passing more directly through this, Pierre took the shorter cut. Fatigue had now almost overcome him, and crying to the old woman that he would follow in an instant, he seated himself upon his bundle, to snatch a moment of rest. At this instant his ear caught the sound of coming horsemen, and, rising, his quick and experienced eye caught sight of a party of Apache Indians in the act of surrounding the señora, whom they instantly made a prisoner, slaying and scalping the duenna on the spot.

The Apache Indians live chiefly in the neighbourhood of the mountains lying between New Mexico and the States of Señora and Chihuahua—are expert horsemen—keep immense droves of those animals—and are surpassingly adroit in the use of the lance, and bow and arrow. They are a proud, independent, and brave tribe, and having had but little intercourse with the whites, are increasing in numbers.



re outdone by no roving people, not even
f their movements. This done, the robbers
Santa Fè, and were very shortly in the
he Rio Grande del Norte.

THE COURT CIRCULAR—AN
OF "OLD TOWNSEND."

OF "MORNINGS IN BOW STREET."

ERRE! was the joyous cry re-echoed from
French squadron in waiting at Spithead,
English steam yacht gracefully swept past
of England floating at her mast-head, and
bulwarks the fair Majesty of England and
d'Angleterre!
I—"Long live Queen Victoria!" Short
s benign influence has not only in a great
ost subdued political animosities, and the
tions within this realm of ours; but it has
by a revival throughout Europe of the old
at chivalry which boasted of its thews and
racked crowns and shivered lances, but that
it has been said, courtesy, honour, gene-
yalty, and pure devotedness to the fair and
eristics. For her sake the kings and kaisers

of the earth have become knights *errant*, and leaving their thrones and kingdoms to the care of councils and of deputies, they compass sea and land in quest of this one fair lady "throned by the West."

"From the four corners of the earth they come,
To seek this shrine—this mortal-breathing saint.
The Russian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Europa, are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come, greet VICTORIA!
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of Heaven, is no bar
To stop these foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to greet VICTORIA!!"

And well is it for the honour and renown of the court of once merrie England that it is so; for before these royal and imperial gallants took to coming hither, the English court seems to have been as dull and monotonous as an eremite could wish. If we are to pin our faith in courtly matters on that dull diary which is daily to be found alike in the heart of every newspaper, and denominated the Court Circular—the daily doings at the English court in general are dull enough, of all conscience; so dull, indeed, that the Court Circular which professes to narrate them, is dull as any day-book; and the Court Circular of Monday might be stereotyped for every other day in the week, and suffer no damage thereby. Save and except when one of these foreign kings is visiting here, go where you will, in every nine days out of every ten—at the breakfast-table, in the public library, in the tavern, or in the club-house—the common remark is, "How dreadfully dull the Court Circular is to-day!" Read it yourself, day by day, and, wearying of its sameness, you will think our sovereign lady's royal consort may e'en say with good King Henry, of that name the Sixth :—

"Ah, me! methinks it is a quiet life
To sit upon a bench, as I do now;
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run—
How many make the hour full complete—
How many hours bring about the day—
How many days will finish up the year—
How many years a mortal prince may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours may I take my rest,
So many hours must I take my walk,
So many hours may I disport myself
On horseback, or on foot, with Wem's, or Bowater;
Shooting the rabbits when they are in season,
Or reckoning up my stock on Norfolk farm;
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
So many weeks ere I shall shear the fleece;
Still, taking care to be at home to lunch,
At one, precisely."

I don't mean to say that the prince moralizes precisely in these terms, or precisely on such matters as these; but this is the melancholy complexion to which the dull dreary monotony of the Court Circular has reduced the court in the apprehension of people in general; and therefore it may not be amiss to say a few words on the origin of the Court Circular;—the why and the wherefore for its invention, and to

the head—Royal "Movements."
man-of-the-world enough to know that,
will prattle of;" but, as the lads say at
ring under the *surveillance* of a swarm of
day by day, were publishing their conjec-
of that, and by putting *this* and *that*
are's-nest for every day in the year; and
top to it altogether and forthwith. And
part of my discourse, to wit—a passage
."
ered along Pall Mall, and the stable-yard,
gh the Mall in the park of that ilk any
ng the fashionable season between 1820
does not well remember "Old Townsend,"
ous" Bow Street officer, in nankeen shorts
, with blue and white striped silk hose
oth dress-coat buttoned over his portly
refully invested in a neat marcella "vest;"
with a flaxen scratch, his flaxen scratch
mmed drab beaver, his drab beaver sur-
a drab riband, and full rosette, to corre-
raced with a handsome silver-headed stout
you have ever met such a man,—and no
always to be met with for many years at
mentioned, sometimes arm-in-arm with the
familiarly with Lord Sidmouth,—that man,
s "Old Townsend." George the Fourth
ohn;" by the ladies, he was called "Mister
cial favourite and a useful man to them—

as I mean to shew, sometime or other; by the great officers of state, and the cabinet ministers, he was also called Mister Townsend; but by the common sort, who delight to vulgarize everything, he was called "Old Townsend." In his younger days, he had been a student in shoe-blackingry, in his majesty's gaol of Newgate; from shoe-blacking, he elevated himself to coal-heaving, and in that profession he obtained the honour of being an odd man; from coal-heaving, he took to the gaol again, and became a trusty turnkey; from turning the key in Newgate, he turned Bow Street officer, and principal confidant of Sir Richard Birnie, Knight; from Bow Street he was advanced to the run of all the royal palaces, and became the intimate of royalty itself from George the Third down to William the Fourth; the consulting friend of all the lord chancellors, from Lord Loughborough down to Lord Eldon; the gratuitous adviser of all cabinet ministers, from Mr. Spencer Percival, Lord Sidmouth, &c., down to Sir Robert Peel; the favourite champion of the ladies generally; and, finally, he was the very man whom George the Fourth called in to aid, and assist him in establishing the COURT CIRCULAR!

"John, we want you," said Sir John M'Mahon, seizing Townsend by the button, as they accidentally met under the portico of Carlton House one morning, shortly after the passing of the Regency Act. Sir John M'Mahon was a small Irish gentleman, with a rather large and somewhat carbuncled nose; and he was, moreover, privy purse-bearer, and private secretary to his royal highness the prince regent. So, seizing Townsend by his button, as above related, he said to him, "John, we want you;" and Townsend, drawing himself up to his full height — five feet four, or thereabout — replied, "Werry good, Sir John."—"We want your assistance," continued Sir John, "in a matter which must be instantly attended to—*instantly*—do you understand me?"

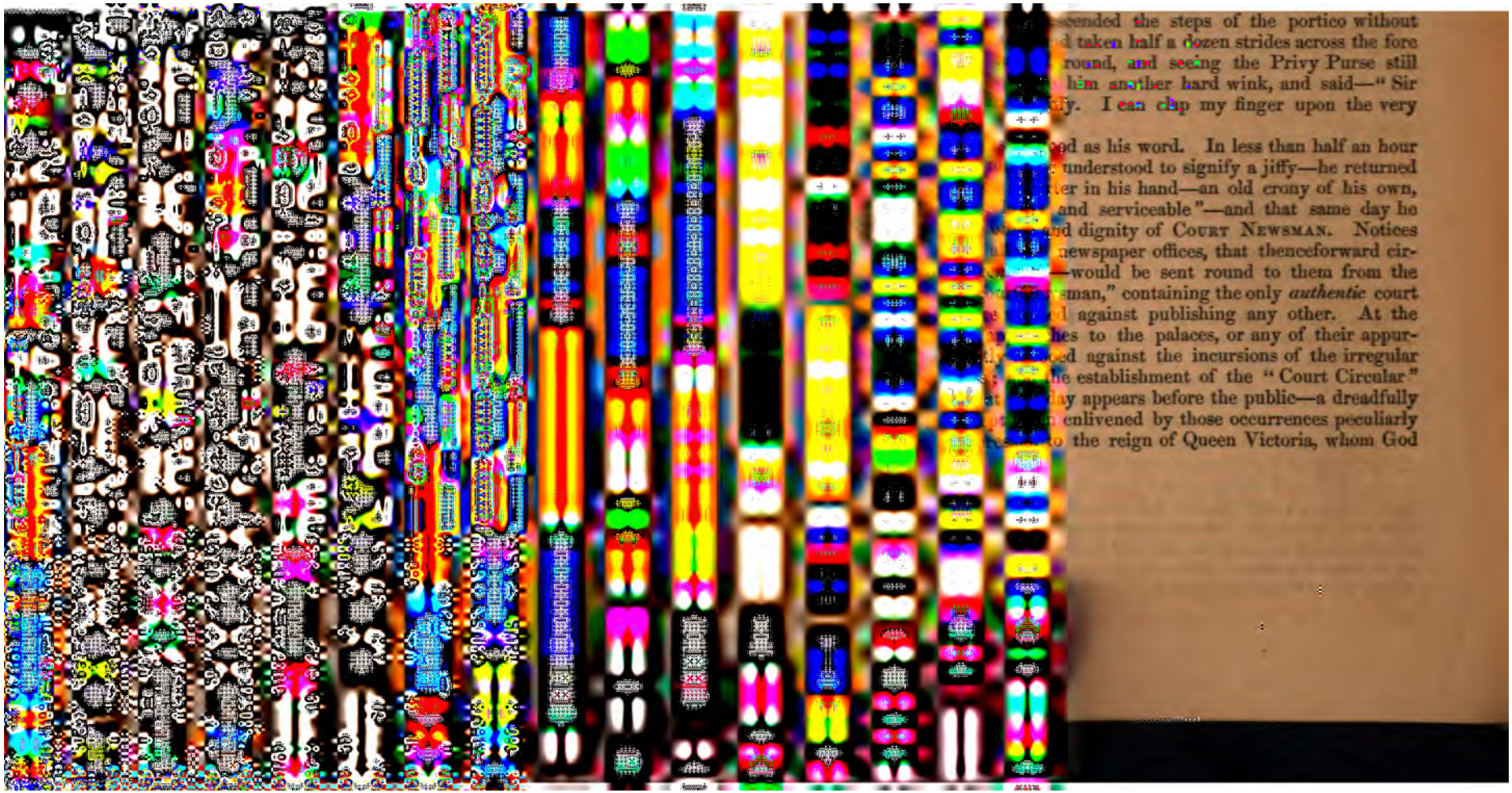
"*Understand* you, Sir John!" replied Townsend—"to be sure I do; and I'm always at your service, Sir John, or his royal highness' either; and you may always ——"

"Ay, ay, I know all that, Townsend; but do be so good as listen to me for a moment," replied Sir John, interrupting him, and giving the button a very earnest twitch, by way of bespeaking instant attention, —"do pray listen to me."

"Listen to *you*, Sir John!" exclaimed Townsend. "It's my *duty* to listen to *you*, as the privy purse and private secretary of his royal highness, who is a-holding of the royal authority, during his poor old father's illness. God bless 'em both, I say!"

Whereupon, he gave his broad beaver a jaunty cant on one side, and struck the pavement energetically with the brass-shod point of his Malacca cane, by way of giving more point to his speech, I suppose, at the same moment sticking his left arm boldly akimbo, and darting all the lustre of his keen grey eyes full on the private secretary's ruby countenance, and ending with a wink so significant, that it drew his right cheek an inch higher than the left. It was the reconciliatory wink with which the Townsend invariably let himself down from the proud attitude he assumed whenever he thought his knowledge of his *duty* was in question.

The Privy Purse understood it, and proceeded.



scended the steps of the portico without
d taken half a dozen strides across the fore
round, and seeing the Privy Purse still
him another hard wink, and said—"Sir
y. I can clap my finger upon the very

od as his word. In less than half an hour
understood to signify a jiffy—he returned
er in his hand—an old crony of his own,
and serviceable"—and that same day he
d dignity of COURT NEWSMAN. Notices
newspaper offices, that thenceforward cir-
—would be sent round to them from the
man," containing the only *authentic* court
l against publishing any other. At the
hes to the palaces, or any of their appur-
d against the incursions of the irregular
he establishment of the "Court Circular"
y appears before the public—a dreadfully
enlivened by those occurrences peculiarly
o the reign of Queen Victoria, whom God

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

HUNT—BROWN—BENNET.

Imagination and Fancy; or, Selections from the English Poets, with an Essay, in answer to the question, "What is Poetry?" By Leigh Hunt. Smith and Elder.

The Star of Attéghéi; and other Poems. By Frances Brown. Moxon.

The Poetess; and other Poems. By Georgiana Bennet. Longman.

Before we turn to the first of these three volumes—to the contemplation of those greatest names in English poetry, which, in relation to their associated excellences of imagination and fancy, are now illustrated in the choice critical prose of a poet who has attained the high fortune of "numbering his name with theirs"—we propose to draw a deserved regard to two efforts, not of the same lofty character, but having something lovely in them, as well from the interest attaching to youth and sex, as from their own aspirations.

The fervent fluent verses which some time ago introduced Miss Bennet to the poetical reader, are followed, in this little volume, by pieces somewhat similar in tone, though differing, for the greater part, in subject, as the chief portions of this collection are tinctured by a strong religious feeling. This pervading principle shews itself strikingly in the opening poem—picturing the wild dreams, passionate aspirings, and solemn communings with nature of a devoted girl, who achieves early the fame she intensely covets, and instantly awakens to a sense of the utter nothingness of life and the exclusive influences of religion. All is vanity on earth; and the step to another state of being is represented to be bitter disappointment in this. The out-pourings of a gifted glowing mind, so unnaturally clouded, are characterized frequently by equal energy and tenderness. That such a subject so considered, and illustrated as it here is with passages of graceful though gloomy reflection, with a fervent earnestness that always impresses, and a spirit of piety which, though indicated in the form of fiction, is unmistakably sincere, will have its influence on many orders of the poetical, as on numbers who are not, there can be on doubt; for the "most musical, most melancholy," will always have its charm. But the most sombre, solitary, world-shunning muse that ever wept day and night over the earth because graves must be dug in it, may easily recollect that a churchyard is not a parish, and that gardens, besides being more poetical than moors, are also more plentiful in this civilized world, wherein we all have our being.

Besides, the young muse, whose sad, melodious chime we are now in sympathy commending to the ear of the reader, sad as she is, is always happiest and most influential when singing, in a lively, ardent key, of the affections which inspire her. There is a feeling of filial piety, rising to rapture in some of the expressions, that touches the heart, and prompts the wish that the future essay of the "poetess" should be of a simple and domestic character, worked out in a story.

The character of Frances Brown's poetry, the quality of her mind, the nature of her pretensions to be heard—above all, the peculiarities of her personal and social condition, and the circumstances under which she grew, from blind infancy into the capacity to see all the universe at a glance, as the poet's eye can do—these are so utterly opposed to every association which the experienced reader must have of such ordinary and inauspicious-looking stories as "Stars of Attéghéi," that it would be quite impossible for him to guess who Frances Brown may be. We can tell him at once: that she is a writer of no common powers, of extremely uncommon experiences; and a poet little short, in her own personal history, of a personified romance.

There is enough in this volume to interest us, without hearing a syllable of the author of it; still the reader must learn some particulars which cannot but

move him. Miss Brown is the daughter of a post-master in an Irish village, where (county Donegal) she was born in the year 1816. When quite an infant, she lost her sight by the small-pox. She never received any regular education; but at seven years old, heard a presbyterian sermon, the unintelligible words in which set her thinking. From that time, she inquired the meaning of words new to her, treasured them in her memory, overheard her young brothers repeating their lessons, and, saying the same after them, often learned the task before they did. Then she managed to borrow a book or two, and afterwards a few more—"Robinson Crusoe," and the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," amongst them—and these, when read to her, made an unfading impression. Well they might; for her practice was to lie awake in the silence of the night, and repeat them all over to herself. From these, she got, through a series of impediments that must have been fatal to most efforts, to an acquaintance with the "Universal History," outlines of geography, translations of some of the classics, and, at length, to a degree of general knowledge and acquirement absolutely astonishing in one so environed with difficulty.

At last, verse-writing began; but the "Iliad," and "Childe Harold," created, successively, such ideas of the grandeur of poetry, that verse-burning followed; and it was not until long afterwards, when, by the course of accident, a chance spark seems to have re-lit the extinguished flame, that the products of her fine and fertile mind, embodied in the poetry before us, were cultivated and wrought out. Some pieces within these two or three years were sent to the "Irish Penny Journal," and the "Athenæum;" hence, encouragement, curiosity, and happier exertion. For the history thus outlined, related by herself with a simplicity that exhibits accuracy of statement and frankness of character in every line, we advise the reader to turn to the volume.

There, too, he will find many pieces, which ask not the slightest indulgence of the critical reader, on account of loss of sight, or want of advantages in other respects. He may leave all these obstacles quite unconsidered, and yet find no defect that is not either lost or lessened in the shining light of a neighbouring beauty. But, on the other hand, when the condition of the author is remembered—her blindness from early infancy, and her knowledge of books gained without having ever seen the alphabet of her language—the stores of knowledge she has acquired greatly exalt her in estimation; while in her advances towards the grand elevations, and into the deep and lovely recesses of poetry, we see the natural impulses of a being who, in the phrase which she says is common in her country, writes "for the love of the thing."

We cannot analyze this volume, or specify favourites, except so far as to state a decided preference for the shorter pieces over the principal poem, which, nevertheless, abounds in terse, graceful, and vigorous passages. But many of her verses have moved us, by their powerful emotion and thoughtful beauty; and her character, so far as these tokens of feeling and intellect illustrate it, wins, in an eminent degree, our interest and respect.

In the essay which introduces the selections from the most imaginative and fanciful of our poets, Leigh Hunt has ventured to answer the question "What is poetry?" We are told, on grave authority, that to define madness, is to be nothing else but mad; so to define poetry, should be nothing else but poetical; yet—although the admirable definition, now for the first time given, is indeed poetical in one sense, and that in a high degree—yet is it in another sense "eminently mathematical"—exact, formal, and logical, as a schoolman who is no poet at all could desire.

Poetry is shewn to be "the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power;" "whose means are, whatever the universe contains, and whose ends, pleasure and exaltation." In developing this principle, the expositor proceeds, by the nicest and closest steps, to his conclusion, drawing proof out of proof, and joining link to link, in a chain-like glass, so bright and clear is the continuous argument. In the end, we accept the answer as final, and admit that the exposition has made that lucid, intelligible, and demonstrative to the judgment, which had only been previously familiar, in an indefinite form, to feeling and speculation.

If no author have secured to himself a better right to pronounce upon such a subject than Leigh Hunt, none we are sure could have spoken regarding it with a happier union of delicacy in language and force in reasoning. The entire illustration consists of harmonious sentences, equally exact in structure, and beautiful in sound; and rarely indeed do we discern, in the same writing, so rich and elegant a flow, with such remarkable precision. Largely as admiration has recognised the felicitous passages of Hunt's prose writings, it can scarcely have lit before on so marked a combination of simplicity and power, as we find in the opening pages of the essay.

As it advances, the poets come to his aid, and he answers the question, "What is poetry?" by sprinkling freely the brightest drops caught from the perpetual fountains of imagination and fancy. Homer and Dante, Chaucer and Spenser, Milton and Shakspeare, Dryden and Coleridge, are cited to prove what poetry is; whilst, in smaller compass, out of the pages of the ungifted, or the half-gifted, he proves, with exquisite humour and consummate art, what it is not!

The selections are necessarily from authors about whom Leigh Hunt has written frequently before, in essays and criticisms innumerable. He is not likely to have brought any new views of Milton or Ariosto to startle the unsuspecting reader; nor does he profess to have found out a hitherto undiscovered faculty in the all-accomplished Shakspeare. Yet the very freshness of youth, and a novel earnestness and sense of enjoyment in the feast of nectared sweets spread continuously before us, pervades the commentary to the last page; and the critical notes on the great masters—the profound and graceful strictures—the sustained, but guarded enthusiasm, tracing and contrasting their various grand qualities and degrees, as illustrators of imagination and fancy—manifest such a spring and vivacity, as denote the unabated working of a "first love," speaking not in eager rapturous lispings, but in matured and full-voiced contemplation.

The authors, of whom we have excellent critical notices, with selections from their divinest stores of imaginative and fanciful beauty, are Spenser, Marlowe, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Decker, Webster, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. The passages from their writings are partly printed in italic; they are marked, that is to say, at points of paramount beauty, and lines of peculiar emphasis, whether for music or meaning, but in most instances, for both, as such passages have been marked in the contributions to our own pages. The volume therefore shews "what sort of poetry is to be considered as poetry of the most poetical kind."

To any, then, who may love the poetry of imagination and fancy, can we commend a daintier, a more delightful book? These markings of the lines most rare and rich, by a hand so accomplished by knowledge, and unerring in its taste on such especial points, must be highly useful indications and helps to many readers; to many more, they may offer agreeable confirmations of that impression of pre-eminent beauty which had already noted their superiority. And as for the lines that are not in italics, such delicacy, strength, and brilliancy are possessed by all the illustrative passages crowded into these pages, that the large-minded reader may as well mark them for himself, and crown the editorial work by a beautiful excess.

One point of novelty we notice, in connexion with the view herein taken of the masterly powers of Coleridge, of whose greatness, it would appear, our critic has acquired in recent years a deepened and enlarged perception. These portions of the work are among the most acceptable; but, truly, "Genevieve" almost put the marking principle at fault, for it claims to be all italic! As much as any work with which beneficent genius has ennobled and gladdened a grateful world, does that verse claim to be received as "entire and perfect chrysolite."

A pleasant intimation is held out—its value to ourselves will depend partly on the reception of the present offering. Should this be accepted, Leigh Hunt proposes corresponding volumes, to consist of the Poetry of Action and Passion, the Poetry of Contemplation, the Poetry of Wit and Humour, and the Poetry of Song! All honey, yet ever uncloying!

A TRIAD OF SONNETS

ON WILSON'S PICTURE OF "SOLITUDE."

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

[LEIGH HUNT observes, in the work we have been discussing, that poetry includes, amongst other things, "whatsoever of painting can be made visible to the mind's eye," but that it far surpasses that divine art "in suggestiveness, range, and intellectual wealth." In the following sonnets with which we have been favoured, an early and graceful effort is made to pay, in the true spirit of poetry, homage to painting. "Poetry loves, and is proud of painting," says the critic. The young poet has anticipated the sentiment, by the ardour of his feeling and the purity of his taste. These sonnets are stamped with an excellence, which is to be valued the more for the rich promise growing and blossoming out of it—a promise, or, we should rather say, an assurance of future honour to the youthful inheritor of a name, which has long since, by his father's contributions and services to literature, won distinction.]

I.

A LITTLE dell of leaves, shut-in and still;
  Primeval, dim, o'ergrown with grass and weeds,
  Which year by year increase; where often feeds
The slimy snail, taking his damp, rank fill:—
Close by, a stream, with listless waters chill,
  Hides, darkling, 'neath an old low arch, that breeds
  Within its crumbling joints, from self-sown seeds,
Wild ivy plants dipping into the rill.

In such a place as this, which seems as though
  It had not alter'd since the world was made,
  (So moveless are all things within the shade,)
Great Petrarch oft saw Laura's beauties glow,
  And made immortal love in ecstasy
  Amidst the silence 'neath the laurel tree.

II.

'Tis a fit nook for meditative men:—
  A region of neglect, o'erhung with gloom,
  Yet nursing in its shadow many a bloom
Worthy of gardens to be denizen.
A pillar'd grotto once was in this glen,
  And sculptures strange; but see how hungry Doom
  Hath gnawn them half away; and, o'er them, loom
Thick willow boughs, arch'd like a dusky den.

Tread piously! No God-outstaring crime
  May ever in this tranquil spot alight:
  The aged trees look fatherly; and the bright
Deep sapphire sky bends over them sublime,
  And seems to say in its mute language clear,—
  "Come, see the wealth of leaves forgotten here!"

III.

Arches, and towers, and sylvan palaces,
  And fretted domes, upon whose summits hung
  Low clouds; and column'd avenues, which rung
With idle feet in long-past centuries,—
All—all are gone, like vagrant summer breeze.—
  In ancient times, fierce Pagan hymns were sung
  Within this grove; and censers were upswung
In sacrificial rites, beside these very trees.

Now different now! The doctrine, calm and bright,
Of Christ, hath scared that darkness quite away;
  Yon see, far off, under a cirque of leaves,
Where convent walls stand like a smile of light,
And cowled monks with reverence obey
  The laws of Him who mankind's doom reprieves.

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

ONE OF MR. WEBSTER'S REJECTED COMEDIES.

BY VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

[The fact of this Comedy having been constructed upon the ancient Greek model—with which, probably, few of Mr. Webster's judges were acquainted—may partly account for its rejection.]

PROMETHEUS..... A Traverser.
FORCE ..... } Turnkeys.
CONSTRAINT..... }
VULCAN ..... Governor of the Richmond Penitentiary.
OCEANUS..... Mayor of Cork.
CHORUS ..... Of Fishwives.
MESSENGERS..... First, Second, Third, and Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Tent in the Garden of the Richmond Penitentiary.* PROMETHEUS *discovered polishing a Repeal Button with his coat-sleeve.*

PROM. Well! Here I'm fast, if Wylde can't get me out—
And getting plaguy pale, and dreadful stout.
Bother that Smith—I thought 'twas all "my eye;"
But since you're in, Prometheus, don't say die!
(*Bangs himself on the chest, by way of encouragement.*)
In history you'll make a perfect figure,
As sure as royal Sheba was a nigger.
The Rent's progressing, too; and Joinville may
Be batt'ring the Sassenach any day.
He's a raal tar—that boy! But now, let's see,
What Ireland sends her Martyr'd Son—that's me!
(*Winks at the pit, and pulls out a list, which he peruses with the aid of spectacles.*)
A haunch of venison, nine Westphalia hams,
And sixteen pots of marmalade, and jams;
Six pair of worsted socks, twelve ditto, cotton;
Six dozen mellow pears—the divil! rotten—
Rotten, they mane; a green silk morning gown,
And an Address, from Ladies of the Town
Of Dublin, with a mighty aysy chair.

Enter FIRST MESSENGER.

Me lard, they've jist elected ye—Lard Mayor.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Me lard, a Deputation from the Bakers of Dublin, with a monstrous cake.

THIRD MESSENGER.

Me lard, a Deputation from the Liffey's Fishermen, with salmons, and good wishes.

FOURTH MESSENGER.

Me lard, a couple of old women——

PROM. Hold!
Henceforth, let elderlings be not so bold;
We like 'em young and plummy.
(*Old ladies aside.*)
Divil doubt ye;
But young and plummy ones can do without ye.
(*Exeunt old ladies in a huff.*)

Enter CHORUS, *bringing in a sturgeon.*

Ocean's chiefest strong-box we—
Rifling with our net the key—
Plunder'd have; and hasten now,
With the sea-weed on our brow,
Heralding a royal prize
To Prometheus' longing eyes.

From the greenest ocean deeps,
Where the rolling porpoise sleeps—
Where the sulky turbot grows—
Where the snoring walrus blows,
He had wander'd; but we caught him,
And, like winkin', here have brought him.

Dublin haddocks are no food
For Prometheus, great and good!
No pal-doodie,* ever yet,
Worthy was of Ireland's Pet!
Sturgeon, sturgeon, suits his naythur,
With a trifle of the craythur.

PROM. I thank ye, ladies. Will ye take a drink?
Be dads! I told ye ye were thirsty; think,
How beautiful is whisky on the sly,
When Timperance and Mathew are not by!
The more by token, when I took the pledge,
I kiss'd no book, but jist me thumb-nail's edge.
Ye've brought a most uncommon splendid baste—
Royal, they say! The compliment's good taste.
And now, I'll tell ye. If I hadn't spent,
Within two hundred of my next month's Rent,
I'd make your fortins, dears!
(*Kisses his hand to ladies, who retire.*)
Bye, bye—be off,
And tell your friends, I'm aysier of me cough.

SCENE II.—*Enter* OCEANUS, *Mayor of Cork.*

OCEANUS. Och! tear and ages—what a jaunting car
The divils gave me. Faith, I'll not be far
From broken-back'd to-morrow; for a tizzy,
I'll never stick, but hire a wizzy-wizzy,†
And rumble back again to Cork in state.

PROM. Mornin', Oceanus. Ye'll take a sate
After your journey, and a drop of thim
Raal Irish sperets?
(*Hands him the whisky-bottle.*)

OCEANUS, (*politely.*) Will a duck, sir, swim?
(*Oceanus drinks.*)

Enter CHORUS.

They bid us cringe to Saxon yoke,
And bow to Saxon laws;
They bid us speak, as cowards spoke,
Who betray'd the cause.
The cause Fitzgerald sigh'd for,
The cause that Emmett died for,
That the lover left the bride for,

* Pal-doodie, an excellent Irish oyster. † Wizzy-wizzy—vis-à-vis.

By a cold hearth stone;
The sacred cause of Ninety-eight,
That arm'd the humble and the great,
And, failing, left us desolate,
Cheerless, and lone!

But we'll not do 't—we'll not do 't,
Though all the world combine;
Chains cannot bind the patriot mind,
And Ireland, dear, 'tis thine!
On Tara's Hill we'll muster still,
In spite of all their bands;
And at Clontarf, yon grinning calf,
With oak-staves in our hands,
Prometheus shall lead us,
No longer in vain.
He freed us—he freed us,
We'll free him again.
Och, honey! won't we?

OCEANUS. Will ye jist be aysy;
Ye're fit to drive the Liberator crazy.
Be off, this minute, or else stow your talk,
And let me rade him an Address from Cork.
(OCEANUS *reads the Address.*)
To the much persecuted, admired, illustrious,
Periwig-pated, and robustious;
Friend, Father, Agitator, Rent-collector,
The Poor Man's Guardian, Banker, and Protector,
The Mayor and Corporation of Cork city,
Greeting. That you're a prisoner, more's the pity!

CHORUS *interrupting,*

Hurroo—hurroo!
A fig for you,
Mayor of Cork! Mayor of Cork!
If you're grumpy,
Stupid humpy,
Pray you walk—pray you walk!

For Cork is a broth of a city,
As ever you'd see upon land;
And the mayor, for a bumpkin, is witty,
And sits, when he's too drunk to stand.

PROM. Ladies, behave yourselves; I'm quite ashamed
To hear such little imperfections named.
The mayor's a true Repaler; and is sent
To sooth my feelings, and increase my Rent.
Judge then, if patriotic wonder struck me dumb,
To hear ye spake, before he'd named the sum.

CHORUS.

We bow to thy decision,
Most beautiful—most strong;
And crave thy high permission,
To own that we are wrong.
For thou art he, must make us free,
Though Britain thunder, "No;"
And Erin's steed, at fullest speed,

Rushing to battle—
In the spirit-stirring cause
Of religion, rights, and laws—
Must stop, when thou say'st, "Woh!"
Though shots round him rattle,
And before him stands the foe.

Enter VULCAN *in a great hurry, attended by* FORCE *and* CONSTRAINT, *his turnkeys.*

VULCAN. Me lard, you're out. The five law lards have told
The other lards, that Smith has miss'd his hold
Of ye, this time.

PROM. Kind Vulcan, say you so!
Oceanus, your hand. My boy, d'ye know,
I'm lawyer still enough for nine such fellows.

OCEANUS, (*listening.*) Hark! How the joyful population bellows.

PROM. (*with much vivacity.*) Send for my car. Bid Smith O'Brien come:
Blow every trumpet, and beat every drum!

Exeunt omnes, with the exception of CHORUS, *who chant as follows;*

CHORUS.

He is out—he is out!
Come, pass the glass about,
And send for the Liberator's chair.
For, let what will hap, hap;
In his Liberator's cap
And button—he must take the air—
And button—he must take the air!

Oh, Father Tom Maguire,
Is it jist as ye desire?
Umbrellas to the left—in a row;
And the jaunting cars so grand,
In line, as if on stand;
And us, singing—Bloody end to the Saxon, oh!
And us, singing—Bloody end to the Saxon, oh!

And is it to your mind,
With the breechless boys behind,
And the mayor and corporation in the front?
All—hip, hip, hip, hoor-a-a-a-ing,
Like Balaam's ass, a-braying;
And determined any sodger to confront—
And determined any sodger to confront!

Oh, isn't it a sight,
To turn a black eye white!
To say him winkin' round to the Boys,
While Erin's harpers strumming,
As the Liberator's coming,
And delighting all our echoes with his noise—
And delighting all our echoes with his noise!

Then, hoorrah, for Denman's law!
And three cheers for Campbell's jaw,
And our compliments to Lyndhurst and Brougham;
But let 'em keep away,
On the Saxon side the say,
Or their friends will be better of their room—
Or their friends will be better of their room!

ABRAHAM'S FATHERLAND.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

[We have much pleasure in citing the following just tribute to Mr. Francis Ainsworth's deserts from a notice of his "*Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks,*" contained in a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette*. The appeal should not be made in vain. As one of the most intelligent and enterprising officers connected with the Euphrates Expedition, and as its historian, Mr. Francis Ainsworth has the highest claims for compensation of his labours, and we trust they will no longer remain unconsidered. All the other officers have been rewarded. He is the only one overlooked.—W. H. A.]

"Having thus cursorily noticed a small volume, but of sterling historical value, and great geographical importance—a volume not merely of book-research and learning, but distinguished for personal enterprise and eminent talent, we could wish to say a few words of its author, whose name, Francis Ainsworth, will be in all time to come associated, as his most complete elucidator, with that of Xenophon. We have often, as was the bounden duty of a journal like ours, raised our voice in appeal against the neglect of literary men, our known and valued contemporaries. Among the number to whom we could point, we must consider Mr. Francis Ainsworth to be a striking example. One of the foremost in the country courageously and successfully to throw himself into the midst of its dangers, and grapple with the appalling cholera when it first shewed itself in England, and since then the writer of scientific works of high ability,—the explorer of the Euphrates and Tigris, and the fearless traveller in Kurdistan,—bringing forward (as in the present case) the masses of novel information which his skill, intelligence, and bravery accumulated, to enlighten the public,—whilst almost every individual of his deserving companions, in only portions of those labours and perils, have enjoyed some honour and reward in the national services to which they belonged,—Mr. Francis Ainsworth has not had a single acknowledgment or mark of favour from any quarter bestowed upon him for achievements which redound to the credit of his age and native land. Out of the ordinary line of naval, military, or civil promotion, it seems never to have occurred to the dispensers of the 'good things,' that such a person, for such deeds, deserved to be selected from the herd, and have his worth appreciated. 'Tis long deferred, but we hope not too late!"—*Literary Gazette, Nov.* 9.

gives a distance of three Roman miles
Cappadox (Gok Su), twenty-three from
four to Zeugma; but the same not always
, gives elsewhere (v., cap. 24) seventy-
nce of Zeugma from Samosata. Rum-
dern building, and its existence does not
der geographers—while it would be easy
facts, that the city of Apamea, and the
Tigranes caused Cleopatra, surnamed
eventy years B.C.), and which Pliny and
ma, but Strabo opposite to Samosata—
of Birch, or Birtha, "the embattled
attached to that city, and ever celebrated
time of the Crusades. Ptolemy, in his
Upper Euphrates, has no notice of such
cia—names which had but a temporary
were from the same vanity which, for a
with its Antiochs, its Seleucias, Apameas,

is pent up between perpendicular cliffs,
difficult; but some distance beyond, we
recipices retreated a little from the river,
in height, and where a town, somewhat to
lf, built upon the face of the cliff—half
, rising in successive ledges, tier above
carious, with a narrow way, just feasible
-zag manner from one ledge to another,
s reached.
imagine none but rock-pigeons living in
than a defect in our western knowledge.

It is no difficulty in the East where, to this day, the rock-dwelling is a familiar part of the economy of the people; and the idea of such is so interwoven into the imagery of Scripture, as almost to become a special feature in its language.

In the present instance they were tenanted, as is most frequently the case, by Christians—Armenians by birth; and the actual name of the place, Aïanha, attested at once to its antiquity, being apparently the same as the Aniana of Ptolemy, which he places near Porsica, and the site of which I recognised on another journey, at the neighbouring Yaïlash.

After traversing this troglodytic town, to the no small amusement of its secluded inhabitants, we took a south-easterly, or nearly retrograde direction across the plain, for a distance of only a few miles, to an Armenian village, bearing the same name, although sometimes distinguished as Dibbin. There were extensive vineyards around this otherwise stony spot; and its inhabitants supplied Port William with wine, so that our reception was most hospitable. Ruins of an old Christian church, and many other fragments of antiquity were met with around this place; where were also those curious pear-shaped cavities, the entrance to which is blocked up by a single large stone, and which Xenophon notices as reservoirs for wine in former times; but they do not appear to have been ever used for such purposes since the spread of Islamism.

The following day, we travelled to a village called Narsis, close by which was an artificial tel, or mound; and up an adjacent valley, watered by a small rivulet, were some cliffs, with excavated grottoes, both rock dwellings and sepulchral. This was, evidently, also a site of antiquity, and its name recalls that of several Armenian kings of note.

On this day's journey, while passing under some rocks, which overhung the river, so as to force us into its stream, Eden's sword fell out of its scabbard, and the waters were so deep, and the current so rapid, that we could not recover it. The present inhabitants of Narsis were Kurds, of quiet and hospitable manners.

Beyond this, we got into more open country, passing an occasional market-place, called Eidle Bazar, where was a ferry on the river, leading, probably, to the site of Urema, an episcopacy of the middle ages, situate, according to Cellarius, between Samosata and the junction of the Singa River, called by its Macedonian name of Marsyas by Pliny. A little above this, a mass of shingly rock rose up at a bend of the river to a height of about a thousand feet, after which another curve led by a holy tomb, called Jemjemé, to Kantarah, a poor village of Kurds, opposite to Someïsat. After taking up our quarters at this place, we were ferried over to the exhibition of Turk poverty and decay, which now characterizes the once proud capital of the kings of Commagena.

We had a rather long interview with the governor, to whom Lynch presented a pair of pistols, and who, in return, was uncommonly obsequious; and we then walked through the town, which contains about four hundred houses of Kurds and Turkomans, with a scattering of Osmanli officials, and a few Armenian tradesmen, to the great mound, on which, probably, once stood the acropolis of the kings, and which is still crowned by the remains of ruined walls. This, indeed, with a few

marble fragments of columns, hewn stones, &c., to be met with here and there, and traces of the great aqueduct, by which the luxurious citizens, or a monarch's whim, brought the cold waters of the river of Claudias (Kakhtah), a distance of ten miles by the side of the less esteemed Euphrates, are all that remain to attest the existence of this once renowned city.

Pompous marriages, not always happy in their results, were celebrated at this spot, to unite, by more intimate alliances, countries ever alternating between wars and intrigues, which the power and genius of Pompey failed to find a solution to. As a Christian episcopacy, Samosata also became a hot bed of innovations, denounced as heretical by a jealous supremacy; but learning must have flourished even under such adverse circumstances, for it not only boasts of Lucian and Paul of Samosata among its illustrious names, but, according to Armenian tradition, it was here that Saint Mesrop obtained, by incessant prayer, the gift of the Armenian letters, and this so late as A.D. 406; it is a pity, for the steady progress of civilization, that they did not at such a time adopt the Latin alphabet.

Samosata lies in a beautiful open valley of the Euphrates, has a delightful climate, and a fertile soil, with abundance of water, and, therefore, with unlimited resources for a civilized people, and a good government. The passage at this place was distinguished, in ancient times, as the Zeugma of Commagena, and the Antonine and Theodosian tables have several roads leading to it. We corrected, on this occasion, a great error, still extant in all maps and geographies, and derived from mis-statements of the ancients, that it is at this point that the river Euphrates, after having had hitherto always a south-westerly course, assumes a south-easterly one—the fact is, that it flows onwards towards the Mediterranean, till it arrives at Rum-Kal'eh, where it takes its south-easterly bend, and from which curve, Mela was led to say, "Ni obstet Taurus in nostra Maria venturus."

It had gone abroad that a Hakim was of the party, and on our return to Kantarah, a native came, and without saying a word, threw himself full length at my feet. Upon raising him hastily, blushing to see humanity so prostrated, I found he was suffering under an inveterate leprosy, which left but little in my power to do for his relief.

A long ride of upwards of thirty miles across the ancient kingdom of Osrhoene, so called from Chosroes of Armenia, took us, in one day, from Samosata to Urfah, the ancient capital of the country. Advancing from the river's banks, the outline of country was at first tame, but it soon became broken up by volcanic ridges and cones, with deep intervening valleys, producing cereal grains, cotton, olives, and grapes; and these are succeeded, on approaching Urfah, by long lines of rock terraces and narrow valleys, which ultimately expand, to receive the city itself. On approaching the same, from the west, or from Bireh-jik, the country is more stony and naked, and the pathway difficult; but to the southward, the low, level plains of Mesopotamia extend from the foot of the hills, designated after the mighty hunter Nimrod, and from the gates of the town, to beyond the utmost boundaries of the visible horizon, giving to this ancient place a situation almost unequalled for splendour and magnificence.

Urfah, in its modern condition, has been carefully described by Mr.

Buckingham, who gives the length and breadth of the bazars, and a correct history of the contents thereof. It is a walled city, the circuit of its walls extending from two and a half to three miles; but the citadel, and many public buildings, including barracks and caravanserais, besides suburbs and extensive gardens, are without the walls. The vast mezars, or burial-grounds, common to all Mohammedan towns, with their various tombs, from the humble pillar supporting a sculptured turban to the lofty but ruinous imam, are also on the outskirts, and are here backed by far-stretching rock terraces, dotted with innumerable sepulchral grottoes.

The castle, which defends and commands the city, is a noble ruin, occupying the whole of a rocky ridge, a quarter of a mile long. It is defended on one side by a ditch, a work of great labour, and on the other by the steepness of the ascent. The interior is a mass of disorderly ruin, out of which two Corinthian columns still rear their lofty shafts; and I would call the attention of future travellers to an old inscription on a detached block lying near to these pillars, and which I made a vain attempt to copy, on a subsequent visit to the same city, in 1840.

Urfah is celebrated for its abundant springs of water; one of these, which I did not visit, is some distance from the town, and presents, as was related to us, the peculiar phenomena of gushing out at intervals with a roaring noise. This fountain supplies the stream called Daisan by the Syrians, and Scirto by the Greeks, both alluding to its sudden rises, and which have been known to occasion great damages, as related by Assemanni, from Denys, patriarch of the Jacobites, and confirmed by Evagrius, and other writers of the middle ages.

The other springs, two or three in number, have their origin in the valley between the castle hill, and the rise upon which the town is built. These sources are surrounded by shady groves, amid which they form ponds, and part of the waters is carried off by artificial canals to a marble reservoir in front of the mosque of Abraham—one of the most graceful and elegant specimens of Saracenic architecture to be met with in the East.

It was from the beautiful position of these waters, that the Greeks gave to Urfah the frequent designation of Callirhoe; but it is very uncertain if this is the city of that name to whose *thermal* waters Herod is made to repair, according to Josephus, in the Arabian mountains, beyond the Jordan. Certain it is, however, that, on the occasion of my second visit, in 1840, I examined closely the temperature of these springs, and found them to be above what may be considered as the mean temperature of the place, and therefore slightly thermal. Indeed, they never freeze, although the frosts at Urfah are often severe, as they preserve, in the midst of winter, a temperature equal to 69½ Fahrenheit.

The sacred fish, which abound in these reservoirs—descendants, according to the traditions of the place, of the fish beloved by Abraham, but more probably a propagation of the ancient Syrian worship of the principle of fecundity—are not, it may be observed, carp, but barbel; nor are they fed upon *vegetables and leaves*, purchased for that purpose—at least, in the present day—but upon roast grains of maize, and other good things, sold upon the terrace of the reservoir. Buckingham estimates the number of fish at 20,000. It would be rather difficult to test the accuracy of such an estimate.

We did not fail, while at Urfah, to inquire concerning the tradition of our Saviour's correspondence with Abgar, and the transmission to that prince of a kerchief with the portrait of our Lord impressed upon it. We were shewn, at the Armenian Cathedral, after some demur, evidently occasioned by the fear of ridicule, a kerchief upon which our Saviour's face, according to the modern ideas of the divine countenance borrowed from Raphael, and by him from the apocryphal letter to Tiberius, was imprinted. They, however, merely stated this to be a copy of the original, which they said was lost in the miraculous spring before described. According to ecclesiastical tradition, however, the original was sold by the Saracens to the court of Constantinople for the sum of 12,000 pounds weight of silver, the redemption of two hundred Mussulman captives, and a perpetual truce for the territory of Urfah.

This Abgar, called Abgarus and Augarus by the Latins and Greeks, was the second of the dynasty, whose history has been illustrated by Bayer, in his work called "*Historia Osrhoena et Edessena ex nummis illustrata*," Petrop., 1734; but he does not notice the Armenian chronicles, as preserved by the Father Chamich, and which relate that the name is derived from Arag-ayr, "excellent in wisdom," and that the first prince of that name founded, in Mesopotamia, a city which was called Abgar-Shat.

The Abgar, who rebuilt and fortified Edessa, and who, according to the same chronicles, held correspondence with our Lord, and embraced Christianity, removed thither in A.D. 14; and it is therefore probable, that the first of the name—the same who drew Crassus into an unfavourable position before his defeat, and who is called Ariamnes by Plutarch—resided at Nisibin, or Abgar-Shat, and not at Edessa.

Eusebius says, in his "Ecclesiastical History," (i. 13,) that he found a letter, written by Abgarus to our Saviour, in a church at Edessa, and that he translated it from the Syriac. This letter is, however, believed to be spurious, although it does not appear why such an epistle may not have been written. The tradition of such a correspondence is believed by all the Oriental churches indiscriminately; and yet Bell, in his geography, treats it as a fiction—a devout lie—which, he adds, has received credit among some episcopalian protestants, as Addison, and others, as if the amount of credulity among such was greater than amongst those whose boasted anagram is *best in prayer*.

The peculiarity of the position of Edessa, (the name which it received from the Macedonians, albeit the vanity of one gave to it, for a short time, that of Antiochea,) upon the dangerous verge of two long contending empires, has been so distinctly felt, and so ably expressed by Gibbon, as to leave us nothing to add thereunto. The last of the Abgars was sent in chains to Rome, by Caracalla; but the walls of their princely city witnessed his avengement, in the overthrow and capture of a Cæsar, in the person of Valerian, by the first Shapur. In the time of Heraclius, it was reduced by the Saracens, under Izedi. After it became a principality under the Crusaders, it was captured by Nur-ed-din, ata beg of Mosul; and I have seen two pieces of ordnance at the citadel of that city, which belonged to the Christian counts of Edessa. Thirty-eight years afterwards, it was again reduced by the victorious Saleh-ed-din. This unfortunate city was also devastated

by the Moguls, under Hulagu, and by the Tatars, under Teïmur. It passed under the dominion of the Osmanlis in the reign of Selim I.

During the middle ages, it attained high eminence as a seat of ecclesiastical learning and power. If not the actual residence of Saint James the Apostle, the patron saint of the place, it was certainly that of James Baradæus, the founder of the Syrian Monophysite or Jacobite heresy, and who is said to have ordained the enormous number of 80,000 bishops, priests, and deacons. It was, also, the stronghold of Nestorius, in the time of his persecution; and it was from hence that Abraham, afterwards Bishop of Beth Raban, went forth to spread the Nestorian doctrine throughout the East. Many, however, suffered martyrdom in the same city; among whom was Adæus, sent thither by Saint Thomas.

But we wish to allude more particularly to the traditions connected with Urfah in relation to the patriarch Abraham, in order, as will be easily done, to take them from that latitudinarianism which has led the father of Isaac to be regarded as the mere representative of the patriarchal principle.

The first of these is the tradition which has consecrated, throughout all times, Urfah as the birth-place of the patriarch. It is identified with its Syrian name, Urhoi, and its actual name Urfah, and which was the "Ur of the Chaldees," where we know from holy writ that Terah dwelt, and Abraham's brother, Haran, was born. There is no variation in the universality of this tradition; and the identity of Urfah and Ur is supported by the authority of Mohammedan writers.

Many, however, following Eupolemus, as quoted by Eusebius, identify the Ur of the Chaldees with Urchoe in Babylonian Chaldea, which is opposed to scriptural authority, which places Ur in Mesopotamia, and from which latter place the promised land does not lie in the direction which the same Scriptures describe the patriarch as following, in his migration from his fatherland to the land of Canaan. This Ur in Babylonian Chaldea, now Mugeïyer, although not the Ur of Genesis, appears to be that mentioned by Isaiah, when he says, "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwelt in the wilderness."

The learned Bochart, also, unfortunately confounded the Ur of the Chaldees with Atra, now Al Hadhr, which is called by Ammianus, "Ur, the castle of the Persians," and by him only, having, itself, neither traditions nor monuments of Assyrian times connected with it. These two erroneous deductions have created much confusion in Biblical geography, as also in Historical descriptions concerning the origin of the Chaldees.

The next remarkable tradition is that which relates that Nimrod ordered Abraham to be thrown into a fiery furnace at this place, for his refusal to worship fire; and the flame of which furnace was so intense, that the famous Manjanik, or Mangonel, was, according to the Orientals, first used on this occasion.

This tradition is not, however, peculiar to Urfah; it is attached to the Birs Nimrod, where the Arabs say the event took place; and by the Persians and Kurds, to the mound of Manjanik, in Luristan, as well, also, to Tashun, (the name of which is derived from Atash, fire,) in the same country.

It will remind the reader, in some of its particulars, of the "burn-

ing fiery furnace," into which Nebuchadnezzar cast the three Jews; but it belongs, in reality, to a more remote antiquity, and is connected with the "Ur," or fire, of the Chaldees; for Colonel Rawlinson truly remarks, that the fire worshippers of the East all refer the institutions of their religion to this legend of Nimrod and the patriarch.

It has been frequently proposed to read Ur in the acceptation of "country," but the Jewish rabbins are unanimous in translating the word as fire, or light, and it is the version given in the Vulgate.* It would appear, thus, simply to refer to the spot where the primordial fire of the Chaldeans burnt, and which was in all times distinguished from the "Ur," or fire temple, of the Persians at Atra, by its designation of Ur of the Chaldees, and which same fire was transferred to the mound of Urchoe during the Chaldæo-Babylonian empire.†

There is every reason, from the study of antiquity, to believe that the original creed of the Chaldeans was that propagated with various modifications by the Sabæans and Persians. Their god Oannes, the Hermes of mythology, sprang, according to Berosus, from the sun; and light was regarded as the eternal substance itself, until the learned Magians of the Babylonian Ur gave a body and form to the primordial worship.

It is not impossible that Abraham, to whom the knowledge of one God was divinely vouchsafed, underwent persecutions in his own country, from his disregard to the received divinity, previous to his migration to the promised land. All Oriental traditions refer to something of the kind; and it is even related, that he was imprisoned in the city of Accad; but this tradition of his *auto-da-fé* can have no further foundation in truth than his connexion with "Ur of the Chaldees." And it will be observed, that the term Manjanik may have been derived from the Greek "Manganicon," a military engine; but the use of the Mangonel was not known to the Orientals till the time of the Crusades, so that this is a very modern addition to the original legend.

Whether the Chaldeans were descendants of Cush, or of Arphaxad, as advocated by some, or of Chased, (who was not born at the time of Abraham's dwelling at "Ur,") as advocated by others, does not affect these considerations; nor do the various discussions as to their nomadic existence in countries to the northwards; it is sufficient for our purpose, that Ur is first noticed in Holy Writ in the time of Terah, the father of Abraham, and in connexion with the patriarch and his brethren; and the distinction established between the Ur of the Chaldees and the Ur of Babylonia, facilitates a far greater extent of Biblical inquiry than is connected with the origin of the Chaldees as a people anterior to the Chaldæo-Babylonian empire.

The third tradition is that which points out a recent Mohammedan tomb as the sepulture of Abraham, at Urfah. This would be scarcely worthy of notice, except as having, perchance, originated from the

* Isaiah, xxiv, 15, where the word Ur occurs in the Hebrew, is translated by Bochart *in vallibus celebrate Dominum*; but in the Vulgate, "In the fires."

† Julian notices Edessa as sacred from time immemorial to the sun; and where, in company with the orb of day, were worshipped Momimum and 'Azizum, whom Jamblicus, as quoted by the emperor, identifies, the one with Mercury and the other with Mars. We have still, in the present day, the hills called Abd el 'Aziz, "the Exalted," in the same neighbourhood.

interment here of his brother Haran, who died at this city, which was the place of his nativity.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, when we started across the plains of Mesopotamia towards the ruins of Haran, the great city of the Sabæans, little less distinguished than Edessa itself. The mirage was playing all kinds of fantastic tricks, not allowing us to distinguish a thing even at a few miles distance, covering the land with a sheet of brilliant water, and converting every object, even the smallest stone or bush, into some gigantic or strange creation, and magnifying a mere hut into a vast castle, with "cloud-capped towers" in the strictest sense of the words.

The plain was fertile, but little cultivated, and irrigated by numerous meandering streams, derived from the rivulet of Urfah, and the river of Jalab (Kalaba), and which, with other streams descending from the Nimrod hills, unite to form the Bilecha, the "Royal River" of Strabo, often called after the city whose walls it washes, the river of Haran, or of Carrhæ, but with various orthography, especially among the Byzantine writers.*

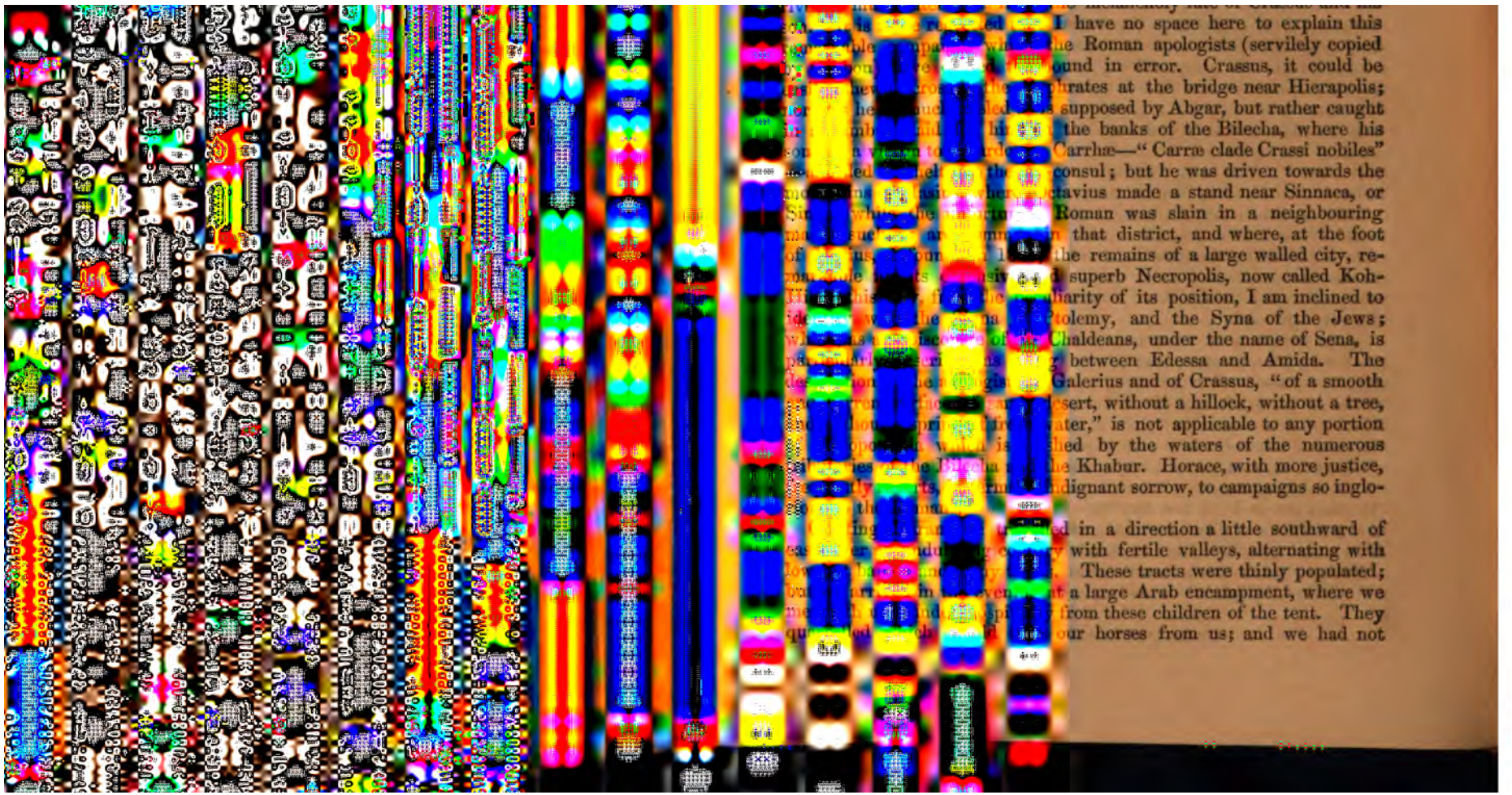
On reaching the site of Haran, we found that this renowned city occupied a slight rocky eminence on the plain; that the walls still remained, as well also as an extensive castle of Mohammedan times; and within the precincts, the traces or foundations of many large buildings were still evident. We set to work immediately, as this was a first European visit, making admeasurements for a plan of the place, and more especially of an extensive ruin, which we all judged to be that of a temple; but the extraordinary mirage which had prevailed all the morning, was succeeded by a hurricane of wind, which raised the dust in such a dense cloud as to produce great confusion, and render our task one of no ordinary difficulty; and we were, ultimately, obliged to repair to the shelter of the castle, which we found tenanted by some poor Arabs. The only sculpture we met with was that of a lion, rudely executed, lying outside the walls, and we found no inscriptions.

Buckingham makes a strange mistake in placing Haran two days' journey from Urfah; its towers and castle are visible from the citadel walls of that city, from which it is only a ride of four or five hours, for the abundant waters render the road devious. Benjamin of Tudela notices it as two days' journey from Dakia, by which he means Rakka, and not Antiochea.

There can be little doubt from the preservation of name—from the position in Mesopotamia, and from its neighbourhood to Ur—that the city was named after Abraham's brother, and is the same as that to which the patriarch and his father repaired from the last-named city. There are few dissenting voices to this conclusion, except from those who do not admit the first identification, to which in fact the existence of Haran lends a corroborative testimony. The orientals have no demur in the question. Yakut, in his great Lexicon, under the head Harrán, says, that the first founder of this famous city, is supposed to have been Rán, the brother of the patriarch Abraham; and he is said, in memory thereof, to have imposed his name upon it.

Bochart thinks that it is also the city, called Nahor, in Holy Writ, and whither the patriarch's servant went in search of Rebekah; but it

* Stephanus of Byzantium calls it Cyrus.



been five minutes in the encampment before two goats were slain for an immediate repast, while black Nubian slaves were keeping the pestle and mortar in quick movement, to supply a constant succession of little cups of coffee.

The next day, crossing some low hills of similar character, we came upon a great plain, watered by abundant streams, and studded with the villages of the Arabs, who had now repaired to the summer pasturages. The houses in these villages were, for want of wood to form roofs, built with semicircular domes, and appeared like so many beehives. The plain was everywhere cultivated, and about fifteen miles long by seven broad, in each of the villages, there were from fifty to a hundred domed huts; and we counted forty of these villages within view at the same time. This is the most productive rice country in Mesopotamia, and in the centre of so remarkable a spot stood the fourth patriarchal city of the Chaldees—Serug, or Sarug. Excepting one upright column, this site presented nothing to our anxious researches, (for no Europeans had previously visited these secluded regions;) but traces of edifices, and fragments of ruin, without form or shape, still covered a considerable extent of ground. It is a city that has been very nearly swept from the face of the earth, and almost its name alone is still preserved among the Arabs, who guided us to these faint vestiges of a once populous and commercial city. For the same site, be it known, was familiar to history by the name of Batnæ, Batne, or Batnas. Stephanus calls it Bonchas. It was a distinguished episcopacy in the middle ages,* and its bishops are recorded as of Batnæ, or Sarug, fully proving the identity of the two places. It was the nearest city to the bridge of Hierapolis on Euphrates, and was thus visited by Julian, who crossed the river at that place. It was then an opulent city, and had an annual fair in the month of September, to which merchants from India, with silks and other goods, repaired. This, from Ammianus. Procopius describes it, in Justinian's time, as an obscure town; and as it was held by Chosroes, (Kesra Anushirwan,) the royal mason did not repair its fortunes.

At the southern extremity of the great plain of Sarug, and at a distance of several miles from the ruins of that city, are to be seen, lying on the ground, two colossal lions, hewn in very fine-grained basalt, with considerable art. Eden took sketches of these remarkable sculptures which are in Colonel Chesney's possession. It is impossible to form an idea how they came in their present position, or at what time they were sculptured. There is no basaltic rock in the immediate neighbourhood, and it is most probable that they were on their way to the Euphrates, when their further progress was arrested by those fatalities of war which were so common on the Mesopotamian plains. It is much to be wished, that such splendid specimens of art were rescued from their present inglorious position.

After a long and fatiguing ride, we arrived the next evening at Port-William, where we found that the "Euphrates" steamer had dropped a few miles down the river; so, quitting my companions, I joined my own ship, and shall be thus enabled to give with the New Year, the first paper relating to a first navigation of that celebrated river.

* Edessa, as a Christian metropolis, held under its diocese four episcopacies—Haran, Callinicus (Rakkah), Batnæ or Sarug, and Birtha (Birehjik).

BONNY KATE.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Now Hallowtide, I wend my way along the yellow glen,
And hear no more, amid my paths, the robin and the wren;
But near me is my "bonny Kate," coquetting o'er the green—
A blossom she, yet not the flower, that's born to blush unseen.

The fibrous woodbine, lover-like, which round the maple hung,
That *rendezvous* rememb'rest, when our intercourse was young?
The briony, whose fond embrace the hazel boughs confined,
The lowly fern, the eglantine, and harebell in the wind?

Secure from thine entangling wiles, I kept my thoughts in vain,
And what thy freedom did ensnare, thy witch'ry will retain;
The more you hide, the more I seek—my merry Kate's design,
And bow to thee as goblets stoop to catch the ruby wine.

If not so constant as the light in Hero's chamber shed,
Thy flick'ring spirit charms me more by keeping me in dread—
So prized, th' uncertain diet is beyond a plenteous store,
As sailors snatch a wafted breath from off th' Arabian shore.

Thy mortal loveliness is wove in such a varied woof,
Entwining with a silken smile the fibres of reproof;
A sherbet to my longing taste, the contraries which meet,
And elevate my grateful soul, the citron and the sweet.

Thus, as their eyes, the followers of Mahomet consume,
When once they have but gazed upon the holy prophet's tomb,
So, in my heart's religion, thou shalt be my equal guide,
For, looking on thy pretty face, I'm blind to all beside.

As pyramids are measured by their shadows on the plain,
So is thy beauty, by the troop of suitors in thy train;
And as, unmingling with the Rhone, flows fair Geneva's lake,
So you preserve untainted grace amidst the rustic wake.

Like Memnon's harp, which poets tell, emits responsive lay
When heated by the magic touch of orient Phœbus' ray,
So sympathetic thought to thee in harmony replies,
When blood is kindled by the force of those refulgent eyes.

Thou warm'st me with the blandishment of sparkling Lelage,
Or with designing Pyrrha's arts—her bland *coquetterie*—
And thus my dainty sciolist, so learnèd in thine Art,
For once, I deem there is a grace which beggars Nature's part.

Thine anger, pr'ythee, now dismiss, if anger you pursue,
For if I stole one single kiss, I fairly paid thee two;
From death to fetters, by my judge, commuted be my crime,
By Hymen's statute, "benefit of clergy," give, this time.

A saint there is, Theresa named, who says, the sinner's fate
Hereafter is to live unloved—more desolate than hate—
I know not that; but this I know, without the saint's decree,
The best of mortal promise is, to be beloved by thee.

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"HERE he is! Come this way; turn sharply round the corner;—that will do; he's gone by!"

"Here he comes! But he doesn't see us; no! push on; all right—I breathe again!"

"By Jupiter, he is bearing down upon us now, full sail—there's no avoiding him this time. Here he comes, and it is all over with us. Here's the Man with a Grievance!"

Such are the hazards daily run by saunterers in the streets of great cities; by the idler and the man of business, the apathetic veteran and the enthusiastic youth. All are fish that come to the net of the man with a grievance. He is not particular about his listener, but a listener he must catch. In a case of desperation, the crossing-sweeper or the applewoman—what sufferings will sad humanity undergo for a penny!—must be seized upon as a recipient of the story of his wrongs.

Grievances are, no doubt, excellent things for the English. The great practical utility of these expedients is not to be denied. They exactly suit the temper of the people; and, perhaps, the constitution of the popular mind might not remain long so very healthy without them. Luckily, redress is always conceded slowly and cautiously; for mere redress can be effected at any time; but a fine animated ventilating grievance is not so easily to be had. Yet have we sometimes, when meeting a man of the stamp indicated, been selfish and unpatriotic enough to wish that there were no grievances!

The man with a grievance rushes upon you in all places, and at all seasons. As you are hurrying to the theatre (people generally hurry to the theatre), or entering a banker's just on the eve of shutting up. You may be going to church for what he cares. As you are hastening home to dinner, or proceeding, late as usual, to dine at a friend's, with nine persons waiting for you; as you are speeding to receive the payment due at twelve o'clock, your only chance of getting it; as you are flying to embrace the darling daughter, separated from you for a long twelvemonth; or dashing onwards with the design of kicking somebody, two miles off, to whom you bear a delicious, a heart-exalting grudge; at all these times, will the man with a grievance lay violent hands upon you, and remorselessly pour his horrid tale into your ear. He would have stopped a highwayman on the road to Tyburn, but that the condemned would naturally have preferred hanging to hearing.

Nay, to put a stronger and more frequent case, the man with a grievance has not the slightest hesitation in stopping you, if he can, when you are going to be married; in arresting your progress the instant the ceremony is performed; in catching hold of the bridegroom by the new bright button as he is starting for Honeymoon Hall, just as he has set his foot upon the carriage step—coolly assuring that gentleman that the little narrative of his injuries will not occupy five minutes, and adding, "Doubtless, this lovely lady would like to listen for that limited period! Madam, when I was in Jamaica, at the end of '38——!" But for the cracking sting of the whip, ostensibly designed for one of the four bits of blood who are to dash off with the "happy

couple," but carefully transferred to the leg of the man with a grievance, he would infallibly talk his way into the interior of a West Indian hardship in no time.

It would answer no amusing or useful purpose to discriminate between the several varieties of men with grievances; the shades of difference are too slight, and consequently the ill-used are too much alike. The chief distinction to be noticed generally lies in the grievances complained of, of which the varieties are endless.

The man with a grievance is especially to be avoided when he has had a play damned—but still more, when the drama, triumphantly successful, has been withdrawn after three nights. Beware how he catches you on the fourth day. If you escape without an ear-ache, and the total loss of your morning, you are lucky indeed. To argue with him lengthens his complaint; to be silent encourages him to proceed; and to sympathize with him—worse! In all probability he will dedicate the play to you!

The West Indian hardship before adverted to, a Canadian grievance, or any stock colonial abomination, arms him rather formidably for an attack upon you. The assault is sure to be tedious, and has but one termination — that a tremendous and devastating hurricane (with which the Colonial office had something rather mysterious to do) came to crown the work, and swept his property to ruin, while it passed harmlessly over the estates of others. In that sometimes the chief sting lies.

Army and navy grievances, quarrels with government and great public companies, battles with foreign states fought through the ambassador's bag, interminable contests with parochial authorities, and elaborate expositions of the wrongs endured in shipping, mining, and canal speculations, together with episodes relative to Spanish securities and American stock,—all form pretty features in pamphlets, but are apt to be cold subjects of conversation in St. Paul's Churchyard when the wind is sharp.

Avoid the man with a grievance, when the sole parties in his cause happen to be his ex-bosom-friend and himself. He will gesticulate fiercely if Japan be his enemy; he will fly with a respectable exasperation at the throat of Russia, when she wrongs him; but if the foe be his late crony, Nokes, then is there no limit to his ire or story. He assuredly rises high in wrath when he persuades himself that the Bank of England and the East India Company are (with Treasury connivance) in a conspiracy to defraud and ruin him; but only take him when Styles is the hero of the tale—when that friend of his soul is the author of all his grievances—and then send home to your family to say that you expect to be particularly engaged until Friday.

Yes; his anger is a smart cataract, when pouring on a state or an institution; but he reserves his "grand fall" for a cut companion. "That *person*, sir!" It would be a farce to suggest to his fancy such mild and loving images as tigers, crocodiles, mad dogs, scorpions, and tarantulas, while "that *person!*" rides on the whirlwind of his wrath. Rush to the nearest railway, when the man with a grievance gets upon this line of injury.

When the man with a grievance has been for a short season within a bankruptcy court, you will find his statement considerably longer than the *Times* report, and differing from that journal in many

important facts. When he has been ill-used upon a railway—at its terminus, or its hotel——but, in this instance, you may as well quietly listen, for it may possibly be your own case next week. When you hear that, as defendant in an action, the damages are rather heavy against him, get out of town. If he should be nonsuited in his character of plaintiff, have your knocker tied up: it will be hardly safe to venture out for a day or two. Especially take care, when he happens to have found his way into a police report: meeting him at that period in an omnibus going west, spring into the one that is passing, going east—never mind your neck.

Some of these, it is true, are but temporary grievances; and although they are very wearisome and direful in their consequences at the time, they evaporate in words, and the patient, met at the end of a fortnight, has ceased to be dangerous. The great peril lies in the direction of the real, the permanent grievance; that which, having once given motion to the tongue, keeps it going. Where the true grievance exists, there can exist but one. The man that has this, has no minor or temporary injuries, and by it he is to be known.

It is needless, then, to warn even the most unwary that the man with the grievance talks of nothing else, and listens to the revelations of others with reluctance. Nobody seems particularly anxious to sit next to him at dinner: no wonder, when, before the fish has quite disappeared, he has entered upon the details of his contest with the Horse Guards, dating nine years back. Cheese will hardly bring him to the present day; so that the dinner has been devoted to preliminaries, and what he called the real interest of the narrative is reserved for the dessert.

In the mixed assembly, you may know the man with a grievance at a glance; persons where he sits or walks move rather nervously away. But, as he stands looking round the room for his likeliest prey, some slight acquaintance, observing him silent and companionless, innocently bows, and is instantly hooked past recal, by the deadly angler with a grievance. A faint struggle at the end of five minutes, a desperate movement of escape in a quarter of an hour, with a fidgetty and agitated manner kept up during the long interval, only reveal the helplessness of the victim—the unhappy listener caught in the fatal lures of the man with a grievance.

For the first few years, he will feel it politic to make his approaches guardedly. Thus, he will wait for a lucky turn of the conversation, or affect to be reminded, by something present, of his pet subject. But as life wears out, the man with a grievance can afford to indulge no longer in the delicacy of such delay. He can have no mercy for his hearer—his heart becomes full, too full, of himself alone. He plunges at once into the familiar mystery of his grievance, ceremonious prelude flung aside. He is more incensed at his injury, and more in love with the story, every time he relates it, and cannot now pretend to conceal his total indifference to anything you may have to say in reply. You are not to speak, but to hear.

If he can get near enough to you to whisper, he will begin his tale in the quiet room, while the timid young singer is delighting the company. He has no ears, no sight, no sense of fitness; only a tongue, and an eager, restless consciousness that life is intolerable without a listener. He must recount his wrongs again, or mad[illegible]

with the agony of suspense—of a sense of injury, suppressed for several weary, painful silent hours. He is the man with a grievance.

Misery is often a merciful teacher, doubtless; and pain, while it tries the temper, softens the heart. But these effects are rarely observable in the case of the character described. The man with the grievance is not improved by affliction. His injuries only irritate and harden him. He is consequently selfish—entirely selfish. He has no feeling for a country laid waste, no sympathy for a trampled people; he can as little compassionate a class, as share an individual grief. He cares neither for the many, nor the few, nor the one—except himself. His grievance converts him to stone, iron, ice. The most generous and amiable nature, quick to pity and aid misfortune, has been perverted, by the infliction of a wrong, into utter selfishness. We always commiserate while we shun the man with a grievance, on this account.

There is a device that he sometimes adopts which demands especial mention, in the form of warning to the unwary. It is when he abjures the first person singular, and merges the autobiographer in the historian or the dramatist. We were once (thanks to a sad want of caution!) impaled for three hours by one of the most merciless of the tribe—when the pronoun "I" at the opening would have saved us. With what an impersonal and abstract interest he commenced! with what a forgetfulness of self, he entered upon his history; how cunningly he contrived to hint that it only affected him because it affected mankind! And when he had concluded the all but interminable narrative of another's wrong, with what exultation, transcended only by our rage, did he exclaim,—

"Behold in me the hero of the tale! I am the very victim! It is I who yet live to relate to *all* who approach me the story of that intolerable grievance!"

He the victim! No, but we well know who was: and as for the grievance being his, it became our own by the mere relation of it. And let this be borne in recollection, that it is always in the power of the man with a grievance to communicate his own infirmity to his hearer; who having listened long against his will—and then again, in spite of his ears—and then again and again, contrary to his hundred registered vows and oaths—goes home, brooding, sullen, savage—a man with a grievance!

And now we approach the brief consideration of one particular order of grievance, the mention of which is fatal to the listener's peace for four and twenty hours. We have lightly touched on a few of the grievances which commonly send forth the man of prey upon his rounds, seeking whom he may devour:—whom, like the ant-eating sloth, he may catch upon his outspread tongue, and then comfortably draw it in. Of these, the contest with governments, and the quarrels with friends, the loss of property, and the destruction of reputation, may be passingly remembered; but all these are trifles. The condemned play, and the suppressed correspondence with the Secretary at War, are pleasant reminiscences compared with that grievance, the lightest word of which should "harrow up the soul" of the hearer. It is—

The "Wife" of the Man with a Grievance!

When he mentions *her*—when *she* turns out to be the grievance——but no, there is a limit to the speed of steam; few mail-trains can go fast enough!

Let his grievance take any shape but that. Let it approach in the likeness of ingrate sons, rascal friends, doctors who have mistaken your lungs for your liver, daughters who have married dancing-masters; ten thousand forms it may take; but the firmest nerves must tremble if the man with a grievance should seek to introduce it in the shape of his wife. Human nature is not all Indian-rubber; it cannot be so stretched. The time will come when it must snap; and now is the hour!

Some Italian rhyme compares life to a wheel, which always goes round silently when it goes well. It is so with a wife. The men who live happily with their wives, and love them as they ought to do, never mention their names; never, at all events, if they do say a word or two, make them the heroines of a long story. *Ergo*, when a man begins to talk a volume about his wife, she begins to be his grievance.

Should such be his theme, then, when he meets you in the open unbarricaded streets of London, should the man with a grievance only start the most distant suspicion of his design to allude to his wife—sham a spasm; invent an appointment at Buckingham-palace; vow (by the heathen gods, and throw in the goddesses) that it is pouring with rain, and hear nothing to the contrary;—remember that your grandfather, who died in 1807, is suddenly taken alarmingly ill;—but be off! Go; no matter which way; fly, as you would from the edge of a jungle where you espied the eyes of a famished tigress glaring through the green and yellow duskiness. But that is a poor tame image. Stand not then upon the order of your going, but go at once, as if Lady Macbeth were holding the two daggers to your throat! If that would not move you, you deserve to hear the whole story of the man with a grievance, when his soul aches to impress you with the inexpressible wickedness of his wife. Yet humanity, though deeply sinful, can rarely deserve this extreme misery!

These parting allusions to a lady, in association with the man with a grievance, suggest to the shrinking imagination a faint image of the Woman with a Grievance! Ah! the Captain will be a bold man who tells her story!

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

CHAPTER III.

THE CURATE'S TROUBLES AT HOME.

"God only knows," thought Mr. Westerwood, as he trod his homeward path—"God only knows for what suffering I am reserved! But come what may, never shall my trust in Him be shaken! In His infinite wisdom and benevolence, it becomes every one of his creatures to place infinite trust. If ignorance did not blind us, we should behold in what appears to be His frown, a smile of love. Nevertheless, in the weakness of our flesh—in the imperfection of our understanding—in the impatience of our waywardness—murmurs and groans, and sad tears will escape us. God, however, knowing our infirmity, will pardon it, and work out His own good purpose, regardless of our

frowardness. Blessed be his name! Praises, beyond the power of human thought, are due to Him; for surely, as 'I live and move and have my being,' He, from the first, has ordained for us nothing but kindness—kindness for all the poor offspring of His hand—kindness for me, and for the thoughtless man whom I have just seen."

Elevated by these ideas—these truths which Heaven had permitted to fall into his soul—our curate was able, in strength of body and mind, to plod towards his home, which, so comforting were his ruminations, he reached with scarcely any consciousness of the distance. The door was opened by his wife.

"Constance," said Mr. Westerwood, as he entered his house, "you look pale, agitated, sorely troubled. What is the matter?—what has happened?"

"Lucy," she replied, "is very ill—dear Lucy!"

The curate staggered, like one who had received a blow. This was a fearful accession to his misery. That the illness, however sudden, must be of an alarming character, he well knew by his wife's manner. Mrs. Westerwood was a woman whom nothing but real and imminent danger could affect. She would not have looked pale and dispirited at any ordinary evil.

"Ill!" echoed the curate; "Lucy ill! When did you discover this?"

"When I went to call up the girls, after you left us," responded Mrs. Westerwood. "She was then burning with fever, and, to a certain degree, delirious."

Now, Lucy was our curate's eldest child. He doated on her with boundless love. Not that his affection for her was greater than he bore towards his other daughters; still, he would miss her more, seeing that she was almost his sole companion. Whenever he sat down in his narrow room to compose sermons, Lucy was by his side, handing him such books as he might require for reference; and, under his direction, turning to those parts of the Scriptures he needed as vindicating his doctrine. To lose her, would be to undergo a calamity greater than his strength could bear.

"I will go up and see her, Constance," he said, dejectedly. "Have you had medical advice?"

"Such as I could procure," replied Mrs. Westerwood. "The apothecary has been here."

"What does he say?"

"That she has got scarlet fever. He is not without fear that the other children will be infected."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the curate. "The two girls must have a bed on the floor in the parlour. This will be but a poor chance for escape; but it is the only one we can give them. I will now go and see Lucy."

The parents, accordingly, repaired to their child's bed. There lay the sufferer, panting in the hot grasp of her malady. Her face was deformed by scarlet spots. She lifted her eyes to her father and mother; but with scarcely any sign of recognition. Such a sight as this would have been most distressing to any parents. How greatly was the agony increased when it fell upon persons so ill provided with means to alleviate the calamity!

"We have greater need than ever," said Mr. Westerwood, in an undertone, "to pray for fortitude. Evils come thickly on us."

"I will go now," said Mr. Westerwood, "and attend to our worldly affairs. Give me the accounts, Constance. I shall not be long in discharging them."

The good man proceeded on his mission—paid his debts, and returned to his sorrowful home with one guinea in his pocket. With this sum he must meet the many exigencies of sickness—with this he must also help out such little needs as could not be answered from credit.

Mr. Westerwood's return to his house was again destined to be gloomed by fate. He learned that his two other children had sickened with the fever. For this the curate was, in a manner prepared. No word, no thought of impatience, escaped him. He felt the efficacy of his prayer, and was strong in trust on Heaven.

"They shall lie together in our bed, Constance," said he. "Thus the three will be on one floor; you and I can sit up and nurse them together. When we want sleep, we will take our watch alternately. But, sleeping or waking, let us unfailingly depend on the goodness of Providence."

"Our trial is a grievous one, Godfrey," replied Mrs. Westerwood; "in any case, I am resigned. The All-wise knows better than we what is fit for us."

Having said this, Constance put her two girls to bed; and, though destitute of such things as sickness might need, busied herself in making arrangements for alleviating the sufferings of her stricken children. Her confined house had become an hospital, only that all appurtenances thereto were wanting. The solitary guinea, however, held out some hope. It was long since she had had command of such a sum. This, therefore, while it lasted, should be devoted to the young invalids.

The apothecary was again sent for, and his report was more gloomy than before. It was necessary that the house should be provided with dietary requisites for sick chambers. Mrs. Westerwood accordingly sallied forth to purchase those articles, with which she returned laden.

"See Godfrey," said she, "here is some sago, a little fruit, a pot of currant jelly, and other comforts which I think our invalids will require. I have disbursed eight shillings, Godfrey, of which sum part was spent for this pint of wine. I should not like to be without something for you in your night watches."

"You always think of me, dear Constance," said the curate with a sigh, "and never of yourself."

"Well, well," returned she," I will take a little of it with you, should I feel weary."

"Do, my love," responded Mr. Westerwood, "'twill help to beguile our melancholy vigil."

"And now," resumed Constance, "I will deposit my remaining stock of money carefully, else I may mislay it. My silver and gold are in different pockets. Here are the half crown and sixpence," continued she; "and now for the half-guinea in my other pocket."

It was not there! She drew forth the contents and minutely inspected them. No coin was found. She then turned her pocket inside out, and discovered that part of the seam was open. Through this the half-guinea must have dropped.

"Woe is me!" she ejaculated, sinking into a chair; "I have lost the greater part of our treasure! What will become of us? What shall we do?"

"Let us take unto ourselves patience," returned the curate. "What! shall we add to our troubles by vainly repining at that which was an accident? No. It becomes us not to murmur, seeing that our Creator is everywhere, and therefore with *us*. Grieve not yourself, my Constance. We have done no wrong; let us be patient."

Twilight drew on; and the curate and his wife took charge each of a sick chamber. That the nights at this season were brief, was so far fortunate for them, inasmuch as towards midnight the sufferers grew worse. They tossed on their hot beds and moaned and uttered words of melancholy incoherence. Sad, sad is it, especially at night, to listen to the delirious wanderings of light-headedness! And how great a relief was it to the sleepless watchers when the white dawn trembled against their windows, even though the light revealed a fearful alteration in the young sufferers' faces! Presently up came the sun, and then Mrs. Westerwood busied herself in preparing a morning-meal that she and her husband might, in a measure, be strengthened for the trials of the coming day.

"The children are worse, Constance," said Mr. Westerwood. "When will the apothecary come?"

"In the forenoon," she replied. "I think we shall know the worst to night."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I mean, Godfrey, that we may then know what we are to expect."

"Have mercy on us!" ejaculated the curate, lifting his eyes heavenward.

When the medical man saw his patients, he looked ominously; avoided direct replies to questions; talked of a change in the remedies, and urged the necessity of unremitting watchfulness.

Miserably did the day pass. Sleep was denied to the little victims. The red pest came hotter and hotter on them. They sank under the fierce tyranny. But Mrs. Westerwood bore up bravely, and disputed every moment with the advancing disease. True woman! There lay her children—*all* her children—on the very brink of the grave! A heart-rending prospect! Yet, fear-fraught as she must have been, she would not allow her nerves to shake, but resolved to hold out even to the last. Meeting sick waywardness with sweetest patience, she succeeded in administering the medicines; and with many a holy deceit,—yea, even playful words and pretty blandishments, contrived to calm the turbulent agonies of her young offspring. From room to room went she, with soothing words and tender offices. True woman!

The sun sank; and again our curate and his wife took up their several posts. Heavy clouds burdened the air, converting a July nocturnal twilight into absolute blackness. Mr. Westerwood was in the room of his eldest daughter. Ever and anon he looked at her by the faint gleam of a night-lamp; but still her head moved to and fro, and as he touched her face, it felt as though on fire. Having coaxed her to take an acidulated draught, he sat down and endeavoured to read some of the almost inspired pages of Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." His mind, however, was far from the volume; and the very endeavour to recall it, made him drowsy. Poor man! He had not slept for two nights, besides having walked in one of the forenoons two-and-twenty

me?"
rate replied, "I fear, indeed, I have
angry with me, Constance."
d!" ejaculated she. "Angry, indeed!
rd to escape your lips? Listen to me,
good tidings. Our two children are
me see Lucy."
beckoned her husband. "Look," said
and the frightful colour is nearly gone.

the onset of joy.
ed the curate, "I have dreamed a
I slept, a gracious vision. Surely, it
ur sorrow. Let us give thanks."
praise, after their late agonising supplica-
d his dream to his wife, and expatiated on
lory. Had he lived in these days, he
t of the lines, steeped in melting pathos
similar affliction, and at the couch of a
of one of our greatest living poets.

divine and dim
ng by one's ear,
wings of Cherubim,
We've finish'd here.'"

Leigh Hunt.

urate and his wife were not yet ended.
recorded.

A NIGHT IN A FOG.

BY MRS. WHITE.

Conceive anything more ridiculous and annoying, than, having taken "French leave" for a day, with a determination to be on the parade, at Chatham, by ten o'clock the following morning, to find yourself on board the Gravesend packet, in which you have started at four in the afternoon, at nine o'clock at night moored off the pier at Blackwall, with a fog so thick as to prevent your seeing the boat's funnel, too late for the last up-train, and without a possibility of crossing the river to Woolwich, with a view to meeting the night-mail on Shooter's Hill; the roast mutton and boiled beef that constitute steam-boat dinners five days out of the seven long since discussed, so that one has nothing left to chew but the cud of "bitter fancy," which the remembrance of a broken engagement and an irate colonel amply supply! This I found was the position of one of my fellow travellers, on the night to which I allude—a night, that in discomfort and weariness I hope never to re-experience. We had left London Bridge in the full expectation of completing our voyage; for, although the atmosphere was heavy with a yellow mist that drove down the steam and smoke in a thick cloud on the deck, and clung to the few, who were rash enough to remain there, like a "wet blanket;" the captain assured us that below the pool it was quite clear, and that there was not a doubt of our reaching our destination. When, therefore, about four hours afterwards, he entered the saloon to inform the "ladies and gentlemen," that, "by reason of the fog, it was quite an utter impossibility to get any further," a manifestation of disappointment and displeasure indicated itself in a running-scale of small oaths and exclamations not to be attempted on paper, from the bulky tones of two butcher-like men, who wore belcher-handkerchiefs, and did not use knives with their bread and butter, to the tiny voices of a pretty, lady-looking woman and her sister, whose very diminutive mouths seemed only made to eat the mince-meat, the component parts of which, in a moment of confidence, they afterwards informed me they had been purchasing—it wanted but a fortnight of Christmas—and being thus early in the field, or rather market, involved some question of domestic economy. These ladies made the feminine portion of a quintet, who had the good fortune to be personally acquainted, and therefore authorized to draw for mutual accommodation on each other's conversational and anecdotal funds. Of the remainder of the party, two were old naval officers, sailers round the world, and citizens of it, who delightfully mingled the gravity of the ward-room with occasional sallies of humour that had all the gleeful mirthfulness of the midshipman's berth; the third was a tall, awkward, sallow man, with large features, no end of whiskers, dull grey eyes, and bushy eyebrows, which he had the power of raising to the summit of his forehead with an unpleasantly lugubrious effect; this person, I discovered, was the husband of the pretty woman. There were five other female passengers besides this lady, her sister, and myself, all of whom, upon hearing the captain's decision, *took tea*, and, wrapping themselves in silence and their cloaks turned their faces to the wall, or, rather, the side of the cabin, an

...ness to please, that it was impos-
...from dun one of the party deep sense, in
...e and amusement from his reminiscences of
...ley, and Dan O'Connell. With the ex-
...t, the remainder of the passengers consisted
...d graziers, who had been in town upon
...business."

...to observe, how community of evil, in any
...h forms of conventional etiquette. Even
...conventional country, where, in the close
...ge or stage-coach, one is deterred from
...changing an idea with one's neighbour,
..., or an accident happen on the railway,
...instantly taken off, and the most demure
... old gentleman, inconsiderately become
... round the fireplace of the saloon gra-
...other tendering some mite of conversa-
...rtainment, for, of course, there was no
...rd, so that all endeavoured to keep their
... and finding myself yawning, about one
...e of chronology, I put it down, and en-
...h what was passing.

...g my neighbour with accounts of the
...e Barn, and the White Quakers; the
...mesmerism, but in such mysterious tones,
... opinions; while the navy veterans told
...the mutiny, and how, when shipmates
...miller at Portsmouth, by binding them-
... an opposite table, harsh voices inter-
...tional phrases in praise of a "wonder-
... the champion plough of England,"

and "Brassy," by which name, I believe, they alluded to some prize-fighter; a party of four had possessed themselves of the only pack of cards on board the boat, and endeavoured to while away the time with whist and cribbage. But by far the most amusing group, and one that had hitherto escaped my observation, consisted of a little fat lady, a very tall, thin gentleman, and one of medium size, whose features partook very decidedly of the African character—with a sort of complexion one could imagine in a *boiled black*. These individuals both turned out to be members of a very grave and learned profession: but at the instant, I laboured under the delusion that I had suddenly stumbled on a triad of Thespians unmasked; for at the moment that my attention was excited towards them, I beheld the whites of the dark gentleman's eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling," as, contracting his brows, and scowling horridly at his gaunt companion, he exclaimed, in imitation of Kean,—"Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold—there is no speculation in those eyes, which thou dost glare with."

My first impression was, that he was an actor; but on further acquaintance, Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson proved to be an amateur only, not a partner of the firm of Thespis, Thalia and Co. He was, in fact, a stage-stricken barrister—a mere admirer of the sock and buskin, whose natural taste for the histrionic art had been fostered into a very mania, from his having been the pupil of a person who had filled a confidential situation about the elder Kean.

Among other anecdotes of this actor, which Mr. Mulligatawny Jackson's schoolmaster had preserved, was one, of his having, when at the zenith of his fame, ordered at Ford's, a house at the corner of Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, a plain joint and pudding to be got ready daily for such of the poor actors as might choose to partake of it. He also told a story of the great actor's setting off for Bath, accompanied by his secretary, in his private carriage, who, as night came on, fell asleep. Towards morning, and while still at some distance from the town, he awoke, and was astonished to find that Kean had left the carriage. He immediately stopped the post-boys, to inquire if they had seen him get out, but they pleaded ignorance. The secretary instantly left the vehicle, and wandered into the fields, describing Mr. Kean to the few hinds he met, as a little man wrapped in furs, &c., and offering a reward to any one who could give tidings of him. But no one had seen him. The post-boys, who had their cue, begged of him to get into the carriage, and drive to the nearest inn, which the terrified young man did, after he had made the fields echo with the cry of—"Oh! Lord Hamlet! What ho! my Lord Hamlet!" the character in which Kean was to make his appearance; but no Lord Hamlet answered. They drove on: when, just as they were about to enter the inn-yard, another carriage and four drove furiously up, and, to the astonishment of his secretary, Kean descended, accompanied by a travelling pedlar, whom he had met on the road. This man continued with him while he remained at Bath, drinking champagne, and feasting sumptuously every day at his own table. Kean absolutely brought him up to town in his carriage, setting him down in Bow Street, one cold November morning, saying to his secretary, as he did so, "Put your hand in your pocket, and the first thing you touch, give him." The young man did as he was

directed, and the result was, the pedlar left them some ten or twenty pounds better off than when they met.

"Yes," continued the barrister, "though Edmund Kean had many failings, he had some good qualities to atone for them, and amongst them great and uncalculating generosity. Ah!" he went on, "I was present at the greatest audience he ever drew—and that was at his funeral. His son was chief mourner, and Macready one of the pall-bearers, and about a hundred of the fraternity followed. It was a very short distance from his house to the churchyard; but Richmond Green was a sea of heads. Some thousands of people were present. Yes, I saw the last of him, both there and on the stage—(the demi-negro looked, as he *spoke*, pathetically)—I remember it as if but yesterday. For many years, he and his son had been at variance; but their mutual friends at length succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation. And on the occasion of Kean's taking leave of the stage, they played together; the one as *Othello*, the other as *Iago*. In the first scenes, which are tame, Kean got on very well; but when he came to the words, 'Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!' he moved his fingers beseechingly to his son—who stood at the side while he fronted the audience—and as the former came forward he faltered, fell on his shoulder, and was obliged to be taken out, while Ward came on, and finished the part for him. In a few days after, he was no more!"

"It is a fact," he resumed, after a deep sigh, "that Edmund Kean could never play till he was three-parts drunk. Of course," he said, addressing the cadaverous-looking barrister beside him, "you have heard of Fred Cooke, the contemporary of Elliston and John Kemble. His passion for drink was so great that, when he was without money, or means of raising it, he has been known to go to a certain pawnbroker's, where he was in the habit of applying, and to say, 'I want five guineas; but I have nothing to pledge but myself. Give me the money, they'll be sure to redeem me when I'm wanted.' And having sent word to the theatre of his situation, he has frequently been found seated on the pawnbroker's counter, with a duplicate pinned to his button-hole. On one occasion, when Elliston wished him particularly to be quite correct, he invited him to dinner, and afterwards begged he would oblige him by submitting to one thing, which Fred promised. He, however, looked rather funny when Elliston, drawing him into a small room in the theatre, told him he must content himself there till it was time to dress. As there was no getting off, Cook consented; but after being locked in for some time, he began to long horribly for punch. By and by, he heard a noise of a broom on the stairs. Hope revived; he called, 'Mary—Betsy!—whatever your name is, come here, for God's sake!' and he contrived, while curiosity made the maid pause in her labour, to push a crown-piece between the door and the floor—'There, that's for you; and Mary, (pushing through another,) go like a good girl, and get me a pint of brandy, and a clean pipe, with this?'

"'Oh, sir, I dare not! Master desired that I shouldn't come near the door, sir; nor speak to you upon any account.'

"'Pshaw! Go; do as I tell you, and you shall have another by and by.'

"The girl was not proof against the bribe. The brandy and pipe were both brought; and the tube of the latter being put through the

key-hole, the bowl was filled on the outside, and in this way the liquor was sucked up as the Americans drink sherry-cobbler. It is hardly necessary to say, that on Elliston's coming to let him out, Fred was found on his back; but a plentiful supply of soda water enabled him to go through his part as effectively as ever."

A sort of inarticulate growl from the lean barrister, informed Mr. Mulligataway Jackson, that he had ridden his hobby of theatrical reminiscences too far. The little fat lady was already asleep, and I, very soon after, followed her example; but the novelty, or uneasiness of my position, did not admit of absolute repose.

I awoke with a feeling of weariness most painful. Raising my head, therefore, once more, I gazed round upon my somnolent companions. The cabin looked as if the fog had penetrated through the closed door and windows, so dim and hazy was its aspect; the half-burnt tallow candles, unsnuffed for the last two hours, appeared to glare without light. And there was an expression almost awful blended with the comedy of the scene around me, that made me feel as if I stood with the fisherman of the story, in the midst of the still citizens of Kilstheheine.*

The whist party illustrated the word better than their game had done. One of the naval men lay stretched on the hearth-rug, the other occupied a corner of the opposite sofa. The ensign—to whose anxious senses the voice of offended duty, terrible as that of conscience to the Thane of Cawdor, cried, "Sleep no more!"—was pacing to and fro the deck. The ladies' heads drooped heavily upon the tables, or rested against the side of the cabin, calm and still; but the gaudy display of heads turbaned with all sorts of coloured handkerchiefs—of ugly faces, and open mouths—and the tremendous sounds that issued from some of them, completed a tableau that I shall not easily forget.

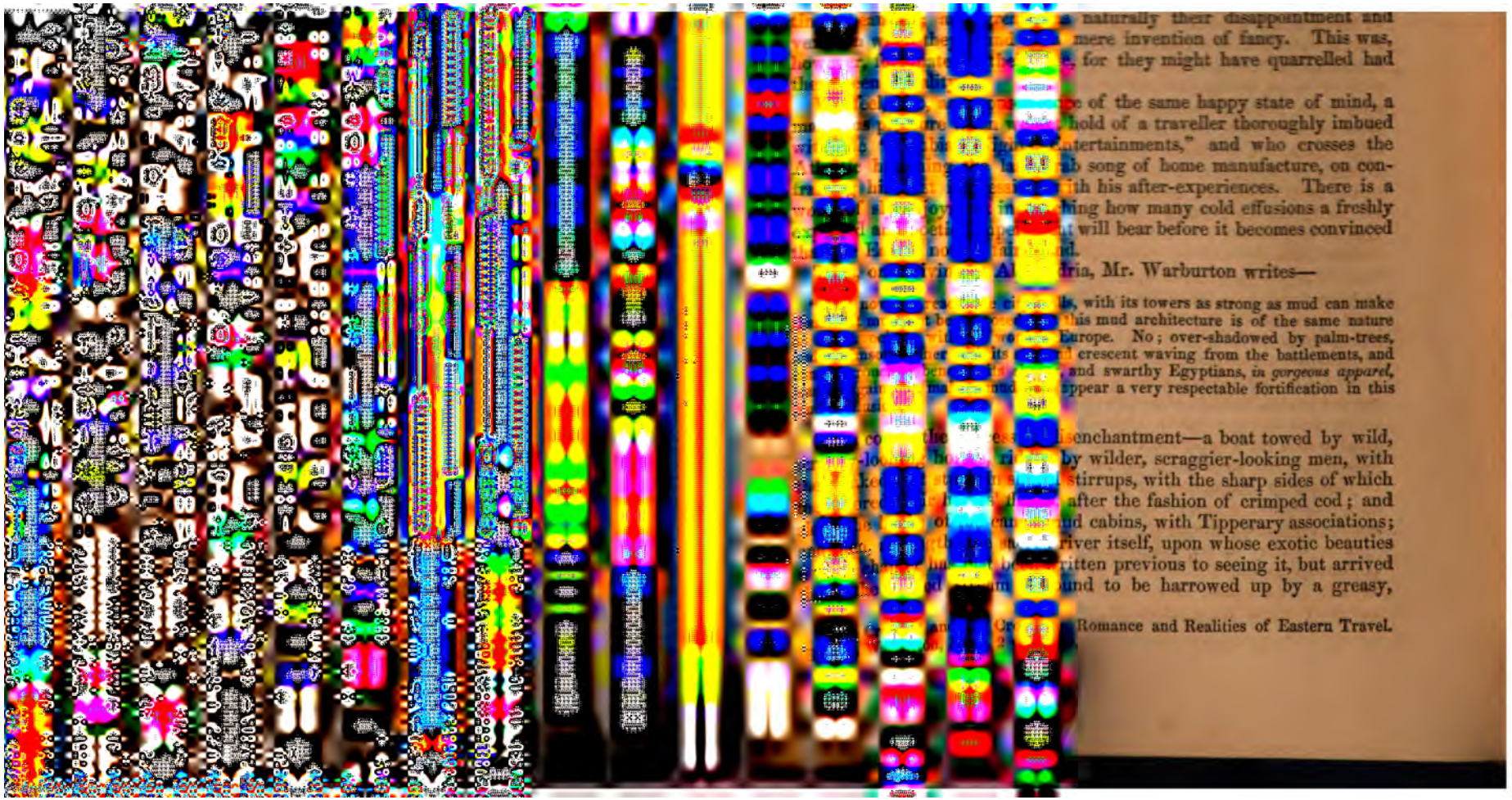
It was with a feeling of real relief that I beheld the faint light of a winter's morning, shortly after, gleam through the hoar-frost that clung to the cabin-windows, and delightedly availed myself of the first sign of life in the stewardess, to obliterate the traces of sleeplessness and fatigue.

One after another my companions followed my example, till the "lady's cabin" presented a knot of as yellow, yawning, dissatisfied-looking females as ever stewardess looked upon. Headaches were partial; pains in the bones predominated. Bonnets were crushed, cloaks crumpled; in fact, there was no end of complaints. And, to add to the misery, there was but one towel amongst the entire assemblage, while hot water was at a premium, as the jug frose in bringing it from the fore-part of the vessel to the cabin.

These were the list of casualties. The only one of the party missing was the ensign, who, fearful of the fog's continuing, had returned to town, in order to take the coach for Chatham.

Though all complained of having lost their rest, none appeared to have lost their appetites, (judging from the work of demolition at the different breakfast-tables,) and shortly after this necessary affair had been discussed, the fog began to clear away, and we steamed onwards to our destination.

* A legendary city, beneath the River Shannon.



naturally their disappointment and
mere invention of fancy. This was,
for they might have quarrelled had

of the same happy state of mind, a
hold of a traveller thoroughly imbued
ntertainments," and who crosses the
ab song of home manufacture, on con-
ith his after-experiences. There is a
ing how many cold effusions a freshly
will bear before it becomes convinced
d.

ria, Mr. Warburton writes—

s, with its towers as strong as mud can make
his mud architecture is of the same nature
urope. No; over-shadowed by palm-trees,
crescent waving from the battlements, and
and swarthy Egyptians, *in gorgeous apparel*,
ppear a very respectable fortification in this

enchantment—a boat towed by wild,
by wilder, scraggier-looking men, with
stirrups, with the sharp sides of which
after the fashion of crimped cod; and
nd cabins, with Tipperary associations;
river itself, upon whose exotic beauties
ritten previous to seeing it, but arrived
und to be harrowed up by a greasy,

Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel.

host of other antiquities, without even a mention made of their names; and it was, in truth, an oversight to walk into the Temple of Esneh, and not to notice those astronomical signs of far greater antiquity than those at the Macedonian Denderah; to sail past Edfu, with its grotesque and fantastic sculptures, and the most perfect sample of the Propylon, both in the ascent and on the return, without landing to see it. It was a mistake, also, not to notice the domestic scenes figured in the tombs of Beni Hasan, or the equally remarkable paintings of the grottoes of the Eilethya; to make Rhampses forty feet in length; and not to stop at the tomb of Thotmes III., the Pharaoh of the bondage. But Mr. Warburton says, with a rare candour:—

"By this time, we had been so be-templed and be-ruined, that we looked on a city of the Pharaohs with as much indifference as on a club-house in Pall Mall, and read the glowing eulogies of antiquaries as unmovedly as if they had been puffs of some 'noble residence,' by George Robins."

We can comprehend this: enthusiasm for travel and novelty there might be; but any real sentiment of antiquity there could be none, or it would not have been so easily palled.

Further on it is remarked—

"However visionary the pursuit, and however faint the approximation to the truth, it is still pleasant to be humbugged by the priests with Herodotus; to go body-snatching in kingly tombs with brave Belzoni; or even to pick beetles, and read 'handwriting on the walls' with Rosellini, Champollion, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson;—pleasanter would any of these subjects be, than the dry discussion of common-place life in these common-place times. But the attempt to introduce such subjects into these slight pages would be as vain as to embroider muslin with Cleopatra's needle. A glimpse at men and things of our own times is all that I can hope to offer; and if it be not vivid and comprehensive, it shall be at least faithful as far as in me lies."

The *animus* is still more strongly developed, when the author enumerates all the scenes consecrated by the power and poetry of ancient times which he has witnessed. The Hill of Tara, the highland glens, the battle field of Hastings, the plain of Tours, the oak tree of Guernica, the Valhalla of the Teuton, the capital of Imperial Rome, the acropolis of republican Athens, and last, not least, Thebes. We can understand the feeling awakened by presence on the field where our Norman robber ancestors helped to triumph over the freedom which they afterwards restored with interest to the Saxon; but we cannot equally appreciate the poetry that Thebes would suggest where its mighty relics were not understood.

"Little," says Mr. Warburton, after *two pages* devoted to ruins of antiquity that are unequalled in all the world's wonders, "did the anxious embalmer of an imperial corpse think what pains he was bestowing to please Paddington or Cheapside; little did the expiring Pharaoh dream that Mr. Tomkins should be his resurrection angel!

"*One glimpse at Luxor, one gallop over the plain of Carnak, and away!*"

The *Lotus* steams the lower Nile; and it appears that a railroad is wanted in its upper portions for the researches of New England.

The promised glimpses at men and things bring out fruit:—

"So it is, however, as any traveller will bear witness: England is expected, in the East, where, hitherto, she has never planted a standard (every one understands by the

East, those countries which *he* may happen to visit in Asia, or even Africa), except in defence of the crescent, and the integrity of its dominions. That she will ever come forward to vindicate the cross, where her best and bravest blood was shed in its defence six hundred years ago, is very problematical. However, 'gold wins its way where angels might despair,' and the interests of India may obtain what the sepulchre of Christ has been denied."

Reflection on this fact has often made us shudder to think that the day of retribution may arrive. To sacrifice the prostrate Christianity of Syria and Palestine for the sake of upholding the crumbling and ruinous power of the Ottomans, for what can never be but a *temporary* political advantage, is a policy as short-sighted as it will be ultimately destructive. In Palestine, the Egyptians gave us permission to build a church at Jerusalem; we drove them out, to make way for a more barbarous rule, by whose orders the building of the church was immediately stopped, and has never been proceeded with.

"Had it been a factory," says Mr. Warburton, "that was interfered with, or a commercial right that was invaded, England's sword would long since have severed the Gordian knots into which the Ottoman policy is ever weaving its contemptible cobwebs."

We doubt it—witness Bokhara. Of Lady Hester Stanhope's death, Mr. Warburton relates:—

"Mr. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, hearing she was ill, rode over the mountains, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, the American missionary, to visit her. It was evening when they arrived, and a profound silence was over all the palace; no one met them; they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed, unquestioned, through court and gallery, until they came to where *she* lay. A corpse was the only inhabitant of the palace; and the isolation from her kind, which she had sought so long, was indeed complete. That morning, thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; but its spell once darkened by death, every one fled with such plunder as they could secure. A little girl, whom she adopted and maintained for years, took her watch and some papers, on which she set peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property were ever seen again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except the ornaments upon her person; no one had ventured to touch these; and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight, her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torchlight to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her favourite resort, and there they buried her."

Such was the end of that extraordinary person, who annihilated a village for disobedience, and burned a mountain chalet, with all its inhabitants, on account of the murder of two French travellers, who had been under the protection of her firman; whom the sultan addressed as "Cousin;" and whose weaknesses, only exceeded by his own vanity, it remained for Lamartine to ridicule.

Speaking of travellers' vanities, it appears that Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, carved his name at Philæ, on the slab that bore the inscription written there by Dessaix, in 1799, to commemorate his arrival with a French army, in pursuit of the Mameluks. Now, after Mr. Stephens, came a French traveller, who thought it bad taste, even in an American, to obtrude himself into the company of the French general—the rather, perhaps, as there were some acres of spare wall equally available for the purpose. He, therefore, carefully eradicated the name of Stephens, and appended, moreover, the following sarcastic remark: "La page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie!"

. D. PEAKE.

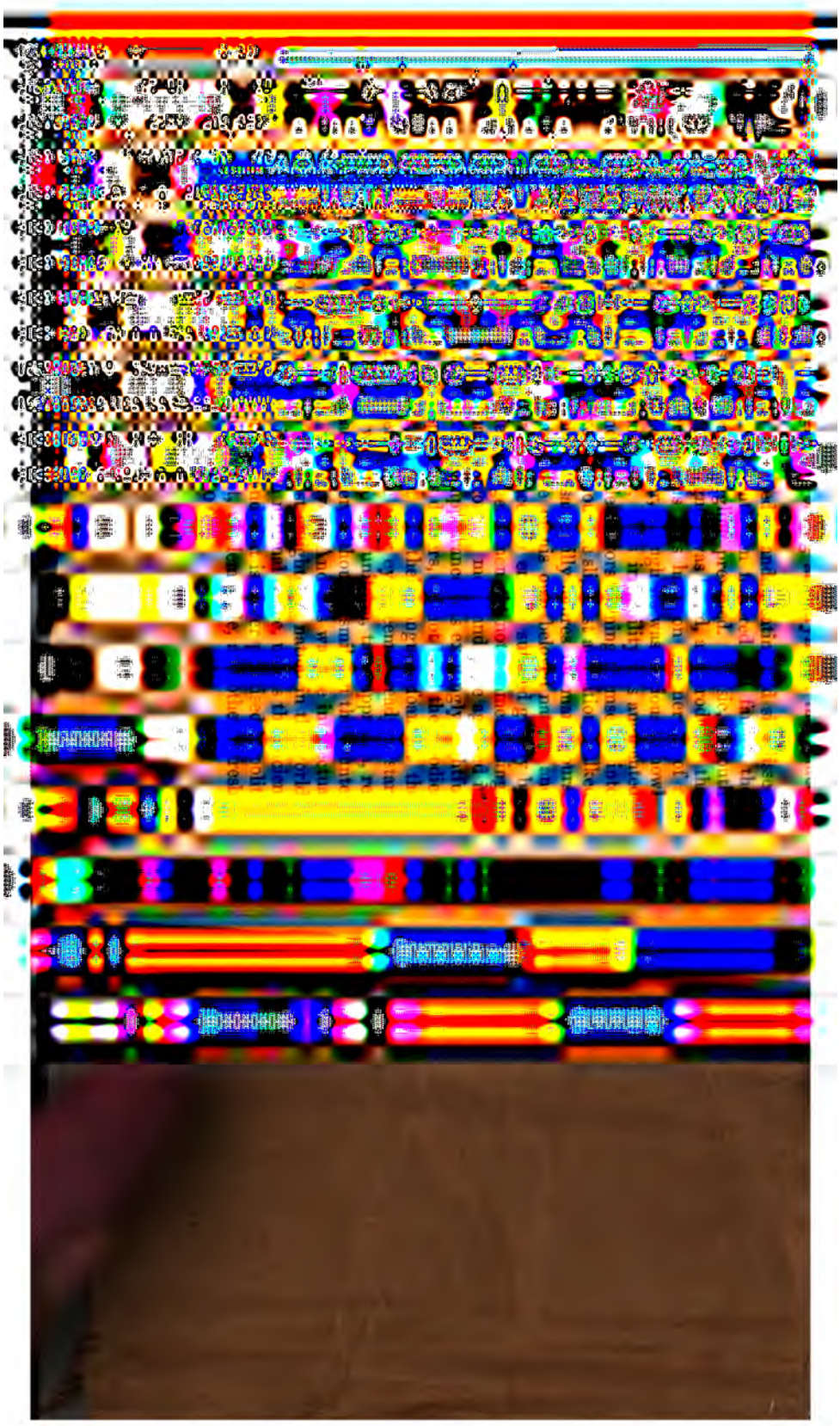
aving gradually brought the minds of
e pleasures and amusements of our
e punishments for crimes and misde-
ons of parliament, were enacted to that

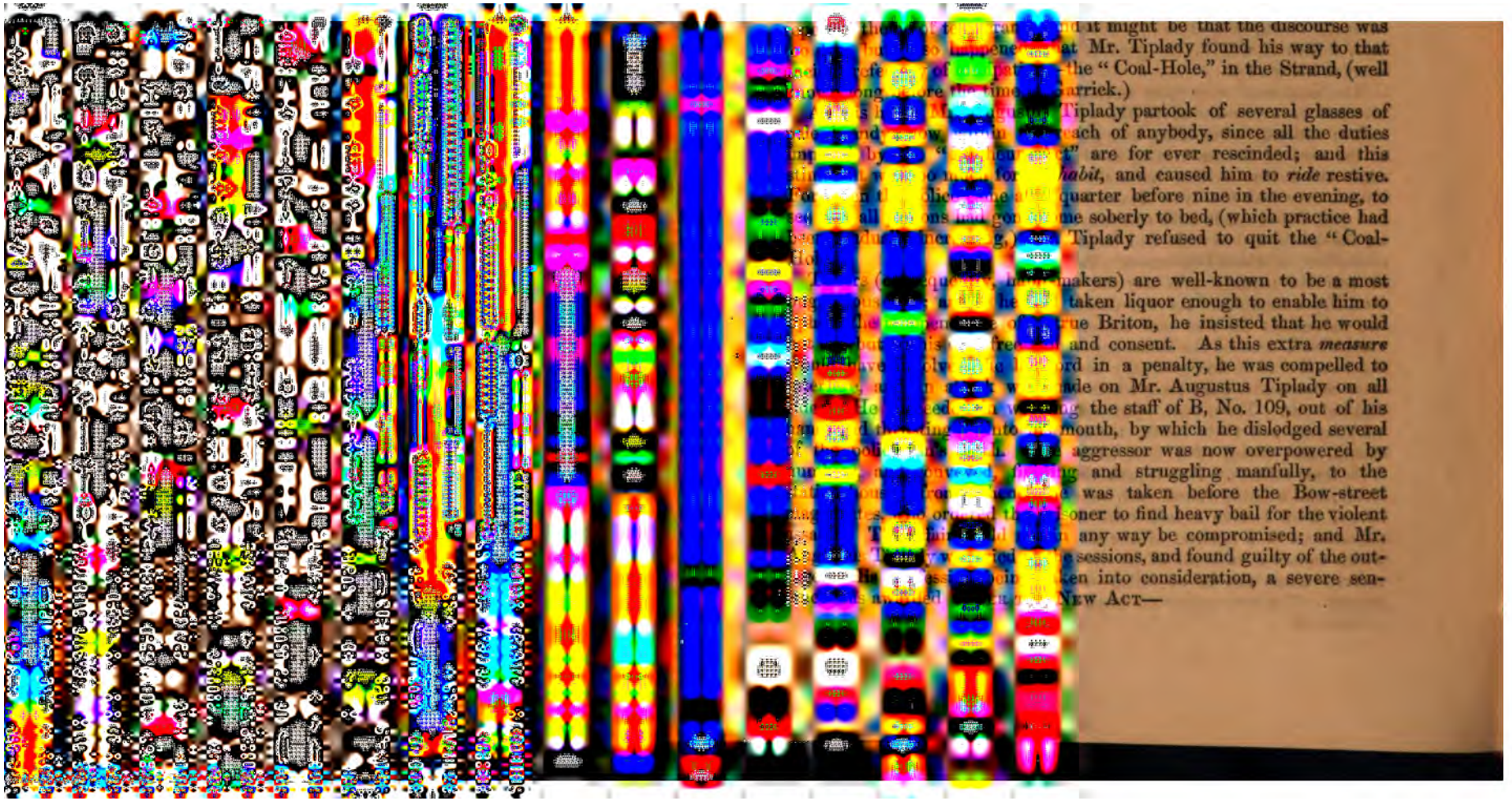
e, and having in the education of our
ern gift of "second sight," we are
al of the first convictions under the

URT, FARRINGDON STREET,

uary, 1860.

x-merchant, who had hitherto borne a
simple and unsophisticated manner,
aries, was indicted for stealing a Bible,
;" but admitted he had taken it out
ottenham-court-road. He stated that
se he could not devour the cabin-boy,
hrown his own Bible overboard in the
now wanted another.
volumes in the pawnbroker's shop,
rium of the society, and smashing the
of his grandmother, (which he always
pecial mark of dutiful affection,) he





a crash that demolished him "body and smalls." The mare went off triumphantly after the hounds, seemingly delighted that her back was no longer a shop-board.

Here was apparent the severity of the new law; it was too great an infliction of punishment for assault and battery, for the prisoner was so battered that he was picked up and conveyed on a hurdle, thirty miles, to the nearest infirmary.

Mr. Tiplady declined offending the laws of his country again; and though he never afterwards ventured on horseback, it was a considerable time before he could "CUT *his riding-habits.*"

The third trial under the new mode of administering justice, was in the case of "the Queen *versus* Brimblecombe." Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe was indicted for having unlawfully in his possession a surreptitious French edition of Dr. Kitchiner's Cook's Oracle, printed in Paris, thereby offending the law relating to copyright. The prisoner, in his defence, avowed that he was a gourmand by nature, and he was not aware that this *digest* of the worthy doctor was an unlawful importation. After an able charge from the bench, in which his lordship proved himself a consummate judge of good eating, the gentlemen of the jury retired to consider their verdict, when, being one and all excessively hungry, they unanimously returned the prisoner—"Guilty."

His lordship, with considerable emotion, passed sentence on Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe, "*that he was to be forthwith conveyed in custody to Searle's, at Lambeth, and there to be placed in an eight-oared cutter, that was matched for a large sum to row against a rival eight-oared boat, to Putney. That if the said Francis Benjamin Brimblecombe should be one in the losing boat, he was to be amerced for his eighth-part share of the wager.*"

This hard sentence astounded Mr. Brimblecombe; for having, for some years prior, been employed in making a variety of ingenious experiments on good eating, particularly from Dr. Hunter's "*Culina,*" he had grown rather corpulent and short of wind. However, he was speedily ordered to strip, and be accoutred in a rowing waistcoat and drawers, dispense with his braces, had his rowlock greased, and his foot-board adjusted to his short fat legs.

His situation was not rendered more agreeable by the remarks made on his person by the crew with whom he was to pull; for the rival cutters (not being able to disobey the act of parliament) tossed up who should *not* have him.

The winners of Brimblecombe now heartily wished that they could have tossed him over Westminster-bridge. However, in justice, the other boat was to carry 800 lbs. of piglead, to balance the over-weight of the prisoner.

The crew of the cutter in which Mr. Brimblecombe was condemned to row, now mounted their colours, and looked very *blue.*

The cutters were ordered to take their stations parallel to each other, in the middle of the river. In effecting this, poor Brimblecombe, from the mismanagement of his oar, received a violent blow in his stomach with it, and, as a matter of course, another heavy thump on his back from the gentleman who pulled behind him, occasioned by

the prisoner not bending to his fate. The two oars appeared to be playing the parts of butter-pats with him.

Mr. Brimblecombe now confidentially told his next neighbour on the bench, that he thought his wind would not hold out. "This is not a sailing-match," replied his mate; "we don't care for the wind." The gun was fired, and off they went; but as Brimblecombe was not in exact time with his oar, the adversary got the lead, to the great mortification of the blues.

Rowing is a fine manly exercise; but we confess, that while there is fourpennyworth of iron steam-boat on the river, we prefer their paddles to the personal use of the labouring oar. This was also Brimblecombe's creed. Two heads, they say, are better than one; and when Mr. Brimblecombe noticed a wherry propelled by an amateur waterman, he thought, that although made of wood, the pair of sculls more intellectual than the single scull o'erlooking them.

On, on, the crews of the cutters pulled; poor Brimblecombe groaned; and well it might be called a "heat." At the "Swan," at Battersea Bridge, the prisoner pathetically hinted at stopping, and having a pot of porter each. They turned a deaf ear to him, or, oh! what *a pull* he would have had at *that!* He had now no resource to keep himself from being sorely bruised, but to pull in time with the others. He was in the situation of the sufferer by that refinement of cruelty in the Dutch punishments, of being placed in a tank in which water is continually flowing, and the criminal is compelled to pump incessantly to save himself from being drowned. At length, after enduring extreme thirst, excess of perspiration, and palpitations of the heart, poor Brimblecombe, with his crew, arrived at the "Eight Bells," at Putney, just a boat's length too late; and what with the fatigue, and his pecuniary loss, he quite made up the little mind he had left, that, whatever might have been his offence against the new laws, that had it been fifty times more atrocious, *he had met with his match.* Talk not of the galleys after this.

The next case was that of John Snoole, by profession an author. John Snoole was indicted for a libel; the aforesaid John Snoole having caused to be inserted in a certain publication—"That the Marquis of —— had entirely altered his habits of life; that the noble marquis retired to bed before ten o'clock at night; had attached himself to toast-and-water; had taken the pledge from Father Matthew; had broken up his racing stud; had been seen at church on three successive Sundays; had erected, at his own expense, twelve alms-houses; had superintended the duties of a Sabbath-school, personally, &c." There were several other counts in the indictment, alluding to the fact, that the noble marquis had been a "great count" in his day.

The prisoner Snoole was placed at the bar; and evidently was a person of very sensitive nerves, for he had cut himself in shaving, and his hands shook. He did not look any one in the face; and answered the questions put to him in a low and tremulous tone. After a lengthened investigation, in which the learned counsel of the noble plaintiff completely disproved every iota of the above scandalous libel, and, indeed, moreover, produced a mass of satisfactory evidence, by which exactly the reverse conduct had been uniformly maintained by the

noble marquis on all occasions, the judge summed up, and the jury, without retiring, found John Snoole guilty of the libel.

The learned judge, in the most impressive manner, proceeded to pass sentence on the prisoner under the NEW LAW.

"*That the said John Snoole be delivered into the custody of Lord ——, the Hon. T. ——, Captain ——, and four other friends of the noble marquis, who were all engaged to sup, after the close of the theatres, at L——'s Hotel; that the prisoner was to remain in the hands of these convivial gentlemen, until the party broke up, and he was then to be driven home in the cab of the most intoxicated of the company.*"

This dreadful sentence was put into immediate effect.

At half-past twelve, the prisoner was helped into the cabriolet of Captain ——, drawn by a horse, who, by his head-gear and cloth, was evidently out for the night; this was corroborated by the pale, drowsy, and dissipated look of the tiger in attendance. The cabriolets of the other noblemen and gentlemen were all guided in one direction, and dashed helter-skelter, endeavouring to pass each other, from Covent Garden to the neighbourhood of Bond Street.

A few minutes carried the high-spirited and patrician party, with the unfortunate prisoner, to the hotel. As they ascended the staircase to the rooms, occupied by the Hon. T. ——, the waiters looked ominously at each other, for they saw a well-known reckless set of choice spirits.

"Three bottles of brandy, and a dozen of soda-water," was the first order.

"Be seated, sir," said Lord ——, to the prisoner, "and we will do our best to keep up your spirits, under your unhappy sentence. You, perhaps, would like some champagne. Bring some champagne."

It was in vain that Snoole tried to excuse himself, and say that champagne always disagreed with him.

"Disagree with you!" remarked the marquis. "When anybody disagrees with me, I always knock him down."

And the athletic peer, at that moment, sent his clenched fist through the air, with the force of a cannon-ball, close to the nose of Mr. Snoole, who made up his mind not to utter another word against champagne.

The waiters entered with the brandy—the tumblers were more than half filled; and the corks of the soda-water bottles were popping in all directions. Presently, Snoole's frill was demolished, saturated; a discharge of cork and aerated fluid found its way into the pocket of his trousers. Snoole was under sentence, and dared not complain. Oh, the doses of champagne poor Snoole was forced rapidly to swallow; then he was compelled to eat deviled kidneys, lobster, broiled fowl, and mushrooms; cucumbers, pickled oysters, anchovy toasts, Burton ale, and bottled porter, Welsh rabbits, onions, any one of the enumerated articles capable of disordering the digestive powers of the author's irritable stomach. To this succeeded brandy, bishop, punch, burnt claret, cigars, practical jokes, in which Snoole was uninitiated, and which ended invariably in his discomfiture; songs (select) were roared in his ear, to which he was requested to join chorus, the period for the commencement of which was a slap on the prisoner's back with the

bony hand of the athletic noble marquis that almost annihilated the vertebræ of poor nervous Snoole, who sat wincing with horror for the precise moment of the expected blow.

The Hon. T. —— now betted Captain —— that their visitor, the prisoner, could not stand on his head on the table without breaking any of the wine-glasses. The captain took the bet, and swore that Snoole could perform such a feat with great dexterity and credit to himself. It was in vain that the author expostulated, and declared that his abilites did not lie that way. Up he was lifted by these mad-headed convivialists, and placed with his head on the table, there Snoole was duly poised and balanced, and then, by signal, was left to his fate; the consequence of which was a tumble over backwards, in which the prisoner's heels kicked and smashed the chandelier all to pieces, and then he fell heavily on the floor. Then the jovial party began to throw their drinking vessels and decanters at the mirrors and looking-glasses that were ranged on the walls, and all for the good of the house, as the damage was to be charged to the Hon. T. ——'s bill; and as that young gentleman was already considerably more in debt than he could ever hope to pay, it was a matter of no consequence whatever.

The cabriolets were now ordered; and the pale and sleepy tigers aroused, and went to the horses' heads, while the revellers got into their carriages in the best manner they were able. The prisoner Snoole was replaced in Captain ——'s vehicle, when the respective high-born drivers manœuvred to see which could take the lead in a race towards their homes.

It was at the grey hour of morn, when London is silent, and its gaslights glimmering, and its many thousands of inhabitants were reclining in slumber in every variety of attitude, that the jovial party commenced their charioteering competition, in imitation of the ancients, and regardless of the remonstrances of the police. The Hon. T. —— bawled to the marquis, that if he attempted to pass him on the wrong side he would smash him. And his was a new cabriolet, of a strong build, though it was not paid for.

Away they dashed through Bond Street, and trotted, cantered, and galloped round Berkeley Square, cutting at each other's horses and tigers. Snoole got a most malicious lash across the forehead.

Captain —— now politely asked the prisoner where he would like to be *set down*.

Mr. Snoole told the captain, wherever it would best suit the captain's convenience; as he himself was not at all particular.

The captain now unfortunately took it into his head to put his horse on his mettle, and endeavour to pass the cabriolet of the Hon. T. ——. He was quickly observed by the dashing and inebriated sprig of fashion, who jerked his rein suddenly, and brought the two vehicles into collision with a crash, that, though Snoole had stated that he was not at all particular, he found himself *set down* on the pavement by the side of a post in the most unceremonious manner.

Off again went the cabriolets, jostling, and their drivers all trying to upset each other, until Snoole lost sight of them. With his head aching, and every bone in his body tortured by the severe punishment

he had undergone, the poor author determined never again to write in praise of the sporting aristocracy.

Hugh Dobbles, Esq., of Dobbles Hall, a country gentleman of retired primitive manners, and who had rarely quitted his native county, was indicted, and found guilty of manslaughter, under mitigating circumstances, in having shot Darby Irons, while in the act of breaking into the plate-room of Dobbles Hall.

The learned judge sentenced Hugh Dobbles *to be sent over to the neighbouring borough, to stand a contested election there, and to be returned member of parliament.*

This was the heaviest punishment that could be inflicted on Mr. Dobbles, and filled him with the most painful sensations, as he was aware that he stuttered very much, which would prove an impediment not only to his maiden, but any other speech he might attempt to make. Beyond this, he had seldom or ever meddled with politics, or left his home—a mansion of red brick, with large casemented bow-windows, a porch, with seats in it, the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the forecourt set round with hollyhocks. A journey to London was reckoned by Hugh Dobbles, Esq. as great an undertaking as other people would consider a voyage to the East Indies; and now he had to make reparation to the offended laws of his country —to undergo all the horrors of canvassing voters, addressing riotous mobs—to be pelted with *poll*cats, and rotten eggs—to be abused, hooted at—and ultimately to be returned a member of the British House of Commons—a place he never even had visited during his lifetime—where he was compelled to listen to long wearisome speeches, and give himself up to late hours and bad company. Mr. Dobbles almost thought it would be the wisest course to petition for a commutation, and pray that he might be hanged; but he was told that the indulgence would be refused, as no one, in these days, can be hanged, unless, indeed, he has very powerful interest.

We could, had we space, enumerate a great many more cases, and the summary sentences on them, according to the offences committed. Such as condemning a Wesleyan methodist preacher to superintend the getting-up of the ballets at the opera; to ordering gay, pleasure-seeking young fellows to attend a series of morning lectures, on that most dry of all subjects, "Political Economy;" to sentencing two fat old female offenders to a Barclay pedestrian match; or of committing a rheumatic prisoner, suffering under hopochondria, to a pic-nic party on one of the muddy islets of the Thames.

But what are the pleasures of the *philosophers* in this state of society?

Little pleasure trips to Botany Bay by high-pressure steam.

In lieu of barouches, landaulets, Broughams, or other carriages for exercise, three hours daily on the treadmill.

Demagogues and members of spouting clubs, for wholesale relaxation, surrender themselves to solitary confinement.

Previous to boys and girls running away together, and making imprudent matches, or old widows marrying young fellows in the Life-Guards, two months sojourn in the Millbank *penitentiary*—certainly better before than after.

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

SHEWING HOW THE GREATEST GENERAL OF HIS AGE WAS DRIVEN FROM HIS COUNTRY.

THE removal of the Duchess of Marlborough being effected, the Tories next directed their machinations against the duke. Assailed with the grossest and most unjustifiable abuse; lampooned and libelled by petty scribblers; attacked in the most rancorous manner by Swift, Prior, and Saint-John; accused of fraud, avarice, extortion—of arrogance, cruelty, and ungovernable ambition—a sensible decline was effected in his popularity.

During his absence from England, in 1711, these attacks were continued with unabating virulence—his successes were decried—his services depreciated—his moral character calumniated—his military skill questioned—even his courage was disputed. Preparation was thus made for the final blow intended to be levelled against him on his return. Though despising these infamous attacks, Marlborough could not be insensible of the strong prejudice they created against him, and he complained to Oxford, who thus characteristically endeavoured to vindicate himself from any share in the libels. "I do assure your grace," he wrote, "that I abhor the practice, as mean and disingenuous. I have made it so familiar to myself, by some years' experience, that as I know I am every week, if not every day, in some libel or other, so I would willingly compound that all the ill-natured scribblers should have licence to write ten times more against me, upon condition they would write against nobody else." Oxford was the more anxious to excuse himself, because, at this particular juncture, he wished to effect a coalition with Marlborough.

A charge was subsequently brought against the duke, which more deeply affected him. He was accused of receiving a large per centage from Sir Solomon Medina, the contractor for supplying the army with bread; and though he immediately exculpated himself by a letter, declaring that what he had received was "no more than what had been allowed as a perquisite to the general as commander-in-chief of the army in the Low Countries, even

before the revolution and since," yet still the charge was persisted in, and inquiries directed to be instituted.

By these means, the public mind was prepared for Marlborough's downfall. On his return, at the latter end of the year, he experienced insults and indignities from the populace whose idol he had formerly been, while by the queen and her court he was treated with coldness and neglect.

On the opening of Parliament, in the debate upon the address, the Earl of Anglesey remarked, that "the country might have enjoyed the blessing of peace soon after the Battle of Ramilies, if it had not been put off by some persons whose interest it was to prolong the war."

To this unjust aspersion, the Duke of Marlborough made a dignified and touching reply, which, as the queen herself was present, though merely in the character of a private individual, had the greater weight.

"I can declare, with a good conscience," he said, "in the presence of her majesty, of this illustrious assembly, and of God himself, who is infinitely superior to all the powers of earth, and before whom, in the ordinary course of nature, I shall soon appear, to render an account of my actions, that I was very desirous of a safe, lasting, and honourable peace, and was always very far from prolonging the war for my own private advantage, as several libels and slanders have most falsely insinuated. My great age, and my numerous fatigues in war, make me ardently wish for the power to enjoy a quiet repose, in order to think of eternity. As to other matters, I had not the least inducement, on any account, to desire the continuance of war for my own particular interest, since my services have been so generously rewarded by her majesty and her parliament."

The amendment on the address moved by Lord Nottingham, and supported by Marlborough, being carried in the House of Lords, occasioned great alarm to the Tories, and rumours began to be raised that a new ministry was to be formed, of which Lord Somers was to be the head, and Walpole secretary of state. Mrs. Masham owned that the queen's sentiments were changed. Saint-John appeared disconcerted, and even Oxford could scarcely conceal his apprehensions. The Tory party was disunited, and the knowledge of this circumstance gave additional encouragement to the Whigs. Fresh advances were secretly made by the treasurer to the duke, but they were repelled like the first.

Finding that his salvation depended upon the most vigorous measures, Oxford bestirred himself zealously, and by his artful representations frightened the queen from recalling the Whigs. He convinced her, that if they returned to office, she must necessarily reinstate the Duchess of Marlborough, and submit to the domination of a tyrannical woman whose temper had been aggravated by the treatment she had experienced. The latter argument prevailed.

The storm weathered, Marlborough's immediate disgrace was resolved upon. The commissioners of public accounts were ordered to examine the depositions of the bread-contractor Medina, and to lay their report before the house. In answer to these accusations, the duke published the letter, to which allusion has been previously made, and which afforded a complete answer to the charge. Notwithstanding this, and without waiting the result of the investigation, the queen, at the instance of Oxford, dismissed him from all his employments.

Thus, unheard and unconsidered, was the greatest general England had then ever possessed, dishonoured and degraded. His disgrace occasioned the liveliest satisfaction throughout France; and on hearing it, Louis the Fourteenth exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "The dismissal of Marlborough will do all we can desire!" His minister, De Torcy, declared—"What we lose in Flanders we shall gain in England;" and Frederick the Great of Prussia broke out indignantly, thus: "What! could not Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, nor Malplaquet, defend the name of that great man? nor even Victory itself shield him against envy and detraction? What part would England have acted without that true hero? He supported and raised her, and would have exalted her to the pinnacle of greatness, but for those wretched female intrigues, of which France took advantage to occasion his disgrace. Louis the Fourteenth was lost, if Marlborough had retained his power two years more."

Such were the sentiments entertained by the different potentates of Europe. It is grievous, indeed, to think that so great a man should have been destroyed by faction. It is still more grievous, to think that some of the obloquy which the bitter and unprincipled writers of his own time endeavoured to fasten to his name, should still cling to it.

In the latter part of the same year, the duke voluntarily exiled himself from an ungrateful country. He embarked from Dover on the 28th November, and sailed to Ostend, where he was received with every demonstration of honour and respect. Proceeding to Aix-la-Chapelle, he afterwards retired to Maestricht, to await the duchess, who was not able to join him till the middle of February.

Marlborough never saw his royal mistress again. Apprised of her dangerous illness, at Ostend, he reached England the day of her decease. As he approached the capital, along the Dover road, he was met by Sir Charles Cox, at the head of two hundred mounted gentleman, and on the way the cavalcade was increased by a long train of carriages. On entering the city, a company of volunteer grenadiers joined them, and firing a salute, headed the procession, raising a cry which found a thousand responses—"Long live King George! Long live the Duke of Marlborough!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

QUEEN ANNE'S LAST EXERCISE OF POWER.

THE rivalry between Oxford and Saint-John ended in producing a decided rupture in the cabinet. While the treasurer endeavoured to sacrifice his colleague, by artfully misrepresenting his conduct to the queen, the secretary was enabled to counteract his designs through the influence of Lady Masham, whose husband had been raised to the peerage with nine others, to strengthen the government, immediately after the dismissal of the Duke of Marlborough.

Saint-John's successful negotiation of the peace of Utrecht rendering it impossible to withhold from him the distinction, he was created Viscount Bolingbroke, though he himself expected an earldom; but he was refused the Garter, on which he had set his heart, while Oxford took care to decorate himself with the order. Bolingbroke never forgave the slight, and from that moment utterly renounced his friend, and bent his whole faculties upon accomplishing his overthrow. He found a ready coadjutor in Lady Masham, who was equally indignant with the treasurer for having opposed the grant of a pension and other emoluments which the queen was anxious to bestow upon her. Thus aided, Bolingbroke soon gained a complete ascendancy over his rival, and felt confidently assured of supplanting him in his post as soon as Anne's irresolution would allow her to dismiss him.

Oxford's fall, however, was long protracted, nor was it until his secret overtures to the Elector of Hanover, after the death of the Princess Sophia, had been made known to the queen; and that the court of Saint Germain had exposed his duplicity, and urged the necessity of his removal, that she consented to the measure. The Jacobite party, of whom Bolingbroke was the leader, had become paramount in importance during the latter part of Anne's reign; and as her dislike of the Hanoverian succession, and her predilection for her brother, the Chevalier de Saint-George, were well-known, the most sanguine anticipations were entertained, that on her death the hereditary line of monarchy would be restored. That the period was fast approaching when the question of succession to the throne would be solved, the rapidly declining state of the queen's health boded, and little doubt existed in the minds of those who considered the temper and bias of the public mind, and were aware of the preponderating influence of the Hanoverian party, as to the way in which it would be determined. Still, to an ambitious spirit, like that of Bolingbroke, the chance of aggrandizement offered by adherents to the fallen dynasty of the Stuarts, was sufficiently tempting to blind its possessor to every danger; and although aware of the terrible storm he should have to encounter, he

fancied if he could once obtain the helm, he could steer the vessel of state into the wished-for haven. The moment, at length, apparently came, when it was to be submitted to his guidance. On the evening of Tuesday, the 27th July, 1714, Oxford received a sudden and peremptory intimation from the queen to resign the staff into her hands without a moment's delay; upon which, though it was getting late, he immediately repaired to the palace.

Ushered into the queen's presence, he found Lady Masham and Bolingbroke with her, and their triumphant looks increased his ill-dissembled rage and mortification. Anne looked ill and suffering. She had only just recovered from a severe inflammatory fever, attended with gout and ague, and had still dangerous symptoms about her. Her figure was enlarged and loose, her brow lowering, her features swollen and cadaverous, and her eyes heavy and injected with blood. She scarcely made an effort to maintain her dignity, but had the air of a confirmed invalid. On the table near her, stood a draught prescribed for her by her physician, Sir Richard Blackmore, of which she occasionally sipped.

Moved neither by the evident indisposition of the queen, nor by any feelings of gratitude or respect, Oxford advanced quickly towards her, and eyeing his opponents with a look of defiance, said, in an insolent tone, and with a slight inclination of the head—"Your majesty has commanded me to bring the staff. I here deliver it to you."

And as he spoke he placed it with some violence on the table.

"My lord!" exclaimed Anne, "this rudeness!"

"Lord Oxford has thrown off the mask," said Bolingbroke. "Your majesty sees him in his true colours."

"It shall not be my fault, Bolingbroke," replied Oxford, bitterly, "if her majesty—ay, and the whole nation—does not see *you* in your true colours—and they are black enough. And you too, madam," he added to Lady Masham, "the world shall know what arts you have used."

"If I have practised any arts, my Lord Oxford, they have been of your teaching," rejoined Lady Masham. "You forget the instructions you gave me respecting the Duchess of Marlborough."

"No, viper, I do not," cried Oxford, his rage becoming ungovernable. "I do *not* forget that I found you a bedchamberwoman; I do *not* forget that I used you as an instrument to gain the queen's favour—a mere instrument, nothing more; I do *not* forget that I made you what you are; nor will I rest till I have left you as low as I found you."

"My lord!—my lord!" cried Anne. "This attack is most unmanly. I pray you withdraw, if you cannot control yourself."

"Your pardon, if I venture to disobey you, madam," replied Oxford. "Having been sent for, I shall take leave to stay till I

have unmasked your treacherous favourites. So good an opportunity may not speedily occur, and I shall not lose it."

"But I do not wish to hear the exposure, my lord," said Anne.

"I pray your majesty, let him speak," interposed Bolingbroke, haughtily.

"Take care of your head, Bolingbroke," cried Oxford; "though her majesty may sanction your correspondence with the courts of Saint Germain, her parliament will not."

"Your majesty can now judge of his baseness and malignity," said Bolingbroke, with cold contempt, "knowing how he himself has duped your royal brother."

"I know it—I know it," replied Anne; "and I know how he has duped me too. But no more of this, if you love me, Bolingbroke."

"Oh! that your majesty would exert your spirit for one moment," said Lady Masham, "and drive him from your presence with the contempt he deserves."

"If your majesty will only authorize me, it shall be done," said Bolingbroke.

"Peace! peace! my lord, I implore of you," said Anne. "You all seem to disregard me."

"Your majesty perceives the esteem in which you are held by your *friends!*" said Oxford, sarcastically.

"You are all alike," cried the queen, faintly.

"What crime am I charged with?" demanded Oxford, addressing himself to the queen.

"I will tell you," replied Bolingbroke. "I charge you with double dealing, with chicanery, with treachery, with falsehood to the queen, to me, and to the whole cabinet. I charge you with holding out hopes on the one hand to the Elector of Hanover, and to Prince James on the other—I charge you with caballing with Marlborough—with appropriating the public moneys——"

"These charges must be substantiated—must be answered, my lord," interrupted Oxford, approaching him, and touching his sword.

"They *shall* be substantiated, my lord," replied Bolingbroke, haughtily and contemptuously.

"Bolingbroke, you are a villain—a dastardly villain," cried Oxford, losing all patience, and striking him in the face with his glove.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bolingbroke, transported with fury, and partly drawing his sword.

"My lords!" exclaimed the queen, rising with dignity, "I command you to forbear. This scene will kill me—oh!" And she sank back exhausted.

"Your pardon, gracious madam," cried Bolingbroke, running up to her, and falling on his knees. "I have indeed forgotten myself."

"Oh! my head! my head!" cried Anne, pressing her hand to her temples. "My senses are deserting me."

"You have much to answer for, Bolingbroke," whispered Lady Masham; "she will not survive this shock."

"It was not my fault, but his," replied Bolingbroke, pointing to Oxford, who stood sullenly aloof in the middle of the room.

"Let Sir Richard Blackmore and Doctor Mead be summoned instantly," gasped the queen; "and bid the Duke of Shrewsbury and the lord chancellor instantly attend me—they are in the palace. The post of treasurer must be filled without delay. Lose not a moment."

And Lady Masham ran out to give the necessary instructions to the usher.

"Shrewsbury and the chancellor—what can she want with them?" muttered Bolingbroke, with a look of dismay.

Oxford, who had heard the order, and instantly divined what it portended, softly approached him, and touched his arm.

"You have lost the stake you have been playing for," he said, with a look of triumphant malice. "I am now content."

Ere Bolingbroke could reply, Lady Masham returned with Sir Richard Blackmore, who chanced to be in the ante-room, and who instantly flew to the queen, over whose countenance a fearful change had come.

"Your majesty must be taken instantly to bed," said Blackmore.

"Not till I have seen the Dukes of Shrewsbury and Ormond," replied the queen, faintly. "Where are they?"

"I will go and bring them instantly," replied Blackmore; "not a moment is to be lost."

And as he was about to rush out of the room, Bolingbroke stopped him, and hastily asked, "Is there danger?"

"Imminent danger," replied Blackmore. "The case is desperate. The queen cannot survive three days."

And he hurried away.

"Then all is lost!" cried Bolingbroke, striking his forehead.

And looking up, he saw Harley watching him with a malignant smile.

Lady Masham was assiduous in her attentions to her royal mistress, but the latter became momently worse, and continued to inquire anxiously for the Duke of Shrewsbury.

"Has your majesty no commands for Lord Bolingbroke?" inquired Lady Masham.

"None whatever," replied the queen, firmly.

At this juncture, Sir Richard Blackmore returned with the Duke of Shrewsbury, the lord chancellor, and some other attendants.

"Ah! you are come, my lords," cried Anne, greatly relieved. "I feared you would be too late. Sir Richard will have told you

of my danger—nay, it is vain to hide it from me. I feel my end approaching. My lords, the office of treasurer is at this moment vacant, and if anything should happen to me the safety of the kingdom may be endangered. My lord of Shrewsbury, you are already lord chamberlain and lord lieutenant of Ireland; I have another post for you. Take this staff," she added, giving him the treasurer's wand, which lay upon the table, "and use it for the good of my people."

As the duke knelt to kiss her hand, he felt it grow cold in his touch. Anne had fainted, and was instantly removed by her attendants.

"So!" cried Oxford, "if the queen's fears are realized, Lady Masham's reign is over, while your fate, Bolingbroke, is sealed. You have to choose between exile and the block."

"If I fly, you must fly with me," cried Bolingbroke.

"No, I shall wait," replied Oxford, "I have nothing to fear."

"So end the hopes of these ambitious men!" observed the Duke of Shrewsbury to the chancellor; "the queen found they were not to be trusted. Her people's welfare influenced the last exercise of power of GOOD QUEEN ANNE."

END OF "SAINT JAMES'S."

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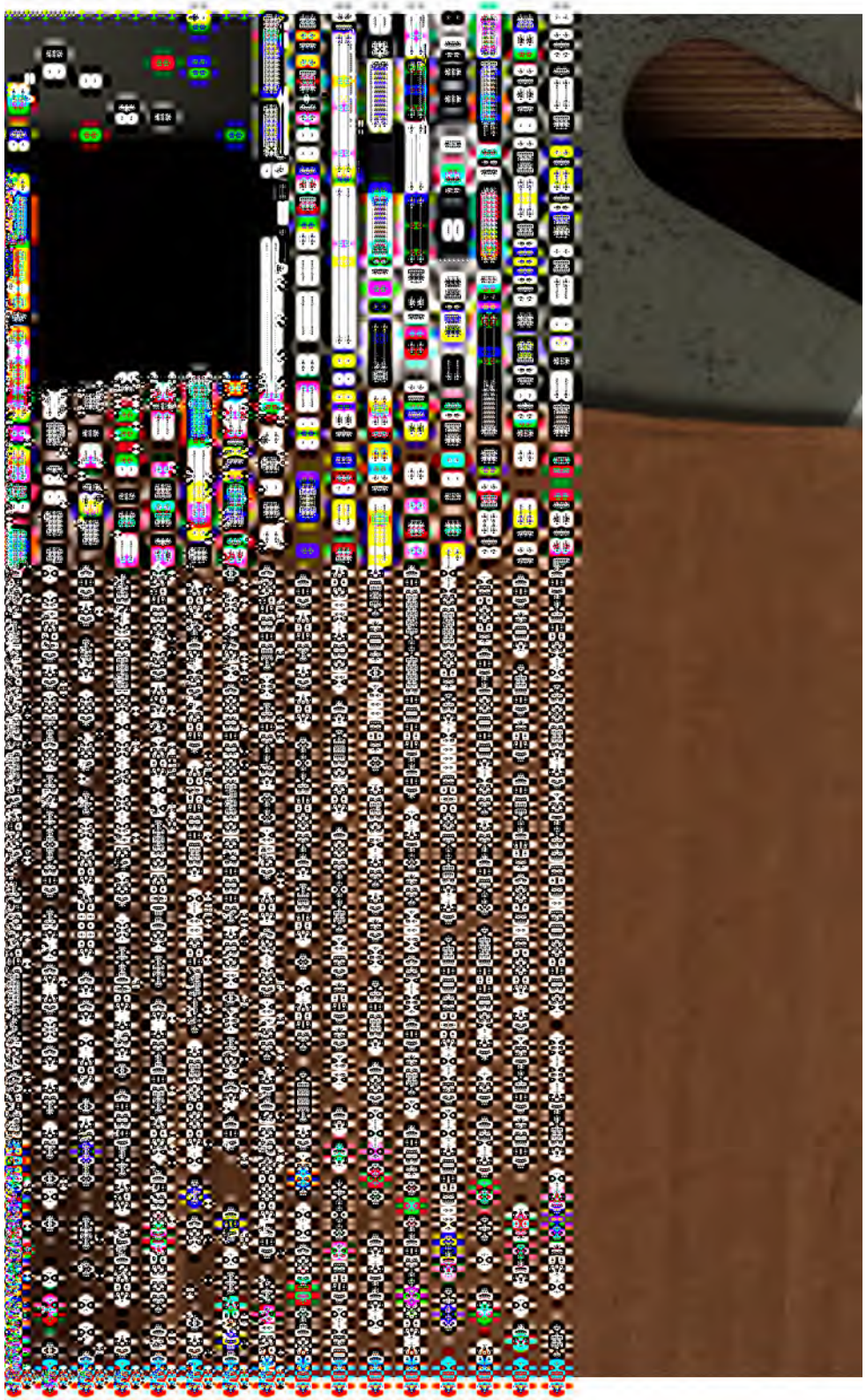

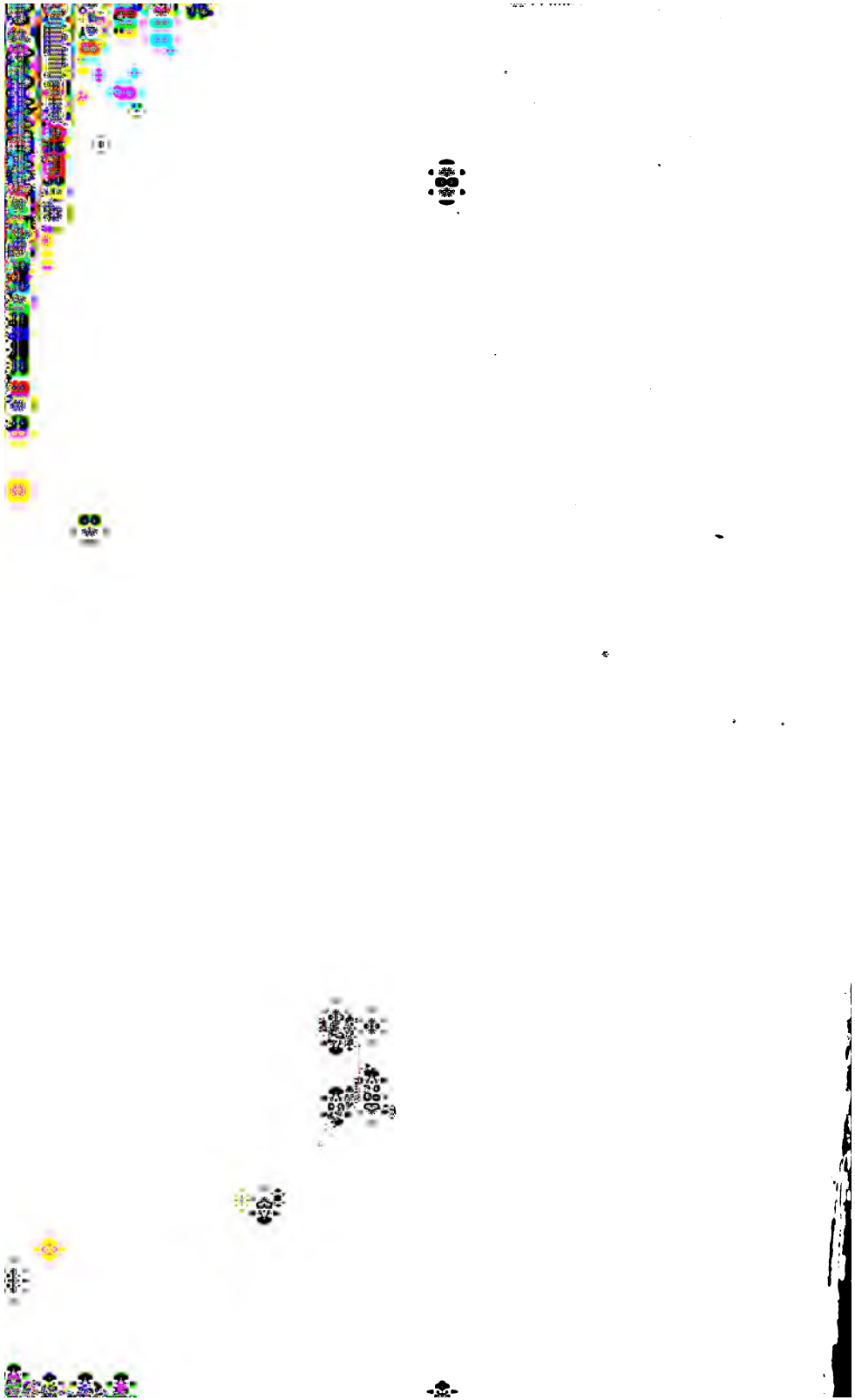

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